THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Franklin

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MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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You owe your body a double duty; to keep it healthful and properly garbed. Outdoor recreation will do one—we will do the other.

Send for our book, Styles for Men, or call upon the Kuppenheimer clothier in your city.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

CANADA ENDORSES SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES

Canadian Firm Secures Rights to Make These Finest American Clothes

HEREAFTER ALSO ON SALE IN EVERY CITY OF CANADA

Heavy Duty Charges Overcome

CANADA'S young men have been wanting to wear Society Brand Clothes for years. Nearly every day inquiries were received by the makers in Chicago from all parts of Canada. Canadians wanted to know where they could buy these clothes.

But they were not to be had of the Canadian clothier. The duty made his prices too high.

The difficulty is now solved. A plan has been consummated whereby the styles, as they are designed by the makers in Chicago, are tailored by Samuel Hart & Co., in Montreal, under the makers' direct supervision. Absolute exactness of style and workmanship is guaranteed.

The Canadian young man who wishes to wear these finest styled clothes can now buy them at home as he would a native product.

Society Brand Clothes are known as the most stylish and finely tailored clothes for young men. The greatest designing genius for young men's clothes today is the man who designs these clothes—not a boast but an acknowledged fact in the clothing trade.

They are ready-to-wear—you have the advantage of determining before buying that the suit you have under consideration fits you; that the style becomes you; how the color and pattern of the fabric look *in the suit;* you have the further advantage of trying on as many suits as you like until you find the one that pleases you entirely.

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN
And Men Who Stay Young

MADE IN CHICAGO, FOR THE UNITED STATES, BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Twenty to Forty Dollars

MADE IN MONTREAL, FOR CANADA, BY SAMUEL HART & CO.,
UNDER "SOCIETY BRAND" SUPERVISION

Spring Fashion Panels Four Cents

Ivory Soap in the Garden

As a great writer has said, "Gardening is the purest of human pleasures and the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man." No wonder that they who love to grow things are ever striving for finer effects. No wonder that they devour eagerly every word, printed or spoken, that will help them to better results.

Gardeners everywhere, therefore, will welcome to their store of information this fact: Ivory Soap is invaluable as an insecticide and fungicide.

Those who already know this have found that Ivory Soap is in no sense a mere substitute for the usual mixtures and preparations but that it has many distinct advantages appealing to amateurs and professionals alike. It is cheaper. It is just as effective. It is easier to apply. It does not harm bark or foliage. It cannot clog or corrode sprayers. It is not dangerous to use.

We also give some other uses for Ivory Soap outside the house—uses not directly connected with the garden but of such value as to merit widespread publication.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

An Insecticide and Fungicide

Flowers Shave fine one large bar of Ivory Soap. Add three gallons of lukewarm water and six drops of pure lemon oil. Stir well and, before the water has a chance to cool, spray the plant.

Spray it thoroughly, not only at the top of the foliage, but under the plant. Do not be afraid of giving an overdose as the liquid is beneficial to the soil.

This treatment is invaluable for checking mildew on roses, and red spider and stem rot on carnations. It is non-poisonous; contains no carbolic or other acids.

Grapes and Vegetables Make a slightly weaker solution than the above, using one large bar of Ivory Soap to four gallons of water and four drops of lemon oil. In the vineyard, this will check thrips, phylloxera, peronospora, mildew, etc. Spray vegetables before black fly, cut worms and caterpillar pests appear.

To Keep Flowers in Good Condition

Roses, Carnations, Violets and Plants with Similar Leaves Shave one pound (equivalent to one large and one small bar) of Ivory Soap very fine and dissolve in one gallon of boiling water. When dissolved, add twenty-four gallons of cold water and use at once. To make a small quantity, dissolve one-sixth of a small cake of Ivory Soap in a pint of boiling water and add a gallon and a half of cold water.

Apply with a spray, atomizer, watering can, or old whisk broom. Be careful to reach the under as well as the upper sides of the leaves. Half an hour after applying, rinse off the solution with clear, soft water.

Begonias, Fuchsias, Ferns and All Tender and Bulbous Plants Add a third more water to the foregoing solution so it will be about three-fourths as strong. Apply and rinse the same way. Don't expect a single application to rid plants of all insect pests. It may be necessary to apply the solution several times at intervals of three days.

To Keep Fingernails Clean, though Working in the Garden

Before going into the garden, rub a moistened cake of Ivory Soap over the ends of the fingernails, so as to fill the spaces under them.

To Keep Harness in Good Condition

Apply Ivory Soap Paste (see directions below) with a woolen cloth, using no water. Let it remain on the harness a few minutes. Rub dry and polish with a soft cloth. Olive or neats-foot oil will help keep the leather soft and pliable.

To Clean Automobiles

Wash the body, brasswork, windshield, leather top and cushions with Ivory Soap and lubricate the door hinges with it.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste

Shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts of water or two small cakes into four quarts. Do this with a knife, vegetable grater or food chopper. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about fifteen minutes, or until the soap is perfectly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in china or glass jars.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste in the kitchen, in the laundry and for general household use. It is economical. It is convenient. It can be used for an almost endless variety of purposes. In a few minutes' time and with very little trouble, one can make enough Ivory Soap Paste to last a week or a month.

Next Month's Advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with the washing of Colored Clothes

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THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"His Hat is in the Ring for Mayor, He Says, and of Course I'm Already Campaigning for Him"

THE last envelope on the list was addressed and tossed—with the quite natural jerk of completion, no doubt—on the smooth white pile. It slipped and slid, and with a flash disappeared into the treacherous opening at the rear of Mrs. Limber's sweet little boudoir desk! Mrs. Limber saw that envelope slip and slide, but she firmly closed her eyes and, after the invitations for the mayor's ball had been mailed, she lowered the lid of her desk without once looking down into that always avaricious opening, thus violating a firmly established habit. The deed accomplished, the lady sat down to breathe, for she was a woman of startling amplitude; but in spite of her absorbing occupation she found time to smile far into the folds of her pendulous cheeks.

Once a year the mayor's wife occupied a social position of Jovian power. After the official ball was over she would lapse into her normal orbit of satellite to the once supreme Clara Pikyune, but in the meantime all gayeties awaited this opening function of the season, and Mrs. Limber had controlled that function for many years. It was a joy to favor all these nice people, except for that last name on the list. Again she smiled into the folds of her countenance!

Mrs. Cordelia Blossom saw by the Sunday morning paper that the invitations for the mayor's annual ball were out; but the Monday morning mail brought no square white envelope to the charming, round-eyed and round-mouthed and round-voiced woman who had inaugurated the City Beautiful movement, and had won the bitterly contested presidency of the Isis Club, and had wrested the reins of acknowledged social leadership from Mrs. Clara Pikyune.

Colonel Watterson Blossom, gray-mustached and gray-goateed and gray-haired and slender and stiff as a ramrod, noted with distress the deepening shade of annoyance on the features of the handsomest, most agreeable and most brilliant young woman in the world, but, being a gentleman of supernatural delicacy, he forbore to ply his wife with any impertinent questions. When Cordelia Blossom wished to confide in him she would do so, and until such time, and after, she possessed the colonel's complete confidence, approbation and applause.

At the end of certain days Mrs. Cordelia Blossom, unable any longer to bear her burden in silence, called on Mrs. Jim Fleecer, with no other purpose in mind than to obtain her dear friend's recipe for that delicious maraschino punch.

Mrs. Jim Fleecer, who was fair and slender and splendidly poised, and a perfect foil to the dark-eyed Cordelia, betrayed the secret of the punch with charmingly generous explicitness and, chatting easily meanwhile, waited for the real errand. While marking time she mentioned the absurd prevalence of purple in the early winter fashions, the quality of the ice cream in the gaudy new confectionery store, the delicious work of the latest Russian violinist, the superiority of a certain merchant's silk and the approaching mayor's ball.

Cordelia Blossom never batted an eyelash when this topic was reached.

"Really, are you going?" she wondered in a bored sort of way.

Mrs. Fleecer quickly suppressed the spasm of pain which writhed to appear upon her exquisitely controlled features.

"I scarcely know," she carelessly responded with a sinking heart. Cordelia Blossom did not want her to go! "I suppose you will attend?"

"I think not," returned Cordelia with a smile, whereat Mrs. Fleecer, who owed her social recognition entirely to the powerful and clever Cordelia, felt her heart descend another notch. At all previous mayor's balls she had been endured and snubbed as the wife of the notorious political boss, and this was to have been her first big function since she had borne the seal of the elect upon her brow. Why wasn't Cordelia going? "There's so much gayety planned for this winter that we must really keep fresh for it," went on Cordelia brightly. "What delicious macaroons, Georgia! Where do you get them?"

"Jemima makes them," boasted Mrs. Fleecer, pondering closely Mrs. Blossom's reason. It scarcely seemed adequate. Moreover, there was the hint that she was to be included in Cordelia's gayeties. "I'll get her recipe for you. You're quite right about keeping fresh for the more sprightly affairs. The early formal functions are usually so poky anyway, and they do take so much out of one."

There was the barest flicker of satisfaction in Cordelia's beautifully curving eyelashes.

"Anything that is the same year after year is bound to become poky," she agreed, delicately dipping a thin slice of lemon in her tea. "When one has the same duty to perform so often one becomes careless, don't you think? An invitation list for an official function requires rare and delicate judgment."

The haze began to clear from Mrs. Fleecer's usually quite lucid mind and she felt better. Fogginess always annoyed her.

"Doesn't it," she noncommittally agreed, smiling inwardly at the thought of delicate judgment and the substantial Mrs. Limber in combination, but making no foolish political admissions.

Cordelia Blossom stirred her tea meditatively.

"How long has Mr. Limber been mayor?" she inquired.

"Forever, I think," laughed Mrs. Fleecer. "It has come to be a sort of tradition."

"It must be dreadfully exciting to be in politics," commented Mrs. Blossom. "I wish the colonel took more interest in such things. By-the-way, I found the dearest little milliner just off Grace Square. She's French and has the most exquisite taste. I must take you down sometime for a trial bonnet."

II

JIM FLEECER, who was a tall, large-boned man with a quite visible jaw, scowled at "Chunky" Dwyer, who wore a cigar as if it were part of his original countenance.

"We need a shake-up," he finally declared. "Look at this list. Half dead ones!"

Dwyer glanced at the list apologetically.

"They're part of the organization, Jim," he urged.

"That's what I'm telling you," returned Fleecer impatiently. "You'd think the party was a soldiers' home."

"They were all good workers once," persisted Dwyer.

"Just once," admitted Fleecer. "They hustled till they got on the payroll, and they think it's a pension."

"I don't see how we're going to get rid of them," puzzled the other.

"I do," snapped Fleecer. "I'm going to split the party. You just pass the word to these sleep-walkers that they're going to wake up in the cold." Dwyer looked most uncomfortable. He drew a fat city salary himself. He had drawn it for years.

"I Found the Dearest Little Milliner Just Off Grace Square. I Must Take You Down Sometime for a Trial Bonnet"

"You don't mean a regular shake-up, Jim?" he protested. "Why, you'd cut all our throats."

"They need to be cut—yours with the rest," decided Fleecer.

"You'll destroy the organization," pleaded Dwyer.

"A fancy guess," returned Fleecer. "Then I'll take the good half that's left and build a better one."

"All right, captain, if that's your program," sighed Dwyer mournfully. "Just count me in on it."

Fleecer turned to him coldly.

"No," he decreed; "you're out of it. You're dead."

Dwyer wobbled his cigar rapidly to the other corner.

"I don't see any use in coming to an open break," he argued, rising.

"Go 'way!" ordered Fleecer, taking some papers from his dingy desk. "I'm busy."

Dwyer stood a moment with his big hands on the back of his chair. "All right, captain," he huskily charged, and wagged a red forefinger. "I'll pass the word; and you want to remember you started this."

Fleecer got up and for a second, with his big jaw protruding and his eyes narrowing, he simply glared down on Dwyer; then he strode to the door and opened it.

"Get out!" he said curtly.

"Sure," agreed Dwyer with the swagger of an independent man. As he approached Fleecer, however, his eye lost its dignity, and as he passed he suddenly bobbed his head. Fleecer, angered, reached a long arm after him, grabbed him by the collar and jerked him back.

"Look here, you cheap bluff!" he observed, turning the man round. "If I wanted to punch you you couldn't duck quick enough."

Satisfied with this simple statement of facts, he let the man go, and returned to his desk with a thoughtfully corrugated brow. He drew toward him the list which he had previously consulted, and with the grave care of a judge pondered over each name. He was still at this when the telephone bell rang, and if any of his hard-driven allies or serfs had been in that room they would have marveled at the change in his voice as he answered:

"Why, hello, Frills!"

"I hope you're not too busy, Jim," came the confident voice of Mrs. Fleecer.

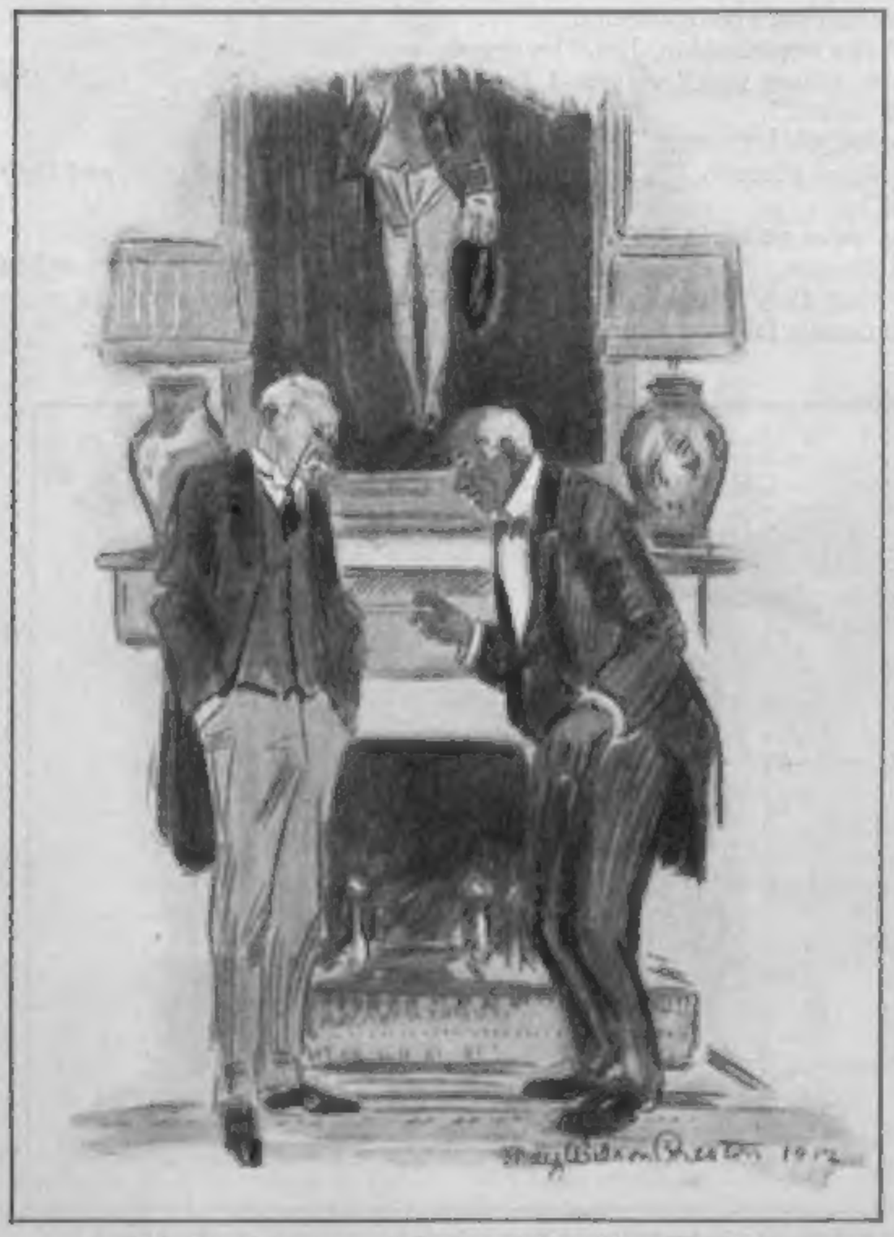
"Nothing on my mind but dinnertime," he heartily assured her. "What's the fuss?"

"I'm in a state of mind about my black-pearl necklace, Jim. Would it compromise you in any way if I didn't go to the mayor's ball?"

"Certainly not," he quickly assured her. "Limber's got nothing on me."

"Then don't make them hurry on the resetting of the necklace, please," she requested. "I'm so afraid they might spoil it if they rush it."

"All right, Tumpelly," he agreed. "What's the dispute between you and the mayor's ball?"



"You Know, Cunnel, Suh, That Yo Politics an' Mine Ain't the Same"

"Oh, it's sure to be a poky affair," she told him. "A lot of us aren't going. Mrs. Blossom won't be there."

"Then it's in bad," he decided. "If that little lady don't like it you're smart to stick away. Why isn't she going?"

Mrs. Fleecer laughed.

"You won't believe it when I tell you," she replied, lowering her voice. "Jim, she wasn't invited!"

"What!" he gasped. "Well, what do you think of that! How do you know?"

"Mrs. Blossom called on me this afternoon."

"Good stunt," he approved. "She came to the right place to tell her troubles. Of course you told her you'd fix it?"

"Why, certainly not!" choked Mrs. Fleecer. "She would never really say that she wasn't invited."

"How did you find it out then?" he persisted, puzzled.

"I honestly can't tell you how I found it out," she confessed, perplexed and worried by the masculine necessity for proof. "I just know it, that's all. She—she told me so, but she didn't say it."

"Oh," responded Jim Fleecer blankly. He knew better than to question the accuracy of his wife's information, but how in blazes did women do these things? Did they have a sort of unspoken language?

"So just you stop them on the necklace," Mrs. Fleecer went on. "Coming home to dinner? Jemima's making noodles for tonight."

"You bet I'm coming," he promised, with a preliminary pain of hunger.

After this conversation was over he sat looking into the corner of his desk with a gradually darkening brow. Suddenly he grabbed his 'phone.

"Mayor's office," he ordered.

"Hello!" drawled the voice of the mayor's secretary, who at the moment had both feet sprawled on his desk and was resting the 'phone on his stomach.

"Limber in?" demanded Fleecer.

The fat young man's feet came down from the desk with a thump and he laid his cigarette on the edge of a city book.

"He's holding an important conference just now, Mr. Fleecer," he explained, "but I'll get him."

The thin but oily voice of the mayor soothed the ear of the "captain" in about forty seconds more.

"Hello, Jim!" he familiarly called. "What can I do for you?"

"Say, why didn't my friend Colonel Watterson Blossom and his wife get their invitation to the ball?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the shocked mayor. "Haven't they received it?"

"No, they haven't," replied Fleecer sternly. "I want you to fix it in a hurry."

"Well, of course, Mr. Fleecer, these little social affairs are entirely out of my hands," declared the mayor, beginning to be frightened; "but I'll see my wife about it, and if there is any mistake it will surely be rectified."

"You fix it," snapped Fleecer.

III

MAYOR LIMBER, who was a spruce and natty elderly gentleman addicted to the cravats of a college youth, began his inquisition with the soup.

"Evelyn," he observed, "I dislike very much to distress you, but you have made a serious error."

Mrs. Limber's third chin began to quiver and she attacked the soup vigorously. She just knew that her appetite was to be destroyed!

"Of course I've made an error," she piteously protested. "You never come home that you don't tell me of some little mistake I've made."

The mayor looked pained. He was a nice little man, who liked to be polite to the ladies, even to his wife.

"I regret the necessity," he dryly returned. "This, however, is of more than usual gravity. Why didn't you send Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Blossom an invitation to the ball?"

"Why, Harry!" quivered Mrs. Limber. "How can you suppose such a thing! I addressed the Blossoms' invitation with my own hand and sealed it and stamped it and put it right on top of the pile of letters and rang for Elsie to come and mail them. I remember it perfectly, because that was the last name on my list."

"Well, they didn't get it," insisted the mayor. "You'd better find another one and send it immediately with an explanation."

Mrs. Limber's Third Chin Began to Quiver and She Attacked the Soup Vigorously

"I haven't any more," she assured him with almost a trace of triumph. "I only had exactly enough engraved. How do you know they didn't get it?" she gloated.

"Jim Fleecer called me up and raised Texas. It had better go."

Mrs. Limber's countenance underwent an instant change.

"Jim Fleecer!" she repeated, much concerned. He was their Providence! "I wonder if that envelope could have slipped back in my desk," she naïvely guessed. "I'll go right up and see."

She returned panting and bearing the missing letter.

"I know just how it happened," she explained. "It must have slid off the top of the pile and down into the crack of my desk while I rang for Elsie. I'll write Mrs. Blossom a nice little letter. She must have been very eager about this invitation, though, to complain to Mrs. Fleecer. Won't Mrs. Pikyune enjoy that!"

Mr. Limber waited thoughtfully while the soup plates were removed.

"Evelyn, are you quite sure that you did not suspect such an accident might happen?" he demanded.

"Harry!" wailed Mrs. Limber.

At about the same time Colonel Watterson Blossom found the charming Cordelia, with acute speculation in her big round eyes, studying him across the snowy dining cloth.

"A penny for your thoughts, my dear," he ventured.

She smiled adorably, and the colonel dwelt upon her rosy round lips with pleasure.

"They're worth more than a penny, for I was thinking about you," she laughed. "Watt, you don't go in much for politics."

The colonel unconsciously straightened his shoulders, if the twitch he gave them could be called a straightening of anything already so erect.

"I vote at every election, Cordelia," he told her. "I sustain without question the principles of my party."

"That's true," she replied, "but what I meant, Watt, was that you never seem to take an active part."

"There is no longer any demand for statesmanship," he told her.

Mrs. Blossom was thoughtful and troubled for a moment.

"The politicians personally are not always very nice people, are they?" she mused; then she returned to the attack. "I should think it would be the duty of nice people to run for office, and so have our public affairs administered by the very best class to be found. You really should run for office, Watt."

"You are very charming to say so," he replied, highly gratified. "However, the proposition has never seemed very attractive to me."

"You always do your duty, whether it is attractive or not," she complimented him. "You're so dear that way. Watt, you really should be mayor."

The colonel smiled.

"That office is the most corrupt of all," he told her. "Supposed to be the choice of the people, it is really a gift in the power of the unscrupulous Fleecer gang."

Mrs. Blossom dimpled again. The colonel beamed on her in positive adoration.

"Mr. Fleecer, even if his politics are not the same as yours, was very nice to us in our City Beautiful movement," she suggested. "Watt, somehow or other I have a feeling that Mr. Fleecer does not particularly care for his mayor."

The colonel stared at her in perplexity.

"Why, my dear, I don't believe you ever met Mr. Fleecer but once," he puzzled, "and I am quite sure you

did not discuss the mayor on that occasion. Of course you have become quite friendly with Mrs. Fleecer, however, and she may have given you some expression of her husband's opinions."

"Not Georgia Fleecer!" replied Mrs. Blossom quickly. "Georgia never commits or compromises herself. I like her very much. Watt, do you know that we are not invited to the mayor's ball?"

Colonel Watterson Blossom's goatee stuck straight out.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"We are not invited to the mayor's ball!" repeated Cordelia firmly. "This is Saturday and the ball is to be Monday night."

"Impossible!" again exclaimed the colonel, unable to comprehend this calamity. Why, the Virginia Blossoms were the salt of the earth socially, while Cordelia had been one of the immaculate Maryland Whichetts and was a Daughter of the Revolution by straight descent! The mayor's ball was a bore, but not to be invited to it was an insult! "I shall call H. A. Limber to account for this!"

"You can't do that, Watt," Cordelia protested. "Mrs. Limber is responsible for the invitations. I really do think, however, that a function that has attained to such social importance in this city should not be in the hands of such ordinary people."

"Right, quite right," agreed the colonel indignantly. "Cordelia, I shall announce myself as a candidate for mayor."

Jim Fleecer, at about the same hour, spread his napkin on his lap expectantly. "Now tell them to bring on the noodle soup," he heartily invited. "By-the-way, Ribbons, I fixed it about that invitation."

"You what!" she ejaculated.

"That Blossom invitation for the mayor's ball. I called Limber up and told him to see that one got over there P. D. Q."

"Why, Jim!" she faltered, then laughed half hysterically.

"Have I made a break?" he asked with quick concern.

"It's my fault," she confessed contritely. "I might have known you'd do something to please me at the very first hint, and I should have told you that the last thing in this world Mrs. Blossom would want now would be that invitation."

"I'm a bonehead!" charged Fleecer. "Of course she wouldn't want it now. She's sore." He rose and started for the library.

"You're not going to telephone the mayor again?" Mrs. Fleecer protested with much the feeling of standing under a falling house.

"Sure I'll tell him not to send it. Is that a break too?"

"Now just let me think a minute, Jim," pleaded Mrs. Fleecer, placing her fingertips to her temples and smiling as she faced her problem. "Mrs. Limber is sure to say that Mrs. Blossom was so cut up by not being invited that she had me get you to secure her an invitation. Then Cordelia will be put out with me, and very justly so."

Fleecer stopped, with a troubled frown. "That's tough," he said. "Why, I'd lose a leg, Boogles, rather than pass any pain to Mrs. Blossom. She put you where you are."

Mrs. Fleecer winced, but laughed.

"She certainly did, Jim," she confessed. "Until she became my social sponsor I had to wait. But let me puzzle this out. Cordelia wouldn't go to the ball now. I'm not going, and there will be at least twenty others who will be quite noticeably missed. The thing to do is to stop Mrs. Limber from saying that Cordelia begged through us for an invitation. If you can do that I don't mind your telephoning."

"Leave it to me," he urged, glad that now he had something definite to go on.

"Hello, Limber," he presently called into the 'phone. "Say, don't send that invitation to Colonel Blossom. Mrs. Blossom don't want it—she's sore. And say! Now listen to this. Mrs. Blossom did not come to my wife and tell her that she didn't get an invitation, and if I hear that she did there won't be another mayor's ball. Get that? And say! Mrs. Fleecer isn't coming to your ball, and there'll be a whole bunch of good ones stay away, because I'm going to pass the word that it isn't regular."

"But, Fleecer," protested the mayor, highly agitated, while his wife, feeling at last positive that her appetite was to be spoiled, made frantic inroads on the roast, "I can explain to you just how it happened."

"I prefer facts," said Fleecer, and returned to the table.

"I'd be sore myself if this noodle soup wasn't so good," he stated, giving himself up to the pleasures of the palate.

"Why do you suppose those cheap four-flushers dropped out such perfectly good parties as the Blossoms?"

"Social politics, Jim," laughed Mrs. Fleecer. "Clara Pikyune introduced Mrs. Limber so that she, Clara, could inaugurate and run the mayor's ball. It never would have been an institution worth noting, any more than Mrs. Limber would be, if Mrs. Pikyune hadn't fostered both of them. Mrs. Blossom beat Mrs. Pikyune out of the presidency of the exclusive Isis Club, which has always carried with it absolute social leadership, and Mrs. Limber thinks she is doing Mrs. Pikyune a favor."

Jim Fleecer leaned back and laughed.

"I ought to come home oftener and listen," he commented. "I'd learn things. I'd like to be standing round when Mrs. Blossom slices off the Limber lady's scalp."

"She'll do it," laughed Mrs. Fleecer. "Why, Jim, do you know what one of her plans is? She wants to run Colonel Blossom for mayor!"

To her surprise her husband did not laugh.

"By George, that's a happy thought!" he announced with the relief of one finding a sudden solution to a particularly vexing problem. "Say, Taffeta, you slip your friend Cordelia Blossom the word to run the colonel till he's out of breath. I'll have Dan Dickson call on him tomorrow."

IV

DAN DICKSON was a pointed-nosed man with a small chin and small eyes, above the latter of which was a bushy fringe that gave him, with his sharp-pointed ears, much the appearance of a fox.

"I'm Afraid That I Shall Have to Bid You Good Night, Claymore, Look After My Wraps, Please"

He climbed the rickety stairs of the decayed and dusty old Powers Building in the furtive fashion of a darky about to rob a henroost. He tiptoed swiftly to Room 7, on the door of which, in nearly obliterated gilt letters, was "James Fleecer, Real Estate and Investments." He listened intently. No voices. He tested the knob. He opened the door and applied one cold eye to the crack.

"Well, come in!" shouted Fleecer exasperatedly.

Mr. Dickson edged himself into the room and walked over to the bare desk with the soft-footed care of a cat. He sat down on the edge of an old wooden chair which Fleecer pushed out for him, removed his derby and looked into it with the concern he might have bestowed had it been filled to the brim with precious and priceless secrets.

"Good morning," he confided.

"I sent for you to pass you some pleasant news," observed Fleecer. "You win this next election."

Dan Dickson refused to concede a point by appearing pleased.

"It's about time," he insinuated. "My organization is so starved that it can't lean alone."

Fleecer surveyed the opposition gang leader with a half smile.

"You didn't pick strong ones in the first place," he retorted. "Now, Dickson, I'm going to give you a chance this election, but you needn't think I'm going to let you clinch anything. You may swing things for just one term, and then my bunch goes in again." With some distaste he watched the twinkle of speculative planning gather at the corners of Dickson's eyes.

"Of course," agreed Dickson, looking into his hat. "I suppose you want to keep control of the city funds too."

"I don't know what a city fund is," denied the guardian of his party. "Your bunch will step in and run things to suit themselves, and I'll manage to wiggle along for two years with a side interest in a few contracts I have."

"Then it's wide open!" returned the incredulous Dickson, betraying at last a certain degree of animation that amounted almost to enthusiasm. He began to plan immediately the apportionment of his favors. "The boys will throw away the prussic acid tonight," he granted.

"You'd better tell some of them to keep it," advised Fleecer dryly. "What boys do you mean? Give me a list of the live members."

Dickson turned his hat slowly about one-eighth of the way round, as if he had the names inscribed in the bell.

"Well, to begin with, there's Tangus," he announced. "He's for treasurer. He's not very strong, but the party owes him a lot."

"It owes him five thousand a year for the past ten years, and about eight of you split it up," laughed Fleecer. "Tangus is after the honor, and he gets it so far as I'm concerned. He's exactly the kind of a fluff who will queer himself with the public before half his term is out."

"Then there's Fizzer," went on Dickson, enjoying himself with great secrecy. "He wants the recordership. He has lobbed round for ——"

"Fizzer gets an assistant clerkship some place away down the line," interrupted Fleecer. "It's only because I want to let you have your own way that I don't hand you a few locomotor ataxia germs and tell you to slip them in Fizzer's beer. I have about as much use for that lollop as I would have for a rudder on a rocking chair. For city recorder you get Mike Fennessey."

Dickson looked out of his hat with a jerk.

"Fennessey's no rope to tie to," he objected. "He hasn't the strength of a string of spaghetti. He couldn't succeed himself if he was nominated on all five tickets."

"He's not supposed to succeed himself," Fleecer sharply reminded him. "He's in your party, isn't he?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Well, Fennessey did me a big favor once and you get him for recorder. For assessor you get Johnny Beckman."

Dickson shifted uneasily as if he were sitting on a radiator.

"What kind of a mess of stewed prunes are you handing me?" he protested. "Why, this ticket couldn't be elected in wartime if mine was the home and fireside party."

Fleecer turned on him savagely.

"You can't elect any ticket unless I say so," he stated. "You wouldn't get a look-in if I wasn't ready. I've been winning by a smaller majority every campaign, and I know the public like a trainer knows his tiger. It wants a change of meat; besides that, I want to build up a new organization. That's how your piffle brigade gets a look-in, and I'm going to hand you a nice bunch of old fluffs who will begin to queer themselves and the party the day they take office and begin to steal the paperweights. I'll be white with you though. I'll give you a chance to clear off as many old scores as possible, so you give me a list of the patient workers that it would be a shame to turn out into the night, and we'll pack them away. Then I'll make up your slate for you."

Together the two leading citizens worked; and the dictator of the reigning party gave to the boss of the unreined party a complete list of the candidates that the free-born American people would choose at the next election to be their representatives.

Point by point Dan Dickson gave way, trying desperately to carve as large a slice of the melon for himself as possible; but in the end it was Fleecer who had made the real selection for the careful and cautious voters.

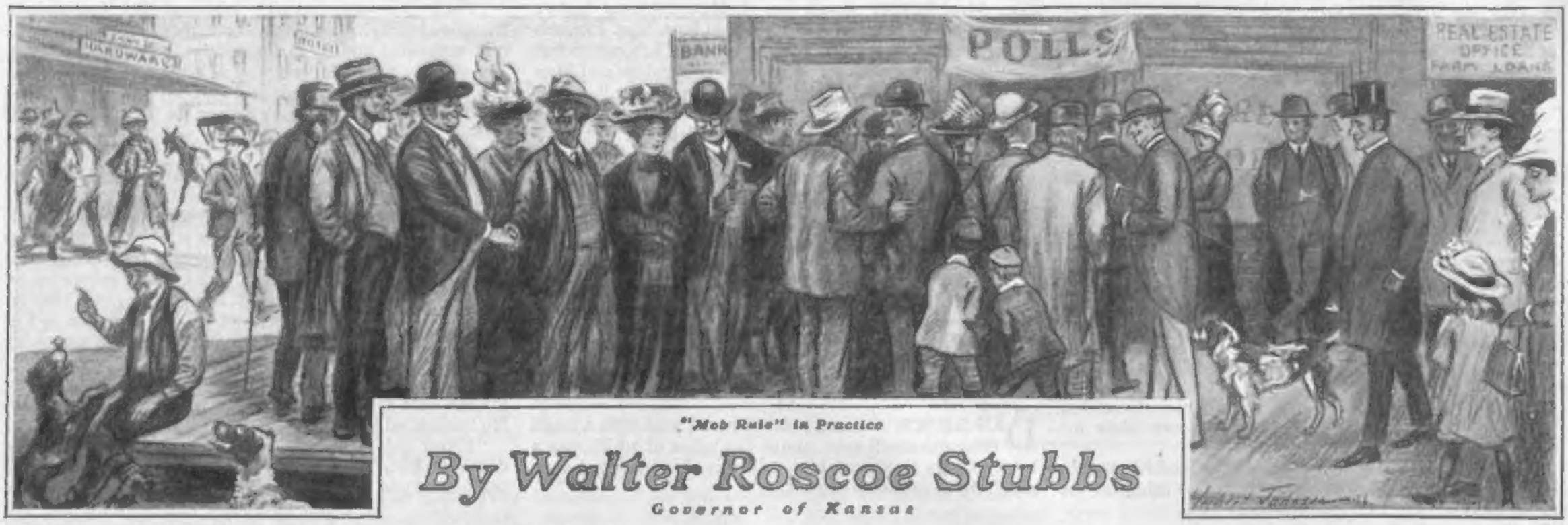
"For mayor, of course," concluded Dickson, all the important offices having been disposed of, "Judge Simon Purdee goes on the ticket. He's made speeches for us for twenty years."

"Getting to make the speeches is reward enough for that foghorn," returned Fleecer. "Don't you worry about your mayor. I have a fine, clean old party for you, without a flaw in his record, who will be too much of a statesman to know what the politicians under him are doing. It's Colonel Watterson Blossom."

"Colonel Watterson Blossom?" repeated Dickson in perplexity. "Oh, yes, I know who you mean! He hands a hundred to the party fund every year and thinks he's

(Continued on Page 58)

"MOB RULE" IN KANSAS



"Mob Rule" in Practice

By Walter Roscoe Stubbs

Governor of Kansas

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THERE has been nothing spasmodic in the so-called reform in recent years in Kansas. Business methods for the state, certain to be favored by any progressive business man, have been adopted in the interest of the people; and that is what the entire nation needs and certainly is going to have one of these days!

The important economic changes in this great commonwealth that have attracted the attention of students of government everywhere—the wiping out of the saloons; the establishing of the best banking system in the country; the cleaning up of overburdened payrolls—all these have resulted from the determination of the people to support every public officer intent upon enforcing laws.

There was nothing especially radical in this. Any public official who has tried to adopt new and better systems of business management has been subjected to the charge of self-aggrandizement; has been called a reformer—a leader in "mob rule." If the transformation effected in Kansas is proof of what "mob rule" can do, then this is the element that needs a larger degree of influence throughout the whole country! It is this kind of "mob rule"—the voice of the people—that is so strongly advocated by Theodore Roosevelt, not upon special occasions but ever since he entered public office. It is the advocacy of this particular kind of "mob rule" that makes Roosevelt popular with thinking people. And this is why Kansas wants Roosevelt for president.

Kansas was no worse seven years ago than many other states—not nearly so bad. There were a few hundred extra and entirely unnecessary employees on the legislative payroll and in some departments—it required an extraordinarily large number of assistant superintendents to regulate the ventilation of the state capitol during a session; but this was no worse than has been discovered in other states. However, this fact of commonplaceness is not urged in extenuation. It is mentioned merely to show that the so-called reform in Kansas was not—as most American minds believe in speaking of reform—the result of a peculiarly vicious condition. It was just Business with a capital B.

This reform you have heard so much about—the determination to put the state upon a higher standard—was evidenced particularly with respect to prohibition. It was true of the sentiment that drove the people to resent the rule of bosses, who cracked the whip or issued passes or promised jobs—and the humble citizen did the rest. It was no less true in the people's determination, quite clearly expressed in this year of grace, to uphold progressive ideals in state government, and in the government of the nation—that is why Kansas wants Roosevelt—Kansas is progressive!

Aggressive and Progressive Policies

KANSAS, like Roosevelt, believes in publicity. Not even the most unselfish, most righteous, most tireless and determined state officer could have given Kansas its present ideal system of government if the responsible press had not constantly told the truth as it knew it. Shut out at the borders of a state every avenue of publicity, put padlocks on the doors of the printing offices, silence the writers of everyday history—and no amount of law, no mailed fist, could preserve the people's liberty or protect their homes! One-half of the peace we have today—one-half of the security we enjoy anywhere in this great Republic—is due to adequate publicity. And that is another reason Kansas wants Roosevelt in the White House. The people of Kansas want business laws and efficient business management, in the interest of all the people, applied to the affairs of the National Government.

This desire for better things is not passive. Its earnestness has been shown in the ballot box. Roosevelt carried this state in 1904 by a hundred and twenty-six thousand majority, and the state ticket was elected by the Republicans by sixty or seventy thousand. Practically every state in the Union that was normally Republican had a Republican governor and a Republican legislature; and the National Congress was overwhelmingly Republican when Roosevelt retired from the White House. Kansas has gone right ahead with its progressive Republican policies—which, after all, are based on good business sense; but many of the old, reliable states have fallen away from the column. No one knows better how to explain this secession than the old-line Republican politician, who knows that the trend of affairs since Roosevelt's Administration closed has not been popular or in touch with the people. Roosevelt's policies were progressive and aggressive. The achievements of his Administration, if summarized, would read more like the work of a century than the accomplishments of one Administration in only seven years.

In these seven years Kansas also marched far to the front in its progressivism. Men greedy for office, eager only for paychecks, never could have effected the great change. Some one had to make a sacrifice. It took big, broad-gauge men for the work. After an election in Kansas City, Missouri, a few years ago, the Kansas City Star declared the day had been uneventful; that every voter who desired to do so had cast his ballot undisturbed; that the count was clean, because the city's best citizens had gone to the polls in squads and had made it possible. That, or something very much like it, was what happened in Kansas. The big men came out.

Henry J. Waters, president of the Kansas Agricultural College, the biggest institution of its kind in the world, was appointed three years ago to his position because of eminent merit, and had occupied it a long while, to the credit of the state, before the Republican state administration was criticised for appointing a Democrat. The fact was, no one had given any thought to President Waters' politics, and no one gave any thought to the politics of several other big, finely equipped, intelligent men who have gone about their duties earnestly, eager to serve the people, luckily for the state, without much regard to the remuneration.

There never was a governor, perhaps, who did not shrink from the task of filling the offices within his gift—if that governor had an earnest, patriotic ambition to manage the people's business as he would manage his own. That sort of management is exactly what every progressive American commonwealth should have; it is the management that is demanded with increasing frequency; it is the management which progressive Republicans, led by Theodore Roosevelt, believe in giving the people. The insistent demand in many parts of the nation for a new and cleaner and better deal is the best possible proof that the "old order" really is changing—has changed in Kansas—and that the day of bosses has passed!

There never was a time in the history of this country since Lincoln's day when the results of elections so clearly and unmistakably emphasized the truth enunciated by the great emancipator, that all the people could not be fooled all the time. Indeed, as the years pass this is becoming increasingly difficult to do. The old school—or old-line politicians, as they are called—were the first to realize this condition; they were the first to feel the effect of the people's determination to see the "bug under the chip" in every case. The fact that they could foresee the inevitable rejection of machine politics, and that they could feel and fear the people's resentment against continued domination, was proved by their frantic efforts—continued to this hour in many states—to break down popular opposition to a condition of things that had become unbearable. The people know now that government, properly conducted in the interest of the governed, is as much a business proposition as the building of a railroad or the managing of any other commercial enterprise.

And that is all there is to the so-called "reform" policies of the so-called Progressives—just business. It is an intelligent, well-directed, concerted movement of the people in self-defense.

Public Business Conducted on Business Lines

IF ANY one tendency more than another has operated to restrain this popular movement for renovated politics, upright business principles, it has been the reluctance or backwardness of highly responsible men to give their aid in its behalf. The public's affairs have long been managed by those to whom even small emolument meant comparative independence in a great number of cases. It was so seven years ago in Kansas. In some instances, of course, faithful service was given; but too often the man appointed to a responsible position, that gave him a small salary, thought more of pleasing the man at his back than he thought of the people in front. Men of the commercial and social world have hesitated, sometimes from selfish motives, to take upon themselves the responsibility that was almost certain to entail financial loss and, in some instances, to involve them in social embarrassment. So, with one class of citizens clamoring eagerly for places and caring often for nothing else, and another class, highly desirable, trying to evade service, a governor might well "keep standing," as printers say, the earnest advertisement: "Men Wanted!" And to it he might add: "Those willing to work for themselves may call." For that is just what the efficient public servant does—and in the highest degree.

It would never have been possible to give to Kansas its present clean and efficient government if men chosen for big tasks had not responded to the appeal for their help. In the cases cited here there was no question of party expediency. The points considered were: Does this man fit the job? Is he the right kind of a business man, the business man who sufficiently understands his duties of citizenship to register and to vote—and can he and will he give to the state's business some of his time and the best of his thought?

As a first business proposition, it became evident that the banking, educational, charitable, penal and other institutions and departments of Kansas needed the direction and management of broad-minded, thoroughgoing business men, who knew where to find leaks and how to stop them. More than a score of the ablest and most successful men in their respective lines—men of large

caliber, accustomed to doing big things and doing them right—were drafted. These men made great financial sacrifices; they gave up much valuable time in accepting public office. They established policies that will save annually millions of dollars in future years. They have also increased the efficiency of state institutions and have raised the moral, political and business standards of the state government by actually working at their jobs. They have done what they found to do; and they have done it exactly as they would do it if the good results accrued to their own bank accounts instead of to the account of the people.

The declaration was made a few months ago that if any one could point out a state employee not earning his salary that employee would be discharged. There has been no occasion, up to the present, to enforce this promise. This is because the men in the departments and those at the heads of the departments have raised the business of Kansas to a level of efficiency in which every man does what he is paid to do—and does it as nearly right as possible.

Is that mob rule? If it is Kansas should be thankful!

All these things undoubtedly have their important effect upon the people. You can't get away from that. It may take time to convince them that the "reform" has been sincere; but, once they are convinced of it, they would not go back to the old way. Kansas would not go back. The people did not suppose they were going back to the old way when they voted for Taft; but they were fooled, as they have been fooled before. Watching things at close range in Kansas, the people know exactly where to place the credit. They know, for one thing, that since the Bank Guaranty Law went into effect no depositor in any one of the eight hundred and eighty-nine state banks in Kansas has lost one dollar. These banks now have approximately one hundred million dollars of deposits.

The Blue-Sky Law in Action

THE banking system of Kansas was inefficient and unbusinesslike when Joseph N. Dolley, author of the Blue-Sky Law, became commissioner. One of his first official acts was to discover that a bank having only fifteen thousand dollars capital had been robbed of ninety thousand dollars by its officers. Ordinarily a receiver would have been appointed—and this was what those bankers desired; but, instead, they were told to have the ninety thousand dollars in the bank before sunset or settle it with the sheriff! The money was in the bank before night. The institution is now controlled by other and more responsible persons. The same action was taken in another case, in which a financial institution lost approximately one hundred thousand dollars through its officers; and they, too, returned the money upon short notice! Receiverships with big fees, a process by which the depositor gets little that is coming to him and waits long to get it, are not popular in Kansas, and have not been encountered since Dolley went to work.

Every bank officer, president, cashier and director in Kansas holds his job practically upon a civil-service basis. Certain blanks have to be executed under oath, and if these and the past history of the signer do not come up to the desired standard he must resign. The whole board of directors of a bank must be present twice a year, when an examination that actually examines is made. Every note, bond or asset of each bank must be listed and reported to the banking department twice a year, with a sworn statement by the officers and directors of the bank to the effect that each note and asset so listed is worth one hundred cents on the dollar. Every note worth less than par is set aside from the assets of the bank. Under this system it is difficult for a borrower whose credit is perfectly good for not more than five thousand dollars to use that credit in any considerable number of state banks at the same time.

There are no "one-bank" towns in Kansas having two or more banks. The law gives the charter board power to use discretion in the granting of charters, so that speculators and promoters cannot organize banks wherever they happen to get off the train. No one can buy bank stock when a new bank is established in Kansas who is not worth at least twice as much as the stock for which he subscribes. The depositors' guaranty fund, now amounting to approximately four hundred thousand dollars in cash and bonds, has not been touched since the law was enacted in 1909, though in one case of failure certificates of losses were issued.

This was a law in the interest of the people; and yet the interests attacked it, declaring it was not constitutional—and they kept after it until finally it was upheld by the United States Supreme Court. It has been carefully administered in Kansas and has done much to create the present high standard of banking. Could this be called mob rule? Isn't it just plain business?

It isn't difficult to attract criticism. All you need to do is to touch—ever so lightly—some one's particular pet scheme. Kansas, according to some highly indignant persons, was about to be ruined in a business way—all its big corporations driven from the state and its investments seriously injured; capital, always represented as exceedingly timid, was being discouraged when the Blue-Sky Law went into effect. Under this law a company must stand investigation before it asks the public to deliver. Sun motors, salted mines, gold bricks, worthless stocks and bonds, and all the other thousand and one schemes foisted upon the little investor must be investigated—must stand in the daylight!

Where one dollar has been lost in Kansas through bank failures, ninety-five have been lost through investment in worthless stocks and bonds. Probably ninety-eight per cent of the money invested in mining stock alone was lost—stolen, it might almost be said.

Fully one thousand agents were selling stocks and bonds in Kansas when Dolley took charge of the banking department, and a large part of the money they took in was practically stolen from investors. They are not doing this now. Out of six hundred companies asking for permits to sell stocks in Kansas, exactly forty-nine have obtained favorable action. A penitentiary sentence is the penalty provided in the Blue-Sky Law for selling stocks or bonds without a permit from the bank commissioner. This Blue-Sky Law is one of the most valuable laws in the statutes of Kansas. It saves annually to investors more money than the entire cost of the state government! It is the exemplification of "Lead us not into temptation." Is that mob rule? If it is there should be more of it.

Kansas is giving attention, also, to its public utilities. A commission was created in May of last year. It has power to regulate and control the rates and service of the railroad companies, express companies, suburban and interurban lines, street-car companies, pipe-line companies, telegraph and telephone companies, and water, light, heat and power companies, except where plants are municipally owned and are wholly or principally within the limits of a city. No public utility or common carrier can change its rate without the commission's consent.

All issues of securities must be authorized by it and the franchise cannot be sold or transferred without its approval. The commission has a right to say, also, whether another common carrier shall engage in business in the state. It is giving close attention to excessive freight rates from the East into the state. It regulates the price of natural gas to the people of the larger cities, and by its prompt action prevented the Gas Company from advancing its prices last winter.

The railroads of Kansas have, to a great extent, relinquished the responsibility of managing or trying to manage the state government. Occasionally there is some evidence of a desire to dictate, but not very frequently. This gives the railroads more time to attend to the business of transporting passengers and freight, and also to consider the justice of certain requests and demands for reduced rates. In compliance with an order of the railroad commission in 1907, the passenger fare in Kansas was reduced from three cents to two cents a mile. In 1904, when the three-cent rate was in effect, the total passenger earnings of all the railroads in Kansas amounted to fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars; while in 1911, under the two-cent fare, the total earnings were nearly twenty-two million dollars.

Lower Rates Bring Bigger Earnings

THE entire legislature came to Topeka year after year on passes—railroad and Pullman. This is not done now. No state employee—and that includes the legislators—and no other person except employees of the railroads may ride on a pass in Kansas. The law forbidding the issuing or accepting of such favors was a good stroke of business for the railroads. Since this law went into effect the passenger earnings have annually increased by millions of dollars. Thousands of persons rode on passes. These passes were not issued as a matter of friendship—the railroads expected a return, and usually they got it. Today every one in Kansas pays two cents a mile, from governor to private citizen. In 1907 the legislature ordered a fifteen-per-cent reduction in grain and other rates in Kansas.

Under the higher rates of the previous year the freight earnings were $44,151,000; while in 1911 they were increased, under a lower rate, to $49,991,000.

No sane man can call these accomplishments the work of a mob! Kansas needed exactly the kind of mob that took control of it a few years ago and started it on the right road. Its taxable property has increased in ten years one billion two hundred million dollars—or at the rate of one hundred and twenty million dollars a year. The state contains more taxable property to the citizen than New York, Massachusetts or any of the older states. Its farmers own eighty-five per cent of the bank deposits and these have increased at the rate of ten million dollars a year for ten years. It has many well-populated agricultural counties, in which the jails and the poorhouses or county farms have had no occupants for years. Its charitable institutions are managed upon a business basis by a board of control of three members. And this board, through its commissary department in Topeka, inspects every pound of food and every other purchase intended for these institutions. *(Continued on Page 54)*

"Mob Rule" in Theory

As Soon as I Was Up on Top of Him I Immediately Discerned That It Was Not Sixteen Hands—It Was Sixteen Miles

TUMMIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON says that fat people are happier than other people. How does Dr. Woods Hutchinson know? Did he ever have to leave the two top buttons of his vest unfastened on account of his extra chins? Has the pressure from within against the waistband where the watchfob is located ever been so great in his case that he had partially to undress himself to find out what time it was? Does he have to take the tailor's word for it that his trousers need pressing?

He does not. And that sort of a remark is only what might be expected from any person upward of seven feet tall and weighing about ninety-eight pounds with his heavy underwear on. I shall freely take Dr. Woods Hutchinson's statements on the joys and ills of the thin. But when he undertakes to tell me that fat people are happier than thin people, it is only hearsay evidence with him and I decline to accept his statements unchallenged. He is going outside of his class. He is, as you might say, no more than an innocent bystander. Whereas I am a qualified authority.

I will admit that at one stage of my life, and one only, I regarded fleshiness as a desirable asset. The incident came about in this way. There was a circus showing in our town and a number of us proposed to attend it. It was one of those one-ring, ten-cent circuses that used to go about over the country, and it is my present recollection that all of us had funds laid by sufficient to buy tickets; but if we could procure admission in the regular way we felt it would be a sinful waste of money to pay our way in.

With this idea in mind we went scouting round back of the main tent to a comparatively secluded spot, and there we found a place where the canvas side-wall lifted clear of the earth for a matter of four or five inches. We held an informal caucus to decide who should go first. The honor lay between two of us—between the present writer, who was reasonably skinny, and another boy, named Thompson, who was even skinnier. He won, as the saying is, on form. It was decided by practically a unanimous vote, he alone dissenting, that he should crawl under and see how the land lay inside. If everything was all right he would make it known by certain signals and we would then follow, one by one.

The Standing Joke of Humanity

TWO of us lifted the canvas very gently and this Thompson boy started to wriggle under. He was about halfway in when zip—like a flash he bodily vanished. He was gone, leaving only the marks where his toes had gouged the soil. Startled, we looked at one another. There was something peculiar about this. Here was a boy who had started into a circus tent in a circumspect, indeed, a highly cautious manner, and then finished the trip with undue and sudden precipitancy. It was more than peculiar—it bordered upon the uncanny. It was sinister. Without a word having been spoken we decided to go away from there.

Wearing expressions of intense unconcern and sterling innocence upon our young faces we did go away from there and drifted back in the general direction of the main entrance. We arrived just in time to meet our young friend coming out. He came hurriedly, using his hands and his feet both, his feet for traveling and his hands for rubbing purposes. Immediately behind him was a large, coarse man using language that stamped him as a man who had outgrown the spirit of youth and was preëminently out of touch with the ideals and aims of boyhood.

At that period it seemed to me and to the Thompson boy, who was moved to speak feelingly on the subject, and in fact to all of us, that excessive slimness might have its drawbacks. Since that time several of us have had occasion to change our minds. With the passage of years we have fleshened up, and now we know better. The last time I saw the Thompson boy he was known as Excess-Baggage Thompson. His figure in profile suggested a man carrying a roll-top desk in his arms and his face looked like a face that had refused to jell and was about to run down on his clothes. He spoke longingly of the days of his youth and wondered if the shape of his knees had changed much since the last time he saw them.

Yes, sir, no matter what Doctor Hutchinson says, I contend that the slim man has all the best of it in this world. The fat man is the universal goat; he is humanity's standing joke. Stomachs are the curse of our modern civilization. When a man gets a stomach his troubles begin. If you doubt this ask any fat man—I started to say ask any fat woman too. Only there aren't any fat women to speak of. There are women who are plump and will admit it; there are even women who are inclined to be stout. But outside of dime museums there are no fat women. But there are plenty of fat men. Ask one of them. Ask any one of them. Ask me.

When Love Jumps Out of the Window

THIS thing of acquiring a tummy steals on one insidiously, like a thief in the night. You notice that you are plumping out a trifle and for the time being you feel a sort of small personal satisfaction in it. Your shirts fit you better. You love the slight strain upon the buttonholes. You admire the pleasant plunking sound suggestive of ripe watermelons when you pat yourself. Then a day comes when the persuasive odor of mothballs fills the autumnal air and everybody at the barber shop is having the back of his neck shaved, also, thus betokening awakening social activities, and when evening is at hand you take the dress-suit, which fitted you so well, out of the closet where it has been hanging and undertake to back yourself into it. You are pained to learn that it is about three sizes too small. At first you are inclined to blame the suit for shrinking, but second thought convinces you that the fault lies elsewhere. It is you that have swollen, not the suit that has shrunk. The buttons that should adorn the front of the coat are now plainly visible from the rear.

You buy another dress-suit and next fall you have outgrown that one too. You pant like a lizard when you run to catch a car. You cross your legs and have to hold the crossed one on with both hands to keep your stomach from shoving it off into space. Afterwhile you quit crossing them and are content with dawdling yourself on your own lap. You are fat! Dog-gone it—you are fat!

You are up against it and it is up against you, which is worse. You are something for people to laugh at. You are also expected to laugh. It is all right for a thin man to be grouchy; people will say the poor creature has dyspepsia and should be humored along. But a fat man with a grouch is inexcusable in any company—there is so much of him to be grouchy. He constitutes a wave of discontent and a period of general depression. He is not expected to be romantic and sentimental either. It is all right for a giraffe to be sentimental, but not a hippopotamus. If you doubt me consult any set of natural history pictures. The giraffe is shown with his long and sinuous neck entwined in fond embrace about the neck of his mate; but the amphibious, blood-sweating hippo is depicted as spouting and wallowing, morose and misanthropic, in a mud puddle off by himself. In passing I may say that I regard this comparison as a particularly apt one, because I know of no living creature so truly amphibious in hot weather as an open-pored fat man, unless it is a hippopotamus.

Oh how true is the saying that nobody loves a fat man! When fat comes up on the front porch love jumps out of the third-story window. Love in a cottage? Yes. Love in a rendering plant? No. A fat man's heart is supposed to lie so far inland that the softer emotions cannot reach it at all. Yet the fattest are the truest, if you did but know it, and also they are the tenderest; and a man with a double chin rarely leads a double life. For one thing, it requires too much moving round.

A fat man cannot wear the clothes he would like to wear. As a race, fat men are fond of bright and cheerful colors; but no fat man can indulge his innocent desires in this direction without grieving his family and friends and exciting the derisive laughter of the unthinking. If he puts on a fancy-flowered vest, they'll say he looks like a Hanging Garden of Babylon. And yet he has a figure just made for showing off a fancy-flowered vest to best effect. He may favor something in light checks for his spring suit; but if he ventures abroad in a checked suit, ribald strangers will look at him meaningly and remark to one another that the center of population appears to be shifting again. It has been my observation that fat men are instinctively drawn to short tan overcoats for the early fall. But a fat man in a short tan overcoat, strolling up the avenue of a sunny afternoon, will be constantly overhearing persons behind him wondering why they didn't wait until night to move the bank vault. That irks him sore; but if he turns round to reproach them he is liable to shove an old lady or a poor blind man off the sidewalk, and then, like as not, some gamin will sing out: "Hully gee, Chimmy, wot's become of the rest of the parade? 'Ere's the bass drum goin' home all by itself."

I've known of just such remarks being made and I assure you they cut a sensitive soul to the core. Not for the fat man are the snappy clothes for varsity men and the patterns called by the tailors "confined," because that is what they should be, but aren't. Not for him the silken shirt with the broad stripes. Shirts with stripes that were meant to run vertically but are caused to run horizontally, by reasons over which the wearer has no control, remind others of the awning over an Italian grocery. So the fat man must stick to sober navy blues and depressing blacks and melancholy grays. He is advised that he should wear his evening clothes whenever possible, because black and white lines are more becoming to him. But even in evening clothes, that wide expanse of glazed shirt and those white enamel studs will put the onlookers in mind of the front end of a dairy lunch—or so I have been cruelly told.

When planning public utilities, who thinks of a fat man? There never was a hansom cab made that would hold a fat man comfortably unless he left the doors open, and that makes him feel undressed. There never was an orchestra seat in a theater that would contain all of him at the same time—he churns up and sloshes out over the sides. Apartment houses and elevators and hotel towels are all constructed upon the idea that the world is populated by stock-size people with those double-A-last shapes.

The Fat Man in an Upper

TAKE a Pullman car, for instance. One of the saddest sights known is that of a fat man trying to undress on one of those closet shelves called upper berths without getting hopelessly entangled in the hammock or committing suicide by hanging himself with his own suspenders. And after that, the next most distressing sight is the same fat man after he has undressed and is lying there, spouting like a sperm-whale and overflowing his reservation like a crock of salt-rising dough in a warm kitchen, and wondering how he can turn over without bulging the side of the car and maybe causing a wreck. Ah me, those dark green curtains with the overcoat buttons on them hide many a distressful spectacle from the traveling public!

If a fat man undertakes to reduce nobody sympathizes with him. A thin man trying to fatten up so he won't fall all the way through his trousers when he draws 'em on in the morning is an object of sympathy and of admiration, and people come from miles round and give him advice about how to do it. But suppose a fat man wants to train down to a point where, when he goes into a telephone booth and says "Ninety-four Broad," the spectators will know he is trying to get a number and not trying to tell his tailor what his waist measure is.

Is he greeted with sympathetic understanding? He is not. He is greeted with derision and people stand round and gloat at him. The authorities recommend health exercises, but health exercises are almost invariably undignified in effect and wearing besides. Who wants to greet the dewy morn by lying flat on his back and lifting his feet fifty times? What kind of a way is that to greet

Not in These Times When Dancing Is a Cross Between a Wrestling Match, a Contortion Act and a Trip on a Roller-Coaster

the dewy morn anyhow? And bending over with the knees stiff and touching the tips of the toes with the tips of the fingers—that's no employment for a grown man with a family to support and a position to maintain in society. Besides which it cannot be done. I make the statement unequivocally and without fear of successful contradiction that it cannot be done. And if it could be done—which as I say it can't—there would be no real pleasure in touching a set of toes that one has known of only by common rumor for years. Those toes are the same as strangers to you—you knew they were in the neighborhood, of course, but you haven't been intimate with them.

Maybe you try dieting, which is contrary to nature. Nature intended that a fat man should eat heartily, else why should she endow him with the capacity and the accommodations? Starving in the midst of plenty is not for him who has plenty of midst. Nature meant that a fat man should have an appetite and that he should gratify it at regular intervals—meant that he should feel like the Grand Cañon before dinner and like the Royal Gorge afterward. Anyhow, dieting for a fat man consists in not eating anything that's fit to eat. The specialist merely tells him to eat what a horse would eat and has the nerve to charge him for what he could have found out for himself at any livery stable. Of course he might bant in the same way that a woman bants. You know how a woman bants. She begins the day very resolutely, and if you are her husband you want to avoid irritating her or upsetting her, because hell hath no fury like a woman banting. For breakfast she takes a swallow of lukewarm water and half of a soda cracker. For luncheon she takes the other half of the cracker and leaves off the water. For dinner she orders everything on the menu except the date and the name of the proprietor. She does this in order to give her strength to go on with the treatment.

No fat man would diet that way; but no matter which way he does diet it doesn't do him any good. Health exercises only make him muscle-sore and bring on what the Harvard ball team call the Charles W. Horse; while banting results in attacks of those kindred complaints—the Mollie K. Grubbs and the Fan J. Todds.

Walking is sometimes recommended and the example of the camel is pointed out, the camel being a creature that can walk for days and days. But, as has been said by some thinking person, who in thunder wants to be a camel? The subject of horseback riding is also brought up frequently in this connection. It is one of the commonest delusions among fat men that horseback riding will bring them down and make them sylphlike and willowy. I have several fat men among my lists of acquaintances who labor under this fallacy. None of them was ever a natural-born horseback rider; not one will be. I like to go out of a bright morning and take a comfortable seat on a park bench—one park bench is plenty roomy enough if nobody else is using it—and sit there and watch these unhappy persons passing single file along the bridle-path. I sit there and gloat until by rights I ought to be required to take out a gloater's license.

Mind you, I have no prejudice against horseback riding as such. Horseback riding is all right for mounted policemen and Colonel W. F. Cody and members of the Stickney family and the lady who used to play Mazeppa in the sterling drama of that name. That is how those parties make their living. They are suited for it and acclimated to it. It is also all right for equestrian statues of generals in the Civil War. But it is not a fit employment for a fat man, and especially for a fat man who insists on trying to ride a hard-trotting horse English style, which really isn't riding at all when you come right down to cases, but an outdoor cure for neurasthenia invented, I take it, by a British subject who was nervous himself and hated to stay too long in one place. So, as I was saying, I sit there on my comfortable park bench and watch those friends of mine bouncing by, each wearing on his face that set expression which is seen also on the faces of some men while waltzing, and on the faces of most women when entertaining their relatives by marriage. I have one friend who is addicted to this form of punishment in a violent, not to say a malignant form. He uses for his purpose a tall and self-willed horse of the Tudor period—a horse with those high dormer effects and a sloping mansard. This horse must have been raised, I think, in the knockabout song-and-dance business. Every time he hears music or thinks he hears it he stops and vamps with his feet. When he does this my friend bends forward and clutches him round the neck tightly. I think he is trying to whisper in the horse's ear and beg him in Heaven's name to forbear; but what he looks like is a Santa Claus with a clean shave, sitting on the combing of a very steep house with his feet hanging over the eaves, peeking down the chimney to see if the children are asleep yet. When that horse dies he will still have finger marks on his throat and the authorities will suspect foul play probably.

Once I tried it myself. I was induced to scale the heights of a horse that was built somewhat along the general idea of the Andes Mountains, only more rugged and steeper nearing the crest. From the ground he looked to be not more than sixteen hands high, but as soon as I was up on top of him I immediately discerned that it was not sixteen hands—it was sixteen miles. But before I could make any move to descend to the lower and less rarified altitudes he began executing a few fancy steps, and started traveling sidewise with a kind of a slanting bias movement that was extremely disconcerting, not to say alarming, instead of proceeding straight ahead as a regular horse would. I clung there astraddle of his ridge pole, with my fingers twined in his mane, trying to anticipate where he would be next, in order to be there to meet him if possible; and I resolved right then that, if Providence in His wisdom so willed it that I should get down from up there alive, I would never do so again. However, I did not express these longings in words—not at that time. At that time there were only two words in the English language which seemed to come to me. One of them was "Whoa" and the other was "Ouch," and I spoke them alternately with such rapidity that they merged into the compound word "Whouch," which is a very expressive word and one that I would freely recommend to others who may be situated as I was.

At that moment, of all the places in the world that I could think of—and I could think of a great many because the events of my past life were rapidly flashing past me—as is customary, I am told, in other cases of grave peril, such as drowning—I say of all the places in the world there were just two where I least desired to be—one was up on top of that horse and the other was down under him. But it seemed to be a choice of the two evils, and so I chose the lesser and got under him. I did this by a simple expedient that occurred to me at the moment. I fell off. I was tramped on considerably, and the earth proved to be harder than it looked when viewed from an approximate height of sixteen miles up, but I lived and breathed—or at least I breathed after a period had elapsed—and I was satisfied. And so, having gone through this experience myself, I am in position to appreciate what any other man of my general build is going through as I see him bobbing by—the poor martyr, sacrificing himself as a burnt offering, or anyway a blistered one—on the high altar of a Gothic ruin of a horse. And, besides, I know that riding a horse doesn't reduce a fat man. It merely reduces the horse.

If He Turns Over and Floats, People Yell Out That Somebody Has Set the Life Raft Adrift

Does He Have to Take the Tailor's Word for It That His Trousers Need Pressing?

Who Wants to Greet the Dewy Morn by Lying Flat on His Back and Lifting His Feet Fifty Times?

So it goes—the fat man is always up against it. His figure is half-masted in regretful memory of the proportions he had once and he is made to mourn. Most sports and many gainful pursuits are closed against him. He cannot play lawn tennis, or, at least according to my observation, he cannot play lawn tennis oftener than once in two weeks. In between games he limps round, stiff as a hat tree and sore as a mashed thumb. Time was when he might mingle in the mystic mazes of the waltz, tripping the light fantastic toe or stubbing it, as the case might be. But that was in the days of the old-fashioned square dance, which was the fat man's friend among dances, and also of the old-fashioned two-step, and not in these times when dancing is a cross between a wrestling match, a contortion act and a trip on a roller-coaster, and is either named for an animal, like the Bunny Hug and the Tarantula Glide, or for a town, like the Mobile Mop-Up, and the Far Rockaway Rock and the South Bend Bend. His friends would interfere—or the authorities would. He can go in swimming, it is true; but if he turns over and floats, people yell out that somebody has set the life raft adrift; and if he basks at the water's edge, boats will come in and try to dock alongside him; and if he takes a sun bath on the beach and sunburns, there's so everlasting much of him to be sunburned that he practically amounts to a conflagration. He can't shoot rapids, craps or big game with any degree of comfort; nor play billiards. He can't get close enough to the table to make the shots, and he puts all the English on himself and none of it on the cue ball.

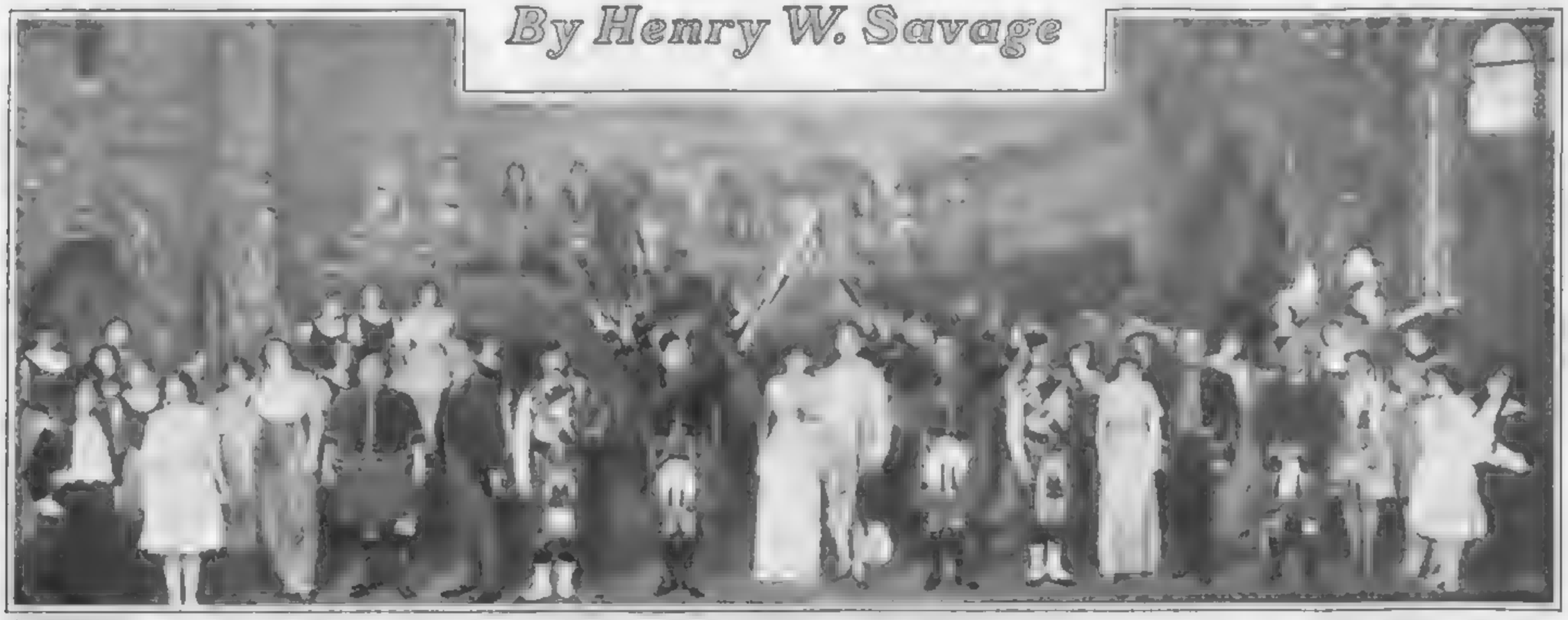
Consider the gainful pursuits. Think how many of them are denied to the man who may have energy and ability but is shut out because there are a few extra terraces on his front lawn. A fat man cannot be a leading man in a play. Nobody desires a fat hero for a novel. A fat man cannot go in for aeroplaning. He cannot be a wire-walker, or a successful walker of any of the other recognized brands—track, cake, sleep or floor. He doesn't make a popular waiter. Nobody wants a fat waiter on a hot day. True, you may make him bring your order under covered dishes, but even so, there is still that suggestion of rain on a tin roof that is distasteful to so many.

So I repeat that fat people are always getting the worst of it, and I say again, of all the ills that flesh is heir to, the worst is the flesh itself. As the poet says—"The world, the flesh and the devil"—and there you have it in a sentence—the flesh in between, catching the devil on one side and the jeers of the world on the other. I don't care what Dr. Woods Hutchinson or any other thin man says! I contend that history is studded with instances of prominent persons who lost out because they got fat. Take Cleopatra now, the lady who said "I am dying, Egypt, dying," and then refrained from doing so for about nineteen more stanzas. Cleo or Pat—she was known by both names, I hear—did fairly well as a queen, as a coquette and as a promoter of excursions on the river—until she fleshened up. Then she flivvered. Doctor Johnson was a fat man and he suffered from prickly heat, and from Boswell, and from the fact that he couldn't eat without spilling most of the gravy on his second mezzanine landing. As a thin and spindly stripling Napoleon altered the map of Europe and stood the nations on their heads. It was after he had grown fat and pursy that he landed on St. Helena and spent his last days on a barren rock, with his arms folded, posing for steel engravings. Nero was fat, and he had a lot of hard luck in keeping his relatives—they were almost constantly dying on him—and he finally had to stab himself with one of those painful-looking old Roman two-handed swords, lest something really serious befall him. Falstaff was fat, and he lost the favor of kings in the last act. Coming down to our own day and turning to a point no farther away than the White House at Washington—but have we not enough examples without becoming personal?

Yes, I know Julius Cæsar said: "Let me have men about me that are fat." But you bet it wasn't in the heated period when J. Cæsar said that!

The Dilemma of the Theater

By Henry W. Savage



Scene From Second Act of Little Boy Blue

JUST now the theater is between the devil and the deep sea. It is in a many-horned dilemma. Destructive agents have been closing in upon it for the last ten years. The most active of these are the automobile, the moving-picture show and the vaudeville house. The inevitable issue of such a conflict is the matter of the price of admission to the first-class theater. The manager may no longer be arbitrary, even if he would. He has something more than the house across the way to deal with. Like the merchant, he must adjust his prices by the law of supply and demand.

At a bankers' convention lately it was reported that more than three hundred million dollars was spent last year for new automobiles and parts in the United States alone. When you consider maintenance of machines, chauffeurs' wages, and the like, you may see readily that over a million dollars a day is spent in this way—and by the class of people that formerly bought the best seats in the theater. The theater season used to be forty weeks long. The automobile has cut this down to thirty. The minute the warm weather comes out goes the machine. The man who owns it has money already invested in an amusement plant of his own. Furthermore, he takes his friends for a motor ride instead of to the theater. These friends might have attended the play had they not been diverted by the pleasure of a ride—costing them nothing. So, you see, the ramifications go on and on. We used to open a season in August and run until June. Now it is hardly safe to make a new production before October—and it must close the first of May. We have a quarter less time in which to recoup our original investment in the play. Nor can we console ourselves with the idea that the automobile is a fad. It has come to stay. Perhaps the worst of its influences against the theater is that it diverts attention. Theatergoing is a habit, and anything that interrupts that habit for a time is dangerous. The whole secret of the business is to get the people started and keep them in a steady, even flow into the theater.

Vaudeville and Movies Dangerous Rivals

ON THE other extreme, the moving-picture shows afford an hour and a half of entertainment for from five to twenty cents, according to seats. These have made terrific inroads on the cheapest portions of the theaters. Between the two extremes comes the vaudeville. These forms of amusement appeal to the man of fixed salary. Even if the attraction offered by the high-class theater is of the best character, he can get an evening's distraction at a vaudeville house for half the price or at the moving-picture show for vastly less. True, he gets more for his money in the theater, since he has practically three hours of solid amusement; but perhaps an hour at a moving-picture show is all he wants. He buys his amusement as he does his coal—in small quantities. In brief, the machine encroaches on the lower floor; vaudeville empties the balcony; moving pictures get the gallery. To be sure, the manager cannot check the ravages of the automobile; but it rests largely with himself whether he will get a lot of money for his balconies two or three times a week or some money eight times a week.

In the theater business time is money in the most literal sense. A shoedealer may sell a pair of shoes tomorrow if not today. They'll keep. Tonight's seat at the theater, however, must be sold tonight or it is a total loss. It costs the manager just as much for his lights, his rent, his actors and his music as if he had sold every seat in the house; in short, every seat costs so much for maintenance a day. It is like perishable goods, that must be disposed of at once or—figuratively speaking—thrown away. A manager may charge high prices for a mediocre performance, but he will get a slim attendance. Most of his house will be vacant. And he can't make up for such a loss by charging extraordinary prices, even for an extraordinary show, since the theater is a luxury rather than a necessity and the prohibitive mark is easily reached. There is no way of cutting and balancing and adjusting in this business, except through the box office, just as is done by any merchant. We can't exactly have bargain sales, since these would be disastrous to the reputation of the theater; but we must adapt this business to the principles of commerce.

The hotelkeeper makes a special rate for the dull season, though the running expenses of his plant are about the same as when he is crowded; but during the busy season, or at the time of a convention, he marks up prices. There's nothing arbitrary about that. The same rule of supply and demand should apply to the theater. We have no franchise by which we are bound to offer amusement at a fixed rate, as we should transportation on a trolley line. Nor are we subsidized by the Government or by local authorities. If such were the case, as at the German theaters, we should be bound by the terms of our lease to offer a certain number of seats at a fixed minimum rate for the education or amusement of the public; but, since the decision rests with the public here, it is good business for the manager to make an attractive price as well as an attractive show.

On Saturday nights and holidays a number of New York theaters have set a rate of two dollars and a half for orchestra seats, because that section of the house is always crowded at these performances. The demand justifies it. I have simply reversed this rule. I have put the price of my entire balcony at one dollar and my entire gallery at fifty cents to meet the demands of family trade—especially for plays to which all the young people in the family want to go. The result of my act in doing this was apparent at once in a decided increase of business, which was steadily maintained. The democracy of the American is particularly evident in the theater. If a man take his wife or sweetheart to the play they both want to be as good as any one else, even if the price of the seat be more than he can afford to pay; but in his heart he feels this and does not come to the theater again in a hurry. If, however, we use the magic word "entire" and make the price of a whole section of the house the same, the only difference between the front row and the tenth being that the first man gets the best seat, a delightful feeling of equality prevails.

Another element to be considered is the relative cost of the entertainment furnished. That is why, with Little Boy Blue, a large and expensive musical organization with a big chorus and band, I kept the orchestra seats at two dollars, so that persons who demanded seats there and were able, or at least willing, to pay for them should contribute the major part of the receipts. The bulk of the theatergoing public in New York is not made up of New Yorkers, but of transients, who spend most of the money for expensive seats and boxes. The traveling salesman, for instance, coming from provincial districts, all expenses paid, doesn't care what a theater ticket costs him.

On the other hand, a play like The Million, with a comparatively small cast, no chorus or band, and with a ten-thousand-dollar rather than a fifty-thousand-dollar original outlay, can be presented in a house of good seating capacity at one dollar and a half for the entire orchestra. Since my plan went into operation I have heard from a number of women who claim that it is now—owing to the high price of food and the low price of seats—cheaper to pay off a social obligation by giving a theater party than by giving a dinner.

Hits Scored by Plays With the "Punch"

THE theater man must be a merchant in the making of his offering as well as in the box office. When theaters were few the public would eagerly take anything that was sent out; but rivalry has changed the face of the proposition. In one respect the star favored the manager. Sarah Bernhardt or Maude Adams could always fill a house to overflowing; but there aren't enough Bernhardts and Adamses to go round. So the manager must, if possible, get a play that shall attract box, orchestra, balcony and gallery business. There is no money in a play that sells the orchestra only, and still less in one that draws a top-heavy house and leaves downstairs practically vacant. Occasionally a melodrama like Madame X, or a musical production like The Merry Widow, will fill the entire house.

The difference between the manager and the regular manufacturer of staple articles and the like is that the latter may turn out a thousand sideboards just alike, but the play producer who should duplicate one of his own attractions would be lost. Even if they resemble each other along certain lines, and the essentials of the plot or motive be wholly different, the public will begin to yawn. Every article produced in the theater must be a specialty. No two may be made in the same mold. The demand today is for individuality. The law of averages may apply in the bookkeeping end of the proposition, but not on the stage. The manager must destroy his patterns in every case. Especially is this true of "novelties." And this accounts for the terrific strain of the business.

The educating of the public into the theater habit has brought new trials as well as money to the manager. The first-night public is more fastidious than ever. It demands more novelty or "punch." Through press-agent activity, people in the smaller towns know more about New York attractions than they used to. Ten years ago a manager could take out a piece that had failed in New York, work it over, persistently advertise it and make a "hit." The same press-agent activity, however, that makes the New York success almost a success in advance throughout the country has recoiled on the manager, in that next morning every one in the country knows about the fate

of a play in New York. For example, two mornings after the *première* of Donna Curiose at the Metropolitan Opera House the Boise City, Idaho, newspapers contained dispatches proclaiming its success in New York.

The evolution of the theater business has obtained safety in some respects. It has eliminated the irresponsible, gambling manager, with whom the great managers were formerly compelled to deal. A few failures on the part of such men would at one time have disorganized temporarily the whole booking system of the country. The small manager was like the man who drives a stagecoach—he is not a formidable rival to a great railroad company, but he has been known to prove a very effective thorn in its side. The increased cost of production and maintenance has put the little fellow out of business. Eight years ago The Prince of Pilsen cost fifteen thousand dollars to raise the curtain and The Merry Widow cost forty-eight thousand dollars. Dramas and unmusical shows cost in proportion. The general cost of everything has gone up—canvas for our frames from forty to sixty per cent; labor has nearly doubled—actors' salaries nearly doubled—cost of musicians greatly increased. We used to get good chorus girls for fifteen dollars a week—now twenty dollars is the minimum; the tenor who used to get from seventy-five to a hundred dollars now draws three hundred dollars. Thanks to the Interstate Commerce Law, the railroading of a piece means more in money than the casting. It has advanced about a third. To make towns consecutively and not miss a night is the problem now, to reduce the transportation expense, which is a vast item, to the minimum. If I am to play from New York to Buffalo I must stop at Albany, Schenectady, Rome, Syracuse and Rochester. Of course these stops help to advertise the show ahead, since the local managers telephone up and down and ask how it is going from night to night. Then the manager goes out and tells the barkeeper and the barber, and the news spreads.

So, you see, the law of progress that has eliminated the irresponsible manager from the big game of the theater has, at the same time, added greatly to the responsibilities and perplexities of the substantial producer. I think the reason the year of 1911 was a dull one generally was that the number of theaters has so increased that it has been impossible to provide enough attractions of good quality to hold the public. In the smaller cities the regular patrons have, for this reason, lost the theatergoing habit. When a good show arrives it suffers for the faults of its predecessors. I have had many letters, from persons in towns of from forty thousand to one hundred thousand population, which had two or three theaters where there should have been but one, telling me that if the writers had only known that a play was so good the house would have been filled; that they had become discouraged through having so many poor things come—and that the "next time"—That next time, however, doesn't fill last night's seats.

There are gambling chances in the theater business that will always remain; but the skillful manager studies to circumvent even these so far as possible—that is, to take advantage of any circumstance that may be in his favor. For instance, the small people will figure to get to a mill-town on payday; but you must not play a manufacturing town on Saturday night, because the stores are all open and the people are out spending their money there. Monday night is good however. The manager can count on that.

Presidential—or, in fact, all political—campaigns affect the theater, directly and indirectly; but the manager is aware of this and can make allowances. There are certain persons—single men, clubmen, and so on—who get most of their diversion at the theater; but in times of political excitement they get their amusement in the way of meetings, parades, and the like. The small boy, instead of spending his money in the gallery, trails after the processions; and he, too, is lost to the theater. Lately the suffrage movement has diverted a very great number of women from the theater, which is perhaps the most important influence that politics has in connection with our business. This is not a matter of conjecture, but of carefully ascertained fact—ascertained in small towns where the box-office men are on speaking terms with most of their patrons. Economists claim that the iron-and-steel industry is more sensitive than any other to changing financial conditions. I should say that the theater is even more so. There is a theory that panics and labor troubles favor the theater. I don't believe it.

It is true that during such times persons need distraction; but if they have any money they must spend it for bread. That's a condition and not a theory—and the first luxury to be cut out is the theater.

Then there are things that are beyond the ken of man—conditions that are due to "acts of Providence," as the express company's blanks term it. The manager must keep a watchful eye on every section of the country where his companies are to play. As a matter of fact, I make it a business to watch agricultural and industrial reports. It is notorious that local weather conditions affect business in a town or city; but weather conditions in a whole section—such, for instance, as the Red River wheat belt—must be reckoned with. A sudden change of temperature may work disaster to the crops in a certain section and throw the whole theatrical booking system out of gear. On more than one occasion I have started a company for the Northwest and, on receiving word of disaster to the crops, have changed the route to the cotton belt. A failure of the corn crop in the Middle West might compel a company headed that way to make a jump away to the other side of it. The sudden breaking out of smallpox in a town—overnight, as it were—diverts a show from its scheduled route. Not long ago an epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis in Texas compelled me to cancel the booking of Everywoman and another of my most important attractions; in fact, I laid these companies off for two weeks. If they had gone into the afflicted territory they would probably have been quarantined for a month. It is astonishing how even a temporary interruption will break the theatergoing habit. This is the reason for the superstition about changing houses during a run. The present system of playing combinations—following opera and operetta by farce and then by melodrama—is bad policy. The Casino and Daly's used to have a settled policy; and persons who wanted to see a certain kind of play went to those houses. *(Continued on Page 40)*

PERILS OF THE DEEP

I Thought of My Home Once More and the Glorious Green Grass and Trees

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

I HAVE written much and enthusiastically in times past of the pleasures and pleasures-by-courtesy of motor-boating—so much that it has occurred to me that it would be a distinctly unfair thing to heat the reader's enthusiasm to the sizzling point and send him forth in an eager search for a mild and companionable motor boat without first narrating a few of the dangers of the sport. For, after all, motor-boating is not a molly-coddle pastime. It is conducted on water, which is continuously and often abnormally wet. There are times when the bottom is fifty feet below the whirling wheel and when that same bottom yearns to hold the boat in its succulent embrace and keep it forever. There are times also—many of them—when the water which you are using for navigating purposes does not remain neatly spread out like a silver mirror. The wind blows and heaps it up in large waves, which climb aboard the motor boat and wash the lunch overboard and flop down on the shuddering engine and behave with the utmost lack of tact and consideration; and this is often the psychological moment which the tired motor has been seeking in order that it may break down with picturesqueness.

Nor are these the only dangers of the sport. A motor boat has no tires and can be run indefinitely without paying any tribute to the rubber combine. Nevertheless it is easy to puncture a motor boat—any able-bodied snag encountered at full speed can do the trick; and when once a motor boat is punctured the consequences are not pleasant. You cannot get out and pick a nice shady spot under a tree while the chauffeur or the owner of the boat repairs the damage. It is your duty, and a stern necessity at that, to keep the river from crowding in through that crevasse and monopolizing all the room in the boat. There is nothing more embarrassing—I might say more depressing—than to dispute the possession of your seat in a punctured boat with a large, pushing river. Moreover, you have always from five to fifty gallons of gasoline on board, to say nothing of lubricating oil and kerosene; and there is almost always some member of the crew who insists on sitting on the spare gasoline can while he smokes a cigarette. Very few boats explode; but when a motor boat does blow up it does so with a whole-hearted enthusiasm that is little short of horrifying.

All this aside, I cannot regard the gasoline engine as a safe thing for a child to pat and play with. Like the panther and the leopard, the gasoline engine can be domesticated to a point where it will purr prettily and will do a variety of amusing tricks; but it is a savage for all that, and there is no telling when it will break out and become carnivorous. Mild and even-tempered as the Imp's engine is since we have tamed it and taught it to know its masters, we do not take liberties with it. It has shocked us with electricity, burned us with hot cylinders, and has belched boiling water at us through a bursted pipe. Only last summer it bit Greene on the hand without warning: and a little later, while a reckless guest wearing a long overcoat was stooping over in order to excavate a pop bottle from the icebox, it seized his coattail in its hungry fly-wheel, wound it up to its horrified owner's shoulders and remained sullenly holding on to its prey until we amputated the tail from the coat just under the armpits.

There are engines, too, with fly-wheels that sit in a depression, which like nothing better than to yank a crank backward and bite off a couple of fingers on the sharp edge of the pit. And there are other engines which expectorate hot gases and sparks in unexpected places, especially when you lean over them. Take it all in all, they are a low-browed lot; and no matter how much you love your engine or how confident you are that it loves you—watch out! Some fateful day it may get a taste of blood—and then woe betide the man who drapes his hand carelessly over its form!

After all, however, the most dangerous thing on the water is the water itself. As I have said, it is almost inconceivably restless; and when your boat sinks beneath you, transportation facilities to the shore are incredibly bad. I have never been drowned while motor-boating and I have never come so near to it as I have imagined at one time or another. Nowadays the river seems tolerably safe to me; but during the first summer in which we run the Imp it seemed to me as if we were facing death and looking down into its damp jaws about every ten minutes.

There are two periods in which the navigator feels comparatively safe—before he knows anything about water, and after he has experimented with it a great deal and has some idea of what to do in case of gales and waterspouts. When we were perfectly green and inexperienced we backed the Imp home up the river, dodging bridge piers in the swift current by a hair's breadth and yawing wildly from side to side of the river in a most hair-raising manner. I wouldn't repeat this trick now for anything! And later on we ran out of gasoline on the lonely bosom of the great Upper Lake and had to paddle home with a short board while a summer storm was growling and grumbling in the distance. That would worry me

half to death now, but we didn't know enough to worry about it then. We worried about missing our suppers instead. This is the innocent, the happiest stage of the motor-boating game. A woman very seldom gets beyond this point. Going as a guest and sublimely confident in the engineer and the engine, neither of whom may be on speaking terms with the other, she will pile into a wabbly craft in a sea that would make an old hand anxious and will go blithely out into the smother, giggling delightedly as the water comes green over the rail and wets her shoes. Women are generally intrepid in motor boats—when they will get into them at all. I have sometimes thought it is because they are reasonably sure there are no mice on them.

As I said, Wright and I blundered happily through the first month of our battle with the Imp with no terror of the deep, and dodged perils many but unprominent without even knowing it. It was almost a month after we had learned to run the boat that we got our first lesson. We had gone out on a hot, muggy, cyclonic June day and were navigating happily up the river, when we heard a terrific clap of thunder behind us, and turning round we found a black stormcloud as large as the state of Rhode Island and as menacing as a Black Hand note. It was blotting out the world behind us; and down the river we could see a white line of foam, where the wind was catching up the water and beating it into billows.

"My gracious!" said Doc. "I don't like that. Let's turn in."

There was no place to turn, however. The river was wide and lined with smaggy wildernesses. Besides, the cloud was coming too fast. It was a regular forty-horse-power racing cloud. I looked at the white line surging toward us and suddenly began to realize that, for a man who couldn't swim, the middle of a river was an abnormally lonely and cheerless place. It had been a friendly river before and the change was a shock to me. I looked at Doc. Ordinarily he is good company, but somehow just then he seemed pitifully inadequate. He wasn't large enough. If he had been twenty times as large and had had a "k" on the end of his name so I could have tied the boat up to him, stepped off on his accommodating frame and tripped happily ashore, how I would have loved him! I would have given all my kingdom at that minute for a Doc with a "k" on it!

"What shall we do?" I asked Doc nervously.

"Oh, anything you like!" said Doc sarcastically. He is never too scared to be sarcastic.

"We'll have to run before it," I said sternly, turning up my coat collar and wondering just how wet the river would feel when it got inside that collar.

"Yes; we will," said Doc. "And, as for me, I'm going to get under this tarpaulin. You've got your old clothes on and I haven't—and new suits don't come to our house with the morning paper." Saying which he presented the wheel to me and dove for shelter.

I was engineer that day. Usually Doc is intensely scornful of my steering when I am engineer and will not let me touch the wheel. Today, however, I had the whole boat on my hands. It was touching, his sublime confidence in me; but I didn't enjoy it. Somehow, stuck out in that dank and hideous gloom, with destruction behind and only a wet horizon ahead, I felt lonelier than a catfish in a Sahara sandstorm. The white line crept up close behind us. A gust of wind swept past the boat. Then the white line drove past us and the squall arrived.

It was only a summer rainstorm—one of the kind that drives you in from the front porch on Sundays for fifteen minutes. I have seen a thousand of them on land, but that was no comfort that day. I had seen a thousand lions too—behind cages. This squall was different. It was in its own domain and I felt exactly like a spectator who has come unaware upon a lion convention with no cage between him and the delegates. The wind whistled an unearthly tune and a volley of thunder went off somewhere behind. I had never heard such loud thunder before or felt so horribly intimate with it. Then the rain descended. It was a lovely warm rain; and as I sat at the wheel like a bronze image it quickly soaked my coat and trousers, and then my shirt and underclothes; and in less than a minute I was wondering if my skin was waterproof. All the rain in the universe seemed to be fighting and elbowing in an endeavor to fall on my bowed shoulder and explore my shrinking frame.

I was considerably surprised, after the first blast, to find the Imp still on the surface of the water. As a matter of fact the good boat didn't seem to mind the affair in the least; and, as the waves rolled past from behind, it continued to plow cheerily on without so much as rocking. I had pictured myself hanging to a capsized boat and washing ashore, lashed firmly to a gasoline can—and my relief was tremendous. There I was, lone crew of a motor boat, riding on the bosom of the storm, bathing in the elements and fraternizing with the lightning. It was glorious! I didn't mind the rain at all any more. With calm disdain I watched the waves surge past, burying our exhaust pipe and reducing the Imp's roar to a choking gurgle. Then I had an inspiration. I lifted up one corner of the tarpaulin.

"Hold on tight, Doc!" I called inside. "I'm fighting the best I know how."

Doc's large, anxious face came a little closer to the opening.

"Is it bad?" he asked anxiously.

"Awful!" I yelled, rocking the boat a little to emphasize it. "It's coming down in sheets and there's a green funnel-shaped cloud right behind us. Are the life-preservers back there?"

"I'm coming out to steer," said Doc suddenly; "I'll not trust my life to your steering." He threw aside the tarpaulin and climbed out into the torrent. It fell upon him like a brother and crept lovingly inside his collar and round his new two-dollar necktie and down his natty spring suit. It was a tremendous rain. Even on land, under an umbrella, it would have been a calamitous affair.

Doc looked wildly round the horizon and then at the heaving waves. I held desperately to the wheel and tried to convey the impression that only my skill in balancing was keeping us afloat, but I couldn't keep up the delusion. Presently Doc spoke. His voice was dry and corrosive. It was the only dry thing about him.

"You absolute ass!" he said. "Did you get me out here to be soaked on purpose?"

"I didn't ask you to come out," I said sullenly.

"Oh, no," said Doc, "you didn't; but you gave me the impression that I would find a hurricane outside. It looks more like a shower to me. Why are you so nervous in a boat? You act as if a little rain would drown you. I never saw such a chicken!"

This was entirely unsatisfactory. I hadn't figured on this.

"I was lonesome," I growled.

"Oh, of course," said Doc kindly. "Children and women always get lonesome in a thunderstorm. It's cost me thirty-five dollars to crawl out and keep you from having hysterics. It isn't worth it. Great Scott! man—here I take a month of my valuable time trying to teach you not to shriek for help when the boat tosses a little spray on your collar, and then what do you do the first time I let you run the thing alone? Yell for help! Get lonesome! Bah! Give me that wheel!"

It was an awful backfire; and I was muzzled too! The worst of it was, the truth would never do. I had been scared half to death and I wanted him to stay inside and be scared too; but of course he had to come out during the performance, which wasn't a circumstance compared with the threats—and now I was chalked up a coward, with no chance of making him believe my explanation. I was in a regular dilemma—a cold and clammy one. The warm glow of heroic enthusiasm had worn off and when I stood up I felt gallons and gallons of water sloshing down my legs and waterlogging my shoes. Wherever I moved I squidged and blopped. Then, just as I was pushing for a possible reply, the engine stopped entirely and completely.

It was wonderful how the scene changed. A minute before we had been running unconcernedly through the fag-end of a squall and regarding it with contempt; but when that engine stopped the waves grew suddenly until they were more than ten feet in height. I leaped for the engine and cranked forty-four times. My previous record had been thirty-six without stopping. The engine spun obediently and relapsed into thought. Then a lurch threw me against the side of the boat and I looked out. The Imp had swung round in the trough of the waves and was rolling solemnly from rail to rail; while the rain, which had let up a little, began to come down again in solid masses.

I stood up, holding on to the gunwales and looked across the heaving river. There was nothing in sight but waves and waves, and more waves, well watered by rain—and yet more rain. I looked at Doc. He was holding on to the wheel like grim death and turning it this way and that in an effort to yank the boat round into the wind by wiggling the rudder. He would have had better success waving his hat. A huge wave towered above us. I grabbed the gunwales and waited for the end. The Imp rose majestically as the wave hoisted it and then slid down on the other side, rolling as it did so until the oil-can, the greasebox, the lunchbasket, the sparkplugs and the bilgewater were inextricably mixed. Up we went again—and down—with an endless sliding motion which threatened to let us clear through the bottom of the river. I looked desperately and stubbornly at Doc once more. He looked defiantly at me. Up we went again, and again we slid down sideways with that awful nine-direction motion. It was like trying to navigate on four scenic railways at once—and worse—for I have a foolish faith in scenic railways and figure eights, and will take any risk upon them; but I had no faith whatever in the good intentions of that vicious-looking and mountainous river.

That roll settled us. As one man we reached for the life-preservers. I would have died cheerfully before I would have beaten Doc to them, and Doc would have drowned in nineteen fathoms before he would have suggested anything of the sort to me. So we made the dive together and helped each other fasten them on with wild haste. Then, feeling like new and shivering converts arrayed in their baptismal robes, we sat down and waited for the Imp to turn over altogether.

The water heaved and heaved. The Imp rolled and rolled. The flagstaff loosened and fell overboard. The bright new pennant had cost us one dollar and a half, but we didn't make a motion to rescue it. My cap blew off. With a resigned air I watched it float away. The rain slackened and I had some idea of crawling under the engine-hood, where it was dry, but somehow I couldn't bear to get away from that awful scene. I knew that pretty soon the end would come and I didn't want to have to untangle myself from that hot greasy engine before stepping off into the river.

Ages went by and planets matured and grew hoary, while the landscape still rolled and heaved and appeared and disappeared, and we swam up toward Heaven and sank slowly down in the other direction. Presently we heard a shout. We turned round, knocking our heads together violently as we did so. A fisherman in a flat-bottomed boat was rowing our way.

"Want a tow?" he called.

Fathoms of murk rolled off my soul. Suddenly the world came back to me in bright, beautiful floods of light! I thought of my home once more and the glorious green grass and trees. I remembered that in three days I was going to an unusually brilliant dinner party. I recalled the fact that I was going to the baseball game that afternoon and that golf was a beautiful exercise, and that I had a fine vacation planned. I even thought of my work with tears of thankfulness. It was beautiful work! Magnificent! It had been a cussed job the day before—but any work is beautiful to a man who is just about to be snatched from the reeking jaws of death.

Native pride kept us from leaping to our feet and rending the sky with shrieks in the affirmative when the fisherman asked that question. Doc tried four times and then managed to say, "If you please!" in a ridiculous, dried-up sort of voice. The fisherman rowed up to us in what seemed to me to be a hideously deliberate manner and we passed him a line. Then he rowed off across the lurching lake and we sat together and steered the boat—blissful, apprehensive, nervous, overjoyed, uneasy and unfathomably thankful!

The fisherman rowed us ashore and we paid him two dollars for bringing the boat back to the dock. Silently we walked over to the street car. Somebody laughed behind us. I awoke and looked at Doc. He looked like a slick, dripping seal. He looked at me and laughed. I laughed back. We climbed on to the car and endured the

"Did You Leave This Off?" I Asked in My New and Dreadful Voice

uproarious smiles with sickly but contented grins. Life, even in a soaked and disintegrating suit, was ineffably sweet! What did we care what people thought? We were on firm ground and we weren't particular about the rest. Nevertheless, we did go home through the back streets; and I had just got into dry clothes and had sat down on the porch to gaze at Nature and sort of repossess it, when the telephone rang. I answered it. It was Doc. There was a pained note in his voice.

"Say," he began, "I've been thinking."

Grand opening for sarcasm, but I loved the whole world just then. "What about?" I asked.

"That was an awfully narrow escape of ours," Doc went on.

"I should say so!" I replied, shivering a little.

"I wonder if it was?" Doc continued musingly.

"Why do you wonder?" I asked indignantly.

"Well," he meandered on, "you know it looked like an awful storm to me and I didn't think the boat would live through it—and honestly, I'll admit to you, I was a little scared; but I've been thinking and one thing looks sort of funny to me. You know that fisherman who rowed us in?"

"Nervy chap," I interposed gratefully.

"Maybe so," said Doc doubtfully; "but now, honest, do you think if that had been an awful storm and there had been any danger he would have stopped rowing to make a cigarette?"

. . . . . .

That was really the beginning of our education. We went out and hunted up the fisherman the next afternoon. He readily recalled hauling us in, but couldn't for the life of him remember the mountainous seas. There had been a little squall, he said—and, of course, it kicked up the lake a little.

"Good joke on you chaps too!" he laughed. "Your boat wasn't broke down at all."

"It wasn't!" we gasped.

"Naw," he said soothingly. "I dried off the coils a little where the rain got at 'em and run her back slick as a whistle. Guess you're a little green," he went on comfortingly. "Watch your coils in wet weather like this. They're right under your hood, where the rain kin drive in on 'em. If they get wet wipe 'em off with a pocket handkerchief. Comes cheaper." And he winked expansively at us.

It was windy the next Sunday, but Doc and I went down to the lake with firmly clenched jaws, had the Imp brought in, started her engine and drove the boat out into the gale. It was hair-raising work, partly on account of the menacing crash of the waves when they hit the bows and splashed into our faces, and partly on account of the swarms of motor boats, rowboats and other craft, laden with men and women and children—all careering happily over the bouncing water. When we found that the Imp could float, even when she rolled a little or dove into a whitecap, we heaved a sigh of relief and ran her back to the dock. And from that time on we cruised in all kinds of weather—up to a certain point. When the dockkeeper shook his head we refrained; but when he went silently out and towed our boat in from her anchorage for us we went out, even if it did seem like braving the fury of the elements. I really think that most of those enormous combers which towered above us when we broke down on that memorable summer day must have been magnified by the occasion, for I never saw anything to compare with them again.

Now and then, during that summer and fall, we came to other crises when the water did not look so friendly as a good cement sidewalk would have been, and when we had to meet an emergency in a more or less frantic manner. Very deeply bitten into my memory is one wild afternoon when we went far up the lake against the strong wind and then turned back, expecting to spend a pleasant hour watching the boat climb slowly up the back of a big six-miles-an-hour wave and swim on toward another one. There is a sort of exalted, upborne feeling in running before the wind in a boat. The water seems to bear you up above the lake; and, instead of the crash and splash of the head sea, there is the quiet foaming passage of the waves from bow to stern. We enjoyed this that day until we ran out of gasoline less than a quarter of a mile from a big bend in the lake decorated with tall dead timber and snags. The industrious waves were bearing us straight for this disagreeable spot and we looked at each other nervously.

Four Barrels of Nice, Cold, Clear Illinois River Water Came Clambering Hastily Over the Turtleback and Sat Down in My Lap

"What are we going to do?" I shouted to Doc, who had just made the discovery at the gasoline tank after losing much valuable time cranking the engine.

"Over with the anchor!" yelled Doc, "and be quick about it too! We'll be in that mess in a minute."

There was no time to be lost. I ran to the locker, grabbed out our beautiful little patent anchor, with its nice new coil of rope, and heaved it overboard with a big splash. It was a bright idea of Doc's. We had never used that anchor; in fact, I had laughed at him for buying it. He certainly exhibited foresight of a high order, however, when he got it. I sat down placidly, determined not to worry about things, when a wild shout from Doc startled me.

"What did you do with that anchor?" he yelled.

"Threw it overboard, of course!" I yelled back.

Doc came back from the stern of the boat, where he had been making desperate grabs at something in the water, and his face was almost purple with the rush of words which were fighting for precedence. "You—you—you cruel travesty on the missing link!" he finally cried. "Did you tie the rope to anything?"

And, as a matter of fact, I hadn't! That experience cost us a nice new anchor, fifty feet of rope, and a cold and bumpy autumn evening, tied to a dead tree on the edge of the lake far from home.

Steamboats also worried us now and then. A steamboat has a peculiar way of taking up all the room on a river. In the first place, it never travels in a straight line, but waddles from shore to shore, picking out the channel and leaving huge rolling waves behind it or on each side. Steamboats were forever persecuting us and chasing us that summer. They would come up behind us, making ten miles an hour to our eight, and following us with maddening persistency until we lost our nerve and fled for the shore. Then they drove past us, and presently the rolling wash would catch us from behind and spill us all over the boat. It wasn't dangerous, but it was exciting—especially before we knew it wasn't dangerous. Two steamboats were seven times worse than one steamboat; and when they were coming in opposite directions, with our tiny craft between, Daniel in his den of unfed lions couldn't have felt much more forlorn and friendless than we did!

This happened the first time in a narrow part of the river. A small Government steamboat had just passed us and, coming up behind us, we could see her peculiar fan-shaped stern wave. It was a huge affair, and unless we turned our stern squarely toward it and ran away it would tip us nor'-nor'-east by pretty nearly straight down, and rough-house us shamefully; but we couldn't turn out, for just at that moment a large excursion steamboat poked her nose round the bend and headed for us with a warning toot.

We had nothing to do but keep straight down the river, ignoring the tidal wave behind. We did this and it came up under us like a rising whale, hoisted us nearly end over end, turned over a can of gasoline, floated my hat off the rear deck and left us much agitated. And, just as it had passed on and the horizon was swinging round to an even keel again, Doc gave a shout.

"Gee! Look at what's coming!" he cried.

The excursion steamer was passing, not fifty feet away. She was a big side-wheeler and threw a wash which was known all the way from La Salle to the Gulf. When Doc shouted it was right upon us. I turned the Imp squarely into it and we rose skyward. Doc dived under the engine-hood, with a hasty remark about oiling up. We reached the top of the wave; and then, as the Imp's nose pointed downward at an angle of forty-five degrees, I suddenly realized that the second wave was coming aboard to pay a friendly call. It met the bow just as we had reached the bottom of our dip, and four barrels of nice, cold, clear Illinois River water came clambering hastily over the turtleback and sat down in my lap.

Doc came out, cheerful and dry, and steered the boat home while I sat on the back seat and dried off. The joyous shrieks of laughter from the unfeeling passengers on that excursion boat, as they saw me hug that wave to my bosom and imagined that I had done it for their amusement, rankle in my memory to this day!

However, these were all in the day's fun and could not really be called perils. There was another occasion, however, which makes me shiver yet when I think of it. It was not only a peril it was a peep into oblivion. Kind reader, have you ever sat in a sinking boat far from shore, with the water lapping against your calves? And have you looked with heart-breaking despair across the moonlit water to the city—your own home city—bedecked with lights and full of cheer and laughter and friends, who will tomorrow be fishing for your soggy body with clamhooks? I hope not. It's no sort of way to spend a moonlit evening.

We have done this thing—Doc and I. We have sat kneedeep in water and waited—for more water. And the worst of it is, we can't get any sympathy and the breathless horror out of any one by telling the tale. It was like the rest of our adventures. They were bad enough at the time and they produced as many gray hairs as other narrow escapes do; but somehow the friends to whom we related them never seemed to catch their full terror. They took them lightly; they even laughed at them. This very incident, from which we emerged white and wan and wet, to say nothing of weary and woozy and worn and a dozen other w's, has never earned anything but shouts of coarse glee from our friends. I suppose the sailors who nearly perished of thirst in the mouth of the Amazon River got joshed a good deal when they got home; but I'll bet they didn't appreciate it any more than we do the frivolous comment which our adventure always inspires.

Doc and I had gone out on a moonlight trip. It was a perfect August evening. The lake was quicksilver and mirror-smooth except where the wake of some passing boat left a lone lane of white, glittering splashes. We sat and smoked and dreamed, and even tried to sing, until the pump got sulky and Doc was compelled to dissect it. We didn't care for that however. I joked pleasantly with him and he joked back, and we were rather glad of the incident. It was as enchanting to float, seemingly miles high on that silver flood, as it was to drive through it and leave a mile of gleaming gashes behind us.

Doc fixed the pump in the course of an hour and we cruised idly round for another hour, sitting placidly, with our feet up on the low dash behind the engine. Then I put my feet down to go and get some oil—and gave a loud whoop. I had put them into water!

We came to life with a jerk and investigated. The boat was a third full of water. Fortunately the engine sat high and the electric parts still higher, and it was still running; but even while we hunted with horror for something to bail with, the lower edge of the flywheel caught the rising flood and began to shoot it in a thin stream against the side of the boat.

It was evident the Imp had suddenly sprung a very serious leak; but what was still more startlingly evident was the fact that we didn't have a thing to bail out with. The bilge pump was broken and we had neglected to fix it. We had had a pail on board up to that day but had loaned it. We had even left our hats on the dock, the night was so intimate and friendly. And the nearest shore was two miles away!

Doc turned the Imp's nose toward the shore at full speed—and we took off our shoes. They weren't very good pails, but they were at least capacious and they were the only things available. Doc steered and nursed the engine and I bailed desperately, hurling shoefuls of water over the side of the boat in a continual stream.

"She's rising!" yelled Doc at the end of the first half mile. He grabbed a shoe and began to bail with one hand, steering with the other. During the next few weeks we made another half mile. The engine was running beautifully, but the Imp was low in the

I Had Never Put My Whole Soul Into My Voice Before

(Continued on Page 44)

MARIE TWISTS THE KEY

By Mary Stewart Cutting

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"ARE you going to the Crandalls' tonight to meet that girl they have visiting them?"

Mrs. Chandor, a pretty, fair woman, paused once more before going out of Atkinson's to ask the question of Mrs. Paxton.

Atkinson's was the leading grocery, a most attractive spot with its gleaming glass jars of fruit and vegetables and bright tins of foreign delicacies piled up everywhere. On clear mornings you met almost as many people you knew passing in and out as if it were the woman's club. Today, however, it was raining hard; in lieu of the usual motors and carriages outside there was only the Iversons' limousine with its swarthy foreign chauffeur speeding past, and so few people out with dripping mackintoshes and umbrellas that the fact gave an additional intimacy to any meeting. Mrs. Chandor and her friend, Mrs. Paxton, had been talking already fifteen minutes by the clock on the opposite wall.

"Why, I hardly think we'll be there—that is, I told Mrs. Crandall when she called me up this morning that if Beverly wasn't too tired tonight when he came home we might go over for a while. But if it rains ——"

A succession of expressions seemed to flit suddenly over Mrs. Paxton's speaking countenance. She was a short woman, with a generous waist, a round face and a snub nose, but she had a very clear fair skin, lovely roundish eyes of a very light blue, straying curly tendrils of light brown hair, and a dimple at one side of her rather large mouth. She had that matronly if still youthful appearance that gives the effect of having always been married, but sometimes, as now, when she smiled with puzzled eyes so that the dimple showed by her red lips, her face, under the straying brown tendrils, looked unexpectedly like that of a baby.

"The fact is, Mrs. Chandor, I half hope it will rain—it gives an excuse. It's next to impossible to drag Beverly out in the evenings now after he once gets home; he is kept down town so late and is so tired—and to the *Crandalls' !*"

She stopped again expressively. The Crandalls' presented no gayety even to her willing mind. Every one liked them, but they were people who in their own narrow-doored, high-ceilinged, black-walnuted home didn't shine—neither kind, housekeeping Nell, nor choir-singing Will, nor old Mrs. Crandall, with her black gloves and sloping shoulders and insinuating manner, seemed to know what to do with you when they got you there.

"I know," assented Mrs. Chandor feelingly. "I should think it would be a little dull for Miss Davis. She's just come from some army post out West—I forget the name; but before that she lived all over Europe. Her mother married again and Miss Davis has come back to America to make her own way. Her father was some connection of Will Crandall's. They say she's very accomplished."

Did Mrs. Crandall Explained in Her Most Refined Tone That it Was an Eastern Dance That Dear Marie Was Giving

"I'd like to see her," responded Mrs. Paxton vaguely. "Well, I must go!" They had been talking in the doorway for the last few minutes, and she raised her umbrella now with an air of finality. "Goodby."

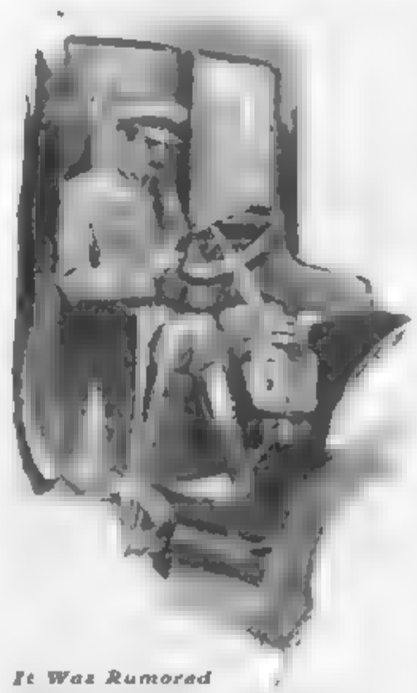
She wondered with compunction as she went home whether it sounded as if she had been complaining of Beverly. Things indeed had come to that pass that the mere mention of any invitation either raised in him an almost vituperative storm at the people who had asked them, so that his wife was obliged to insist that it hadn't been meant as an insult, or else caused him to say resignedly, with tired eyes: "All right, all right! I'd give anything to stay home quietly this evening—it's been the hardest day in six months; but if you say so, Dorry, of course I'll go." The times that she had to insist on his keeping an engagement made her more miserable than him. His fastidiousness too often made him unduly critical of the village entertainments—he was wont to thank Heaven when they were over.

Perhaps it was no wonder that after Mr. Paxton's business day in town—as dim and far off to Mrs. Paxton's understanding as to that of most women, as if he had taken his daily train to and from Mars—the comfort of his home should appeal ineffably to a brain-and-body worn-out man.

Dorothy Paxton had no artistic sense, like Lucia Bannard, but she had an abounding gentleness and reposefulness like the fruit from a Horn of Plenty. Her soft plumpness seemed typical of a generous softness of nature; she had that sixth sense which consists in knowing how to make a man comfortable.

It was not only that his dinner was always appetizing—Mrs. Paxton never indulging in those "off" meals in which there is nothing anybody wants to eat—the evening lamp at its most perfect angle by the sofa, the fire at its brightest, the coziness of the winter evening nestlike after the pretty children had come in to bid him good night in strainingly affectionate little arms—it was not only these material charms that appealed, but the mere presence of Mrs. Paxton in a house gave a sense of pervasive warmth, an all-embracing loving-heartedness in which the spirit basked. Her absence left an aching void. Mr. Paxton's hungry "Where's Mamma?" conveyed its own message to her children's sympathetic ears.

Yet sometimes—it were vain to deny it!—Mrs. Paxton felt secretly that she didn't get quite so much out of this partnership as she should. It is hard to quench effectively the inherent sense of justice even in the heart of the most loving woman. If Beverly were satisfied it was perfunctorily taken that she must be. If what she did for him failed to awaken him to an equal care for her in little things, the only way she knew to meet his inadequacy was to take thought for him even more generously. It was Mrs. Paxton's simple creed that the more you did for any one the more they must naturally want to do for you. Why, if she received the least little kindness from a friend she couldn't rest until she had done something kind too; it wasn't so much in the nature of a payment as an equal privilege. She enjoyed getting out in the evening, and Beverly knew it; it was a change—a soul-lift in the unvarying round of her domestic days. In her meditations she had plans for reforming him that came to naught—convincing talks that never materialized. She had had even those wild flights of fancy that may come unsuspectedly to the most married, in which she saw herself, after the way of the heroines of fiction, coquettishly charming her husband's renewed and loverlike interest to her by being very attractive to some other man. Mrs. Paxton was, however, no fool; even if there had been any man who wanted to captivate or to be captivated, she had herself seen that in real life the spectacle of a flirting wife didn't draw a husband's interest to her pleasingly—it only irritated him and made him like her less. There seemed to be no effectual way. Yet when one can foresee only baffling effects from all one's efforts, circumstance may unexpectedly step in and give a twist to the key that unlocks the gate to a different road.



It Was Rumored That He Was a Hungarian Count—It Was Rumored That He Was a Russian Nihilist

As the day wore on toward night and the rain came pouring down more and more blackly in chill, rushing torrents, she was thankful that it was, after all, to the Crandalls' that her regrets would be telephoned when her husband reached home, rather than to some more attractive place. Nothing could have sent Beverly forth again on such a night.

She was putting the finishing touches to her simple blue house-gown when she heard him run up the steps, and leaned over the balustrade to call "I'm up here, dear," before he could ask little Gertrude, who opened the door for him, where mamma was.

"You're home early tonight," she said happily, lifting up her face to be kissed after he had come loping upstairs to her.

"Yes," assented her husband. He was a somewhat thick-set man of medium size, with a long smooth-shaven face, rather small eyes, a handsome nose and mouth, shining hair and very small ears and hands and feet. His wife was very proud of his aristocratic appearance. He had an unusual animation now in his eyes and voice.

"I thought I'd get home in time to dress before dinner." He paused in evident wonder at his wife's astonished glance. "Why, didn't you get the invitation? Miss Marie Davis—I went in with her and Crandall this morning—said that Mrs. Crandall was going to call you up the first thing."

"Miss Davis! Yes, I got the invitation, but I'd no idea that you would go," responded his wife blankly. "I thought, of course, on account of the rain and everything you wouldn't want ——"

She stopped; her husband was sitting down on the lounge, already drawing off his shoes.

"Oh! The rain doesn't amount to much," he announced absently. "We'll telephone for Docherty's hack if you want it." His eyes kindled reminiscently. "Have you met Miss Davis?"

"No."

"Curious history she must have had. Her mother's been married three times, or maybe it's four—a regular old Henry the Eighth, I call it! Crandall says that poor girl has been dragged all over the world. Once they were so poor she had to sing in the streets of Budapest—I think it was—to get money to buy medicine for her mother when she had the pneumonia. Crandall says her eyes fill with tears when she speaks of it. You can see that she longs to have a life like other girls, quiet and domestic. Her stepfather, the count, is rolling in money, but she won't live with them."

"Why not?"

Mr. Paxton shook his head and pursed his lips significantly. "Don't ask me! If you want to know, I think she's too attractive. She gives you to understand—delicately, of course—that her looks have always been a drawback to her. She hates foreigners."

"Well, if you're going to shave I think you'd better not stay here talking any more," said his wife sensibly. She went to the wardrobe and took out, after a moment's hesitation, her best, brand-new trained evening gown of lacy black, trimmed at the neck with cerise velvet, which was very becoming to her fair skin and made her figure almost slim.

The thought of wearing it gave a pleasant sense of excitement. She would dress after dinner. She reached the foot of the stairs just as the maid was opening the door for Donald Bannard, who, with a dripping umbrella left outside, proffered one neatly furled.

"Good evening, Mrs. Paxton. I'm bringing back this umbrella we borrowed of you. Lucia thought you might need it to get to the Crandalls'."

There was a peculiar light in his always merry eyes. "You're going, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Paxton, "unless Beverly backs out before the time comes."

"Oh, Paxton will be there! Have you seen the fair Marie?"

"No."

"Well, she's a winner, believe me!" Mr. Bannard shook his head with a smile of delighted remembrance. "That girl had every man around her on the station platform this morning. You should have seen old Brentwood! I told him he was a disgrace, and he had the face to say that I was jealous of him. Well, good evening; I'll see you later."

"Thank you for the umbrella," said Mrs. Paxton sedately. She felt puzzled and dimly aloof. The girl somehow didn't sound attractive.

She was forced to alter her opinion, however, when she reached the Crandalls'. There was a different air about the house at once noticeable; a buzz of conversation smote the ear on entering, an unusual excitement was evident, not only among the guests but in the bearing of the family. Even old Mrs. Crandall, with her neatly banded coal-black hair, her black gloves and her genteel manner, showed it. The cause was revealed when Nell loudly announced: "Marie, I want you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Paxton—my cousin, Miss Davis."

"Oh, Mr. Paxton and I are old friends already," said Miss Davis in a deep voice, slipping lithely toward them from a group of men, her head thrown back and both hands outstretched. It seemed a wonder that she could move at all, her white satin skirt was so narrow that it almost appeared, in a back view, as if she were sitting down when she was really standing up. She was the slimmest, whitest creature Mrs. Paxton had ever seen, but her eyes were enormous and dark, with violet circles below and black eyebrows above, her mouth very red, and her hair, of which she seemed to have pounds, was of a metallic golden color; waved on top, it stuck out in an immense banded knob a quarter of a yard from the back of her head. If her appearance was foreign, her voice and accent were not—she had evidently kept her Western burr through all vicissitudes. She went on now after her greeting to Mrs. Paxton:

"Your husband and I went into town together this morning. He is such a dear fellow, isn't he?"

"Now, now, now!" protested Mr. Paxton with a laugh, "Miss Marie, you mustn't say that before me!"

"And why not?" asked Miss Davis. She turned her cheek toward him, with her head still thrown back and her eyes looking from under her drooped eyelids. "I know my friends often say to me: 'Marie Davis'—she pronounced it Murree—'you are too frank.' But I believe in being frank with men—that is, of course, if they're the right kind. Then you know just where you are. Don't you think so, Mr. Bannard?" She turned to that gentleman and Mrs. Paxton passed on, although the latter noticed, after a moment, that her husband was not with her.

There were no men among the women sitting or standing around the room, with the exception of young Leslie Iverson, whose engagement to Winifred Brentwood had just been announced and who had eyes for nobody but her. Will Crandall stood on one side of the door keeping watch on the group around Miss Davis. Mrs. Paxton had been fascinated by the sight of her own figure, almost unbelievably slender in the modish black and cerise gown, but by the side of the Crandalls' visitor she felt dull and solid. If it was any satisfaction, all the other women, even Lucia Bannard, looked the same. They seemed merely as background for the dazzling, metallic brilliancy of the fair "Murree."

"What do you think of her?" murmured young Mrs. Wilmer in a tone that left an opening for confidences.

"She seems very attractive," said Mrs. Paxton.

"Yes, doesn't she?" agreed Mrs. Wilmer. "Old Mrs. Crandall was telling us how accomplished she is. She played the banjo before the king of—I've forgotten the name of the country, but he's a real king just the same—and he was so enraptured that he gave her that green bracelet she's wearing; but old Mrs. Crandall says that she is still a simple American girl."

"Old Mrs. Crandall was very intimate with the grandmother," chimed in the matronly Mrs. Brentwood. "Mr. Brentwood met Miss Davis this morning; he's always so sorry for a girl who has to make her own way—he feels that he has daughters himself, you know."

"Oh, Mrs. Paxton!" called Miss Davis' deep voice, as she approached with a following of black-coated figures. "I want to ask if your husband is truthful."

"Probably not," said Mrs. Paxton with a gleam in her baby-blue eyes.

"There, what did I tell you, you bad man!" cried Miss Davis, gazing at him provocatively. "But I forgive you for trying to impose on me. Captain Spears, out at the fort, used to say: 'Murree, anybody can get around you; you're too warm-hearted.' But I'm glad I am; I wouldn't be as cold as you are for anything. Yes, when a man has as small feet and hands as you have, Mr. Paxton, you may be sure he has a cold heart."

"Now, now, now!" expostulated Mr. Paxton, laughing, but, as his wife felt wonderingly, fatuously pleased instead of repelled. "Cold, indeed! Put your little hand by the side of mine. There—mine would make four of yours, wouldn't it, Wilmer?"

"These big strong men!" said Miss Davis admiringly to the world at large. "I'm afraid of you! Although after the way you saved my life this afternoon, Mr. Wilmer——"

"Saved your life?" interrupted young Mrs. Wilmer unwarily. "I hadn't heard of that!"

"Oh, shucks! It was nothing," objected Mr. Wilmer hurriedly. "That black-faced chauffeur of the Iversons' lost control of his machine for a moment just as Miss Davis was crossing over the street, that was all that happened."

Mrs. Paxton Saw Beverly Snatch Up the Willing Captive in Both Arms

"All! If you hadn't put your beautiful strong arm around me I would have slipped under the wheels," said Miss Davis, shuddering coquettishly. Her white face and arms, her white satin gown and her metallic hair caught new light as she shuddered.

"I'll be there next time to see that you don't slip," affirmed Mr. Paxton jovially. "Wilmer takes an unfair advantage."

"Very attractive girl, isn't she?" said Nell Crandall later in the evening, to the row of women sitting somewhat stiffly on the walnut chairs under the dim oil paintings. There was a hint of growing uneasiness in her manner at the continued bursts of loud laughter from the other end of the room, where Miss Davis had effectively kept all the men. Having just finished a song with the alluring refrain of "Kiss—Kiss—Kiss," she was now rearranging Mr. Paxton's necktie for him. "So fresh and unspoiled—a perfect child! in spite of the career she has had in courts and everything. She said to me just this morning: 'Cousin Nell, I act as I feel. I cannot help being natural.' It makes her unusual, of course, but ——" Nell paused for a moment uncertainly—"very attractive, we think."

"Oh, very," assented Mrs. Brentwood, while young Mrs. Wilmer fanned herself, though it was not warm.

"I shouldn't call her a child," she asserted dryly when Nell had gone.

But afterward the male members of the party came once more into view, ranging themselves round the walls as Miss Davis appeared in a new rôle. Standing under the chandelier in the middle of the room in her white satin gown, she wriggled from side to side, bent forward and back, waved her arms, clasped them over her bosom, rolling her large eyes the while, to a laborious, stumbling accompaniment played by Nell. Old Mrs. Crandall, with a worried expression, going from guest to guest, explained in her most refined tone that it was an Eastern dance that dear Marie was giving. "Her grandmother," said old Mrs. Crandall, "was a beautiful dancer, though in a different way. It is wonderful, here in our little town, to feel the customs of the East brought so near to us as in this dance of dear Marie's."

"I don't call it a dance; I call it a squirm," said young Mrs. Wilmer bluntly when old Mrs. Crandall had gone. It might be Eastern, but it was also at times embarrassing.

When the dance was finished Miss Davis held out her long white arms toward Mr. Paxton, and they whirled rapidly together among the impeding furniture and guests, her head with its metallic hair resting on his black-coated shoulder. Mr. Paxton was a good dancer, though it was long since his wife had sampled his perfections in that line.

It had come to that pass to Dorothy Paxton's wondering observance that however the fair Marie might be surrounded by a jesting crowd, Beverly, the quiet and fastidious, was always the nearest to her, his laugh the loudest, his attentions the most hilariously persistent. Mrs. Paxton began to feel an odd chill little contempt for her husband; couldn't he see, in spite of the glamour thrown round her, how common the girl was? Her eyes wandered thoughtfully to the corner where Leslie Iverson had no eyes for any one but Winifred Brentwood. He was only engaged. She had a dim perception that to the husbands this was a sort of unreal, intoxicating Arabian Nights' Entertainment in the suburban monotony of married life.

But it was after supper, at which the strongest refreshment served was grape-juice and during which seven men had shared Miss Davis' cake with her, that the climax came to this particular Arabian Night. Every one seemed to be standing up, grouped in the narrow doorways, when the fair Marie started to go upstairs for a photograph of herself in Turkish costume which every one had been clamoring to see. She stopped, however, on the lower step, to say, with a plaintive droop:

"These dreadful stairs! They spoiled me so at the fort, I never walked up once while I was at Captain Spears'; either he or Lieutenant Pike insisted on carrying me. But of course I don't expect such attentions out of the army."

"See here, are we going to lie down on a dare like that?" asked Mr. Wilmer, laughing immoderately.

"I should think not," amended Mr. Brentwood gallantly. "If it were not for my years I should certainly offer my services."

"Oh, but I'm a great deal heavier than you think," protested Miss Davis with an alluring fall of her long lashes.

"Heavy! Do you hear that, Chandor?" asked Donald Bannard, slapping his friend on the back. "Just wait a moment, Miss Marie. Chandor will run up and down with you in five seconds."

"Oh, I don't want to step ahead of everybody else," said Mr. Chandor. "I'll give you a chance, Donald."

"No, I'm referee. How about Paxton? He's crazy for the opportunity."

"Yes, how about Paxton?" came in deep-voiced chorus.

"All right, that suits me," agreed Mr. Paxton with the air of a hardy rover. "Time me!"

There was a general cheer. Mrs. Paxton, looking from her place in the outer circle, saw Beverly, her husband, snatch up the willing captive in both arms, her head hanging backward, her eyes closed and her teeth shining between her red lips, and dash up and down again, while Mr. Wilmer held the watch.

"By Jove! You are heavier than you look," he said with genuine surprise, as he set her on her feet again and a derisive shout proclaimed that he had failed. Her slipper fell off and he jammed it on her tiny foot. "That isn't fair. You ought to let me have another show!"

The mirth grew uproarious. Beverly was laughing incessantly, as was every one else, yet with a glittering eye, a hint of eagerness under his laughter that wasn't perceptible

(Continued on Page 69)

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ONE of the rights guaranteed under the Constitution is that every American shall have full privilege to think and say his own particular business is a poor business and that he would have made a much greater success in any other line of endeavor. Newspaper men exercise this right unreservedly. There never is a gathering of reporters or editors that the talk does not eventually shift round to the lack of reward, the hopelessness as to future, and the general worthlessness of newspaper work as a career. Usually, too, the youngsters are the loudest in condemnation. After a boy has been a reporter for a year he thinks he knows all there is to know about his work, and maybe he does. At any rate he tells you what a barren field journalism is, that it gets a man nowhere, and that for the brains and service required a man in any other profession would make much more money and much more reputation. Men older in the business talk about the same.

Now I do not contend a man can get rich or even well-to-do in newspaper work except as an owner; but I do contend that if a man has an aptness for the business and will take the time to learn it, he can do about as well as if he went into any of the other professions—and have a thousand times more fun. At the start he can do better than he could do in law or medicine or usually in commercial business. The great difficulty with the newspaper business is that experience counts for little or nothing. An experienced doctor or an experienced lawyer or an experienced banker gets better fees and is held in higher regard because of his experience. After a certain stage, experience in newspaper work counts for nothing. The great assets are youth and legs.

One often wonders what becomes of the old men in newspaper work. You will find them stuck away at copy desks, or reading exchanges, editing routine departments or writing editorial articles. If you look round the press desks at a National Convention, for example, where every newspaper has its best men, you will see the gray heads are largely outnumbered by the young men—men about thirty—who in addition to knowing as much about their business as the older ones have the stamina to do the tremendously hard work.

There Never is a Gathering of Reporters or Editors That the Talk Does Not Eventually Shift Round to the Lack of Reward

Granting all this, I still hold that if a young man has an aptitude for newspaper work and will learn his trade, there is no better career in this country or any other than newspaper work. In making this claim I do not arrogate to myself any special qualifications as a judge except these: I was actively in daily newspaper work from the time I was eighteen until I was thirty-nine. I left daily work then because I found a broader field for my writing, a field where I could utilize my experience and such knowledge of men and affairs as I had gained in those twenty-one years. I still consider myself just as much of a newspaper man as I ever was, and entitled to my opinion. My work has covered everything, from a country weekly to the biggest assignments on the biggest newspaper in the United States, which means the biggest in the world. I have played the whole string, and have some thoughts on the subject.

The Only Way to Learn to Write

A YOUNG man starts in newspaper work as a reporter. That is his apprenticeship. In rare cases a man may start as an editorial writer or as a specialist, but unless he has been a reporter and has learned that end of the work he never amounts to very much. The work of the reporters is the heart's blood of the newspaper. They bring in the news. What they find out and write is what the editorial writer must base his comments on, and woe be to the editorial writer who does not keep in touch with the news staff. He gets to be an academic prig, who invariably forms his opinions from the editorials he reads in his favorite papers. Real editorial writers never are anything but real reporters, with the privilege of commenting instead of reciting. The old-fashioned commentator, who shut himself up in a coop and spun out theories, is rapidly passing away. He has been lost in the shuffle.

In the newest and most advanced newspaper building in this country, not long completed, there isn't a coop or a cavern or a private room on the editorial floor. Every man who has to do with the editorial end of that paper, from the humblest reporter to the imposing editor-in-chief, sits on one floor, out in the open, each man in touch with every other man. Why? Because the reporters who bring in and write the news are the mainspring of the paper. Because it is essential that every man on that paper shall be in close communication with the scouts who are finding out what that big town is doing and what the world is doing—for the telegraph news is all furnished by reporters also—in order to construct an intelligent and forceful paper that shall contain an adequate presentation of what is happening in the world, adequately commented upon, displayed and handled.

No managing editor or city editor or editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper ever amounted to more than a pedantic whoop who was not at the start a good reporter. There are plenty of them, of course, who never were good reporters, but they are not good editors either. They are imitations of the real thing. Go into any big newspaper office in this country and you will find that the big men in charge served their grueling apprenticeship on the local staff, and usually on the local staff of some paper or papers in much smaller cities than they are working in now. The reporter is the foundation of the game. He is the arch and the keystone and the pillars. An editor may be the most brilliant of persons, but he is a dub unless he has a staff to report for him and to him, both locally and by wire.

Wherefore, let us look a little into this question of good reporters. There are two broad classes: The good reporter who can get the news but cannot write it except in an ordinary way and the good reporter who can get the news and write it in an extraordinary way. I have heard legends of good reporters with wonderful noses for news who could bring in stories but could not put them up in decent shape. Every town and every office has had or has now one or two of these rough diamonds. Although I do not want to disparage them any, the reporter who gets anywhere is the chap who not only can find the news but, having found it, can write it. You will discover that the good reporters who are valuable as news men only are the boys who are and have been for years lingering round at forty and fifty and sixty dollars a week, while the writing chap collects the big space bills.

Writing is just as much of a trade as laying bricks or putting in plumbing. Of course now and then a genius flashes who writes intuitively, but most of the men who are getting the money for writing in this country are men who have learned to write, just as a bricklayer learned to lay bricks. Getting the money may be an inartistic and, perhaps, a crass way of identifying the end and aim of writing, but there are very few people in this country who write for any other real reason. They say they do, but they do not. The boys with the messages to deliver may be sincere about their messages, but they are also concerned about the checks.

The only way to learn to write is to write. You cannot get it out of books or by any other method than by grinding it out, and right here is where the newspaper owners and editors of this country do most to injure themselves and a good many of their men. It is almost the universal custom, especially in the smaller offices where the good reporters come from, to grab a youngster who shows ability and aptitude and has the earmarks of good writing on him, and make some kind of a desk man of him. Thus you will find that the bright boy, who if he were kept at it and properly encouraged would develop into a star writer, is made a city editor or an assistant city editor or something of the kind and given an executive position as a reward of merit. Usually he is glad to take it, for it means more salary. That knocks the writing out of him. He is too busy to write, and a man who would have made a good reporter is turned into a mediocre desk man.

Better Chances for Reporters Than for Editors

DESK men are all right in their way—the papers have to have them. But the man who has it in him to make a good reporter rarely makes much of an executive. Such work requires a different kind of brains. The great geniuses in the newspaper business are the men who have both kinds of brains. They are not so common. Still, if you go over the country and pick out the great executives, the big managing editors, you will find that every last one of them at some time was a reporter and a good one. Conversely, there are on editorial desks in this country scores of men who would have been good reporters and would have developed into excellent writing men, who are giving out assignments and running papers and only making an ordinary fist at it.

I recognize the great worth of the capable city editor and managing editor and news editor. I admit that the good reporter would be worthless without him to handle the copy, to fit it in, to realize its value or lack of value. The good editor complements the good reporter. One is essential to the other. What I do think is that for the man who has no capital but his brains the better end of the newspaper business is the writing end, not the executive end. Passing by all the rewards that may come to the executive, to the great editor, I still hold that for a career, for a satisfactory and satisfying business, the writer has the better of it when you take a large view of the situation.

By the "better end" of the business I mean that the writer who is as good as a writer as the executive is as an executive, or comparatively so, can get almost as much money and can be much happier, have a much wider experience, have a heap more fun, live a more pleasant life, know more people, see more things, get more reputation and beat him a dozen other ways. The mistake the young reporter makes is in trying to get a desk for the vain privilege of having a title, some evanescent authority and a few more dollars a week at the start, and I made that mistake myself. That is the reporter's usual ambition. The young man thinks he is getting on when he is made assistant city editor, or city editor, or dramatic editor, or some other kind of an editor; whereas, if he is a writer, if he has it in him to learn to write, he is really going backward instead of forward.

Newspaper work is divided into two parts: the writing end and the executive end—that is, of course, on the editorial side. Many editorial desks in this country are cluttered up with men who should be writers and many men are trying to write who should be executives. The difficulty is to sort them out. The place where so many young reporters fail is in not trying to learn to write, but grabbing a desk when the chance comes to them and trying to make other men write. Learning to write is hard work. It takes years to perfect the good writing mechanic. I do not care how much imagination, how much facility of expression, how many ideas a man may have, he wastes seventy-five per cent of his effectiveness unless he has learned his trade. After he has learned it is when his imagination, his facility of expression, his knowledge of words, his assortment of ideas come in, and make him not only a good writer but a great writer.

There are hundreds of men writing for newspapers in this country who are not writing so well as they might. Indeed, it is held by many critics that our newspaper writing is not so good as it was. That may or may not be true,

but if it is true it is because the men who are in the direction of the newspapers haven't it in them to teach these undeveloped writers their business. Besides, the newspapers of this country are in a way becoming standardized. There isn't so much individuality as there used to be. This is due to a multiplicity of causes, but chiefly to the perfection of the news-gathering facilities and resources and methods of the great press associations that are the backbone of the newspaper. Last fall, as I was coming across Wisconsin, I was told of a place up in the woods where an outlaw was fighting for a dam he had built and was holding up a big posse. It was a big, human-interest story. It is quite likely that ten years ago I should have been sent on that story, and if I had been I could have called, within one or two, the names of the men from other papers I should have met there. I asked who was up there, and was told the Chicago papers had sent up a man apiece and that the other papers were relying on the press associations.

This may be an argument against newspaper work as a career. I don't think it is, but it may be. In spite of standardizing the papers, in spite of the fact that the big newspapers of this country are coming to be more and more intensely local and somewhat provincial, I still think there is no better career in this country for a young man who has an aptitude for it than newspaper work. If you can do big work you will get big work to do.

To get back to the executive end of newspaper work. On the larger papers all the big salaries, or most of them, are paid to the men who direct the papers. The chaps with the executive brains draw down the money. Notwithstanding that, the writing man can beat them—and the real writing man does. He may not get so much money on the newspaper as the managing editor does, but he has a hundred times the opportunity. Think of what it means! If you develop yourself on a newspaper to be a good writer, if you get the reputation, as you surely will, you have the world by the tail, for it isn't necessary to remain with a newspaper. The whole field of literature is yours. You have learned your trade. You can go out and do what you please, where you please, and there will be no lack of a market. But if you are a managing editor and have not developed the writing side, you must remain a managing editor until, in the inevitable course of events in a newspaper office, you are shoved back by the advent of some younger man with newer ideas and more vim than you have, and there is the beginning of the end. I can point out to you in this country scores of men who once held high editorial positions and are now in minor ones; but show me the writing man who is in health who, having reached as high a place as a writer as these men did as executives, has suffered such reverses—not because of old age or infirmity, but because he has lost his market.

An Easy Start and a Hard Finish

I AM not speaking about geniuses. There have been only a few literary geniuses in this country and they are all dead. I mean good, skillful workmen. Why is it that in periodical literature, for example, the same names are constantly recurring in the tables of contents? Not because of office favoritism, as many amateurs hold, but because these are men who have learned their business. They know how to write. They can take an idea and make out of it the kind of a story the editor wants. It is the same in architecture, in medicine, in the law, in any other line of endeavor. The men who do the big work are the men who know how to do it. They had talent to begin with, of course; but they developed that talent by hard work and painstaking application of it.

One reason why the newspaper business is not a good business, seemingly, is because so many men and women go into it as a makeshift and because so many persons who have failed elsewhere adopt it, or have it adopt them, because "it is so easy to write." It certainly has allurements at the start. A bright, capable young fellow who can see things and tell about them can, in a few years, so far as reportorial worth goes, be as valuable to the paper as the much older man who has spent years in the service. Moreover, he can earn more money—at the start, mind you—than his colleague who studied law or medicine, or went into a bank or into a clerkship, or anything like that. It doesn't take long for a bright young chap in any kind of a city at all to earn twenty or twenty-five dollars a week. He can do it in a year or two, no matter how penurious his owner or editor may be, or get it somewhere else. How many young lawyers or young doctors can earn a thousand or twelve hundred dollars in the first year or two of their practice? Not one-half of one per cent of all those who start.

The difficulty is that the advancement, at first so rapid, gets painfully slow, and after a certain point is reached experience counts for nothing. That is what makes the average reporter think and say that his business is no good. The trouble isn't with the business, it is with him. If he was good enough to make a flying start and go along rapidly he is good enough to go as far as he likes if he will take the trouble to learn. Not many of them do. They are content with the first results, and fall into the rut that sooner or later will lead them to the exchange table or, if they get out, to the political job, the private secretaryship, the press agent's place, or to some other similar line of work. They yelp about the lack of reward in the business and do not try to develop their own capacities.

I am not saying that every man or that even one-tenth of the men going into newspaper work can learn to write well, but I am saying that not one-tenth of the men who do go into it with that latent talent do so develop themselves. "Sufficient unto the day" is the motto that is the curse of the young reporter. He is getting along swimmingly. He has good work and good pay. He does not progress. At the end of his fifth year he is not writing much better than he was at the end of his first year, when some of the knobs had been knocked off him by his editors and copy-readers. He spends his time sitting round and deploring the lack of opportunity in his calling, instead of making a few opportunities for himself.

The life tends to that. A reporter, by the necessities of his business, is constantly thrown in contact with the big men of his city. Unconsciously he arrogates to himself the habits of mind and, perhaps, the habits of living of those men. He considers himself as good as they are—and usually he is—but he lacks the income. He gets into an inflated style of living and blows up. It is at best a happy-go-lucky sort of a life, but the happiest in it are those who do not pin too much faith on the luck end.

Another trouble with the newspaper game is the jealousy of the men in it. A gathering of newspaper men is like a gathering of soubrettes—few people in it can see anybody but themselves. If any man sticks his head above the universal level of the grass in which all are traveling they all take a clout at that head. Almost all praise is given grudgingly. You'd think to hear them talk that any man who does a big story well did it well by accident, and not by any means so well as it would have been done had the speaker had the chance. They are the greatest gossips in the world, which is natural, for their business is to find out things about people and they cannot print half they find out. Then, too, their mode of life is irregular and they are a sort of people by themselves, for if there is any one thing the ordinary person is mystified about it is the making of a newspaper.

The Old-Fashioned Commentator Has Been Lost in the Shuffle

The Old Days of the Frowsy, Alleged-Bohemian Reporter and Editor Have Passed

Admitting all this—admitting that newspaper work is disappointing in its rewards; that it is essentially an occupation for young men; that men who get old in it are likely to be shoved aside; that the pay is not commensurate with the labor and the intelligence required; that reputation secured in it is temporary; that the grind saps strength; that the life has a tendency to invite the forming of ruinous habits; that it deprives its follower of an opportunity for social enjoyment; that young men become old in it quickly and that old men become useless; that a single mistake may mean the loss of a position; that business-office rules may prevent truth-telling; that special interests may have to be conserved; that it is the hardest work on earth—I still contend that newspaper work in this country offers an exceptional advantage to the young man who has an aptitude for it.

A Bright Outlook for Bright Men

BY APTITUDE for it I do not mean an abnormally endowed nose for news—most of that sort of thing is fake anyhow—or a tremendous talent for writing. What I mean is that a young man, to make a success of it, must have the strength of will to work unceasingly hard for years, strength of character enough to keep his habits reasonably within bounds, and strength of determination enough to go at his business with the desire to learn it thoroughly, not take it slap-dash and, for that reason, after he has slap-dashed himself out, remain at the thirty or forty dollar level.

No matter how good he is, he will never get rich at it; that side of the business may as well be dismissed from the mind. But he will live a life that is full of interest; he will see all there is to be seen, meet all worth meeting; be a part of all great affairs; exert a weighty influence through his reporting; have a potential power he never will realize, but which will be there just the same; have more fun and get enough to live well on; and, if he has applied himself to the mechanics of his business, has stored in his mind the fruits of his experiences, has conserved the acquaintances and friendships he has made, will be ready to stand aside for the younger man when he can no longer compete with the dash of youth and step immediately into a wider and more profitable and, if possible, more useful field.

The fault isn't with the newspaper business—it is with the men in it. The rewards are there, just as certainly as they are in banking or in any profession; not so munificent, perhaps, but big enough to satisfy any one, and the life is so much more interesting, so much more varied, the perspective is so much greater, the view is so much broader that the compensations are more than adequate. If you want money keep out. It isn't in the game. But if you want experience, to know life in all its phases, to know men and either make or destroy them, to be in touch with what is happening, go in.

Moreover, it is a better business, a cleaner business than it was. The old days of the frowsy, alleged-bohemian, drunken reporter and editor have passed. The present-day reporter is an honorable, clean, self-respecting man, working honorably and cleanly. There is no business in this country where so much for the public good can be done and is done.

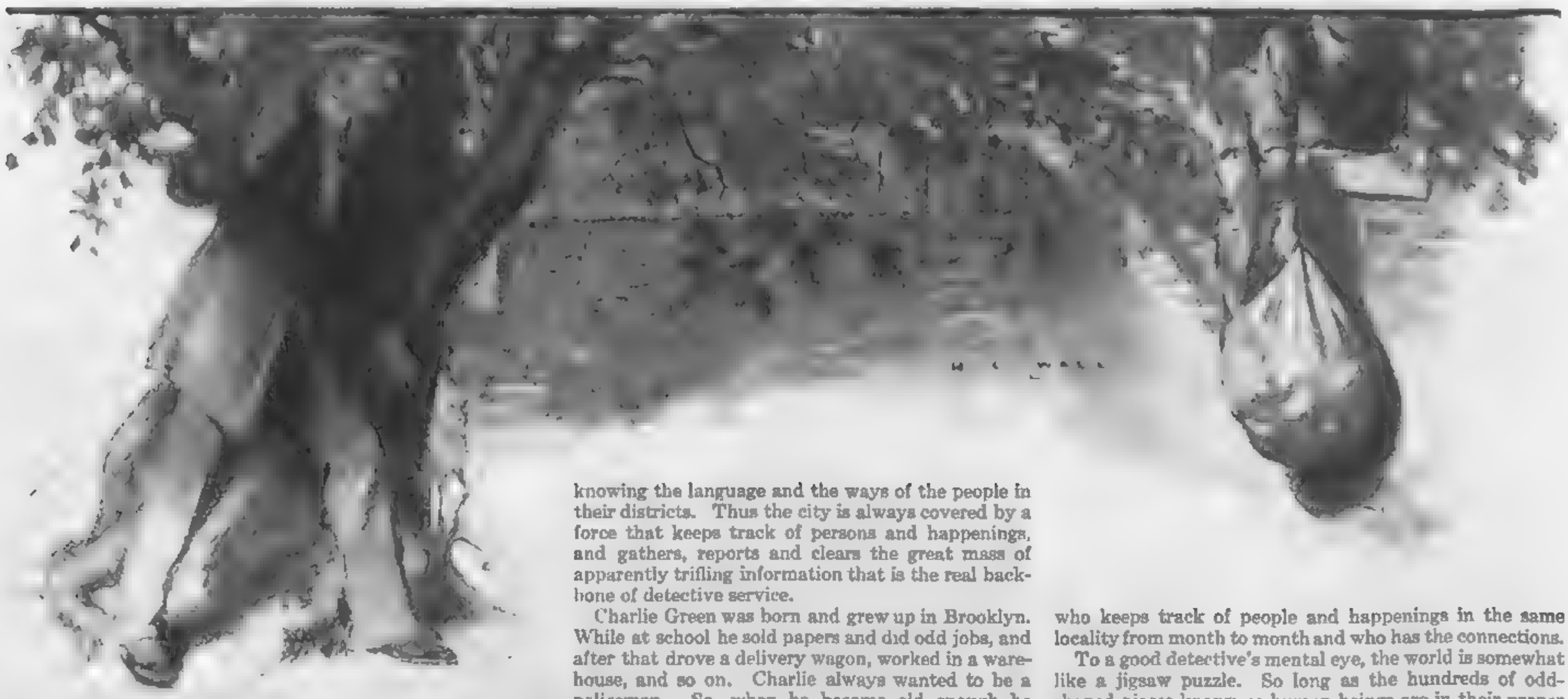
In my opinion newspaper work offers better opportunities, aside from the accumulation of money, for real, serviceable, result-getting labor than any other business or profession a young man may choose. Since I secured my first place, twenty-five years ago, the standards of the men in it, and also of the newspapers, have immeasurably improved. They will keep improving. The work is hard, the pay is not large, but the advantages are many and the opportunities are waiting.

Editor's Note - This is the sixth and last of a series of articles on The Newspaper Game.

The Policeman and His Work

How a Real Detective Detects—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY H. C. WALL



ONE point is typical of detective fiction and can be found in every fanciful detective story ever written: No matter how complicated the mystery Sherlock Holmes or Old Sleuth is set to unravel, invariably each is shown working within the narrow limits of the clews of that particular case and sticking to its own developments. It is part of good fiction-writing, indeed, to make the clews and developments as few and obscure as possible. When the haughty, unsuspected butler has been convicted of the crime, and the apparently guilty tramp set free because his innocence has been established, the story ends.

The first-rate detective of fact, however, is another sort of fellow altogether and works in very different ways. Far from being a specialist with the magnifying glass or a wizard at deductions, he is an untiring "mixer," with an inexhaustible interest in people. Like the good salesman, he has a wide acquaintance, never losing touch with his trade and keeping track of hundreds of persons who would seem to have no direct connection with it. His work is based on information. He belongs to a vast information service. Some of the most effective modern improvements in his craft are of the card-index order. When a case comes up for action the so-called clews may be the least important factors in arriving at results.

The detective force of the city of New York has recently been rearranged in a way that illustrates the best methods in good "plain-clothes" work.

The Best Mixers the Best Detectives

FOR years, though the metropolis grew, a system suitable for a village had been maintained. More than five hundred detectives reported at police headquarters every day. First came the "line-up" of criminals who had been arrested. This was originally devised to keep officers acquainted with habitual offenders. But in many cases prisoners charged with crimes of malice, which did not place them in the habitual-offender class, were shown up with the rest unnecessarily and unjustly. The same criminals went through the mill, on the whole; and it was with the idea of preventing detectives becoming too well known by the detected that the last refinement of the old line-up was added—that of disguising the officers in masks! When this daily rite had been completed the detectives were told off for duty—to watch trains, boats, street-car lines, business districts, and so forth.

Today, the New York detective force no longer gathers round the town pump, so to speak, for its daily orders. Instead, the men are assigned to police stations over three hundred square miles of the metropolis. The large stations have a considerable staff and smaller ones enough plain-clothes men to take care of all detective duty. The men live and work in their precincts. Very often they are born there. In foreign quarters they are of foreign descent, knowing the language and the ways of the people in their districts. Thus the city is always covered by a force that keeps track of persons and happenings, and gathers, reports and clears the great mass of apparently trifling information that is the real backbone of detective service.

Charlie Green was born and grew up in Brooklyn. While at school he sold papers and did odd jobs, and after that drove a delivery wagon, worked in a warehouse, and so on. Charlie always wanted to be a policeman. So, when he became old enough he passed the civil-service examination, was sent to the police school, and finally found himself walking a beat in the brass buttons sure enough.

It had always been natural for Charlie to keep track of what was going on round him. His interest in people was instinctive. He knew the merchants, manufacturers, politicians, society women and loafers in his section. He had a quick eye for a stranger and would wonder who he was, where he came from and how he got his living.

This comes in very handy to Patrolman Green. Some of the "coppers" at the station, he finds, are content to settle down in a city job in the belief that, having passed the examination, the worst is over. These men laugh at him for taking on extra duty and assure him the politicians control the force. But Charlie's interest in people persists. He knows everybody in his section. He talks with any one who can throw light on his work—the sergeant, a plain-clothes man from headquarters, a communicative prisoner, a retired sneakthief.

By-and-by some puzzling robberies are committed in his precinct and nobody seems to get at the bottom of them. One night, as Charlie starts out, the railroad watchman beckons him from the crossing. Charlie has often chatted with him about his rheumatism, his pay, his work, and his boy.

"Say, Green, see that slim guy goin' down the street? Well, I seen him get off the train quite frequent lately. Do you know, I believe he's the crook pullin' off these here jobs—see?"

The patrolman boards a car, rides half a block past the suspect, stands in a shadow as he passes, and then trails him several blocks. He sees the stranger disappear in an areaway and twenty minutes later emerge with a bundle. He is arrested and convicted—and the robberies cease.

This little triumph of his own information service draws attention to Charlie, and in a year or two he may be advanced to plain-clothes work. Some of his time is given to investigating definite cases. The girl found half fainting in a bakery store, with a story about a robber, is shown to be a hysterical miss seeking notoriety. The woman who complains that her jewelry has been stolen is helped to find it where it was hidden and forgotten. There are real robberies that unravel quite easily right in the neighborhood and others that are passed on to headquarters for wider investigation; but the main burden of Detective Green's duty is still the quiet gathering of information. New people come in—who are they and what are their habits? Familiar faces disappear—where have they gone and why? The little tailor who presses the neighborhood's trousers, the coal man, the bill collector, the night watchman—all know who's who; and their individual observations and conclusions, put together, often lead to important developments. No sleuth from outside, let him be ever so subtle, could get this information. It comes to the man who keeps track of people and happenings in the same locality from month to month and who has the connections.

To a good detective's mental eye, the world is somewhat like a jigsaw puzzle. So long as the hundreds of odd-shaped pieces known as human beings are in their proper places, all is well; but let there be a piece missing, or one too many, and it may be very significant. Some months ago, in New York, there was an automobile case in which the only clew happened to be a bit of metal broken from a hub. This fragment, found in the road, was taken round to different garages by detectives dressed as laborers looking for work; and, by simply keeping at the job until they found the car from which that piece of metal had been broken, they cleared up the mystery and arrested the guilty person. Many another case is handled with just the same patient inquiry about a button from a pair of trousers or the history of the label on a bottle.

First-Class Burglars Very Scarce

BY FAR the most important source of information to the detective, however, is the criminal informant, or "stool pigeon." The most famous private detective organization in this country is successful chiefly through its informants, it is said, and its ways of dealing with them. The same source of information is cultivated by every detective-inspector and by every plain-clothes man who knows his business.

Even the law-abiding citizen feels a certain contempt for the criminal who "squeals on his pals," and the criminal informant is popularly assumed to be a very low fellow. It is generally believed that only the basest motives govern in dealing with him; but that is quite wrong.

Good motives rather than bad lead the criminal to turn informer. Revenge is the worst and is distrusted by detectives—a criminal who tells secrets because he wants to "get back" at somebody must be watched. Compensation is the commonest—the plain-clothes man pays for information and helps criminals over hard times. Professional pride is strong, for the capable criminal often has a workman's dislike for bunglers. The usual basis, however, is friendship between criminal and detective, and there is a marked difference between the plain-clothes man who is a good "mixer" in this respect and the one who is not.

An eminently successful detective, with wide experience in bank cases, says he is willing to go half across the continent to see a really good burglar. First-class burglars are pretty scarce; he estimates there are not a hundred in the whole country. Arriving at the county jail where the prisoner has been locked up after a notable job of safe-breaking, the detective walks in, tells who he is without concealment and says:

"I want to know you—and you'll find I'm not the worst fellow in the world. Is there anything I can do to help you?"

It is more than likely the burglar has been badly treated by local officers devoid of tact. The job-holding detective is found in every plain-clothes force. He utterly lacks the interest in people and love of the work that lead a

first-class detective to make friends. Perhaps this heavy-handed officer, after stolidly locking the burglar up, has gone to the latter's quiet home and ransacked it with all the publicity given by an escort of reporters.

"Well, say, you're different from these fellows here!" says the prisoner. "Did you hear what they did to my house? Why couldn't they go quietly to my wife? She'd show 'em everything!"

They have a friendly talk. It is in the power of the visitor to do the prisoner services while he is in jail. They get to know and respect each other. Five years later, in a café, a well-dressed man comes up and whispers to the detective:

"How are you, inspector? They don't know me in here."

"All right," is the response; "then they'll not hear anything from me. But, say, I'd like to talk with you tomorrow."

A meeting-place is named. A robbery has just been committed under brutal circumstances. The detective consults his burglar friend about it, asking his technical opinion and also playing upon his sympathies.

"Think of 'em murdering that poor old watchman!" says the detective. "Shot him a dozen times—and then couldn't get into the safe when he was out of the way! What is to become of his family? What sort of business do you call that?"

The expert lawbreaker has his own pride in clean work. He has his own code of ethics—simple and home-made, but lived up to. He has human feeling and is glad he never hurt anybody. To find those cruel bunglers and bring them to trial often seems commendable, and that is a motive which inspires many an informant.

Again, the detective is sitting in his office when a voice says over the telephone: "I want to see you—something important you ought to know." Questions are asked to make sure it is not a case of revenge, and a meeting is appointed. Here comes in another element in holding the informer—he must be assured of square dealing, secrecy and protection. The officer names a certain hour at a big café.

"How will I know you?" asks the voice.

"Leave that to me—I'll know you," is the reply; and when the time comes it is easy to find in the crowd a chap who sits anxiously looking round, expecting some one. The detective steps up and speaks quietly, making an immediate impression by picking his man out of the crowd. They walk up the street, ride to the fifteenth floor of a skyscraper and talk in the deserted corridor, or perhaps lie out on the grass in a park, where no eavesdropper can approach unseen. This seldom fails to impress the informer and give him a feeling of security.

Along such lines an information service is built up which gives facilities for keeping track of criminals. When a robbery has been committed there is a canvass of criminals who might possibly have done the work. One man is in prison; another is settled; another is accounted for in some other way. The case comes down to a couple of men, who are looked up by informers.

Every improvement making for better information and more of it is an advance in detective work.

In the days of Inspector Byrnes, a plain-clothes man depended largely upon his memory in keeping track of professional criminals; and even today the newspapers frequently write articles about detectives who are reputed to know every important criminal in the country by sight and to be able to reel off their aliases, crimes and convictions. When photography was applied to making a more orderly record of criminals facilities for keeping track of them were greatly improved.

Then came Bertillon measurements—an immense improvement over the old Rogues' Gallery. Photographs give every chance for error. The classification is crude, being simply division by crimes. Features change; beard and hair alter appearance; offenders resemble one another. The citizen who "plainly saw the thief and would surely know him again" is taken to the Rogues' Gallery and in ten minutes finds a dozen portraits of the thief—all different men. Bertillon's system, on the contrary, gives a combination of unchanging measurements, with only the very remotest chance of two persons having the same combination.

There is an interesting case on record, however, at the New York police identification bureau. One day a brisk young man walked in and asked the expert in charge:

"Would you know me again if you saw me?"

"Yes, I would," was the offhand reply, but it was corrected in a moment. "No; I won't be too sure about your face—here, put your hands down there a moment." Fingerprint records were taken of the visitor; then he stepped outside one door, apparently came in another and asked:

"Am I the same man?"

"You certainly look like him," admitted the expert; "but just let me take your fingerprints and I'll tell you."

There were really two men—twins, so much alike as to be indistinguishable. Their Bertillon measurements, taken afterward, were the same and there was but two pounds' difference in their weight; but as soon as the fingerprints were compared the expert declared: "You are not the man who was in here a minute ago." The fingerprints were totally different!

When Sir Edward Henry, of the London police, worked out his system of classifying fingerprints he added a still further refinement to police information. The system has many good points as a means of identification and is also rich in possibilities for evidence. A burglar never leaves his photo or his Bertillon record where he does a job, but he will leave fingerprints. His forgotten bit of candle bears them, and the glass he drank from, and almost any bit of polished metal or painted wood he touched. An expert will find prints in unsuspected places, develop and photograph invisible ones; and very often it is as though the criminal had obligingly left his name and address.

(Concluded on Page 74)

The Southern Ports and Panama

By A. C. LAUT

DECORATION BY W. H. FOSTER

THEY are dreaming dreams in Dixie Land of the wealth to come from the Panama Canal that would put the hopes of the venerable Christopher Columbus or the grandiloquent Balboa to the everlasting blush, though the latter gentleman modestly claimed "everything from the Pole Arctic to the Pole Antarctic—earth, air and sky, time without end—amen and amen!"

Never mind; according to arithmetic, which is the only religion for the man with "the ax after the fax," those old fool-dreamers made a fairly good job of it for us. Christopher Columbus dropped over the edge of a flat earth and found a continent. Balboa, thigh-deep in the surf of the Pacific, claiming heaven and earth and all that was therein for Spain, discovered that South Sea whose freighted caravels poured such wealth of Peruvian gold into Spanish coffers that for a hundred years Spanish ships swept the main and ruled the seas of the world. Then Spain grew rich and haughty—thought she could be independent of all the world, like the United States today—and let her merchant ships decline. What England didn't do to the remnants of that Spanish marine in the defeat of the Armada could be told in one thimbleful of history! Spain lost her supremacy on the seas. With the loss of sea power she lost the markets of the world and their freighted wealth, and the power to defend herself and her outer-world dominions. You can see the remnants of her old colonial dreams in Florida and Cuba and New Mexico and California—walls built to last forever, above esplanades where marched and drilled and clanked armed soldiery, trained under the finest Old World chivalry. The old walls are there yet Spain isn't! Why? Because she let her sea power languish and die. And a navy without a marine for recruits is nothing more or less than a toy soldier that will stand upon its legs only until it is knocked down. Unless there is a merchant fleet behind it, that toy tinikin-manikin doesn't get up again when he is knocked down. That is what happened to Spain.

You will find the names of the old naval heroes of France stuck all over America, from Hudson Bay to New Orleans. You will even find the gardens they planted—trees brought from Versailles and Fontainebleau. What Spain didn't own in those old days France did—most of Canada and one-half of what is now the United States; but you won't find France here any more than you will find Spain—and for the same reason. Wealth bred indifference to the outside world. Then a languishing marine! Then a little bulldog of a one-armed sea-fighter called Nelson, licking the stuffing out of the French navy—then the loss of oversea dominions and world markets, and French ascendency chiefly commemorated in America by place names and mossgrown cemeteries.

Why, it's hard even to believe that sea power once brought the Dutch navigating what is now New York's oceanfront, and that Dutch admirals once swept up the Thames with a broom at the masthead as a sign that the Netherlands were sweeping the English from the seas—just as the English and the Germans have swept the United States flag from the seas in the last hundred years. Then the Netherlands ports got scrapping with one another—just as the United States boards of trade and chambers of commerce are now scrapping over Panama. Then the English got in some fine work on the Q. T., in a stolid English Q. T. way—just as if they had blundered into it by chance—compelling the carrying of English cargoes in English ships; so that, by the time the Dutch had quit scrapping among themselves, the English had captured the world commerce of the seas.

When the United States launched out on the sea of national destiny the first thing Madison and Jefferson and Washington did was to imitate England's example in gaining sea power; or, to be more explicit, their policy was to grant tariff reductions to all commerce carried in American ships. Under that policy United States vessels carried ninety per cent of United States commerce within twenty years. You will read in history that the War of 1812 was over the right to search American vessels. Don't you believe it! Remember the famous cynic's saying that history is chiefly notable for what it does not tell. You dig down for the motives under that war and you will find it was the furious resentment of England's sea-going folk against the United States laws giving preference to United States ships—such furious resentment that captains could not refrain from taking pot-shots across the United States hulls. I dare say that United States skippers gave as good as they got—especially on Lake Erie; but the point is, when a treaty closed the war the British merchant ships had gained a treaty right to carry United States commerce—a right that was later widened to include the ships of all nations.

Whether the decline of the United States marine was thus caused or not is a hotly disputed point; but the fact was that the American merchant marine from this time declined and declined and declined, until today it is smaller than the United States navy—so much smaller that, according to the United States Commissioner of Navigation, every United States merchant liner crossing the Atlantic could be convoyed by a flotilla of men-of-war and torpedo destroyers.

"If the navy is so powerful, why all this pother about a United States merchant marine?" Because the navy, without a merchant marine for a training school, is a toy soldier that can never get up when it is once knocked down, because the lack of a marine means the surrender of world markets to other nations; and the surrender of world markets to other nations means what it meant to Spain and to France and to the Netherlands—decline! And the United States is no more independent of all the world than Spain and France in the fullness of their power.

That is why every shipbuilding plant, from Fore River, Massachusetts, to Newport News, is dreaming dreams and planning plans of possible benefits from Panama. That is why every leader in commercial life, from Bath to Key West, is figuring possibilities from Panama. "If we make a differential of a dollar for our coastal trade, or make it free, it will not be six months after the canal is opened before all our shipyards are working night and day to build steamers to carry traffic through the canal," declared Mr. Douglas, president of the Produce Exchange, New York.

"From Bath to Newport News there are six shipbuilding plants, employing from five thousand to eight thousand men when running full time," said the general manager of one of the shipyards; "or say, in all, the shipyards on the Atlantic employ fifty thousand men. That is probably only the case when there are big Government contracts. If the United States carried ninety per cent of her commerce in her own ships, instead of only nine per cent, it would mean the employment of five hundred thousand men on the Atlantic alone and weekly wage lists of from one million to three million dollars; for we pay our skilled hands as high as seven and eight dollars a day. We have the steel! We have the iron! We have the coal! We have the naval supplies! We have the harbors! We have the commerce right at our doors! We have the labor! Why haven't we the ships? That is our pipedream in the South just now, with the opening of Panama coming on; and, if we would only stop to think of it, besides our own two billions of foreign commerce there is the two billion dollars' worth of foreign commerce from South America at our very doors, which we ought to carry. We need the nitrates from Chile and coffee from Brazil—and the packers are going to import beef from Argentina. Then there is the rubber we are using in motor cars. There are the hardwood forests—why, they are using rosewood and mahogany in South America for railroad ties! What could we send them in exchange? The northern half of South America is practically a land without coal, steel or iron; and that land is just on the verge of the same development that has taken place in the United States in the last twenty years—building-booms, railroads, bridgework coming on. If we

had the ships to handle the cargoes we could have as much traffic plying between North and South America as now plies between New York and Europe.

"A few years ago a steamship man of South America wrote to us for estimates. He wanted big passenger and freight river steamers such as we have on the Hudson and the Chesapeake. We corresponded for some months. He was satisfied with our estimates and plans, and wrote that he would come to see us. To reach us he had to go by way of Europe. He landed at Southampton. Do you think the English ever let such a chance slip through their fingers? Not much! They showed him their shipyards, and every dollar's worth of that order went to them.

"Think how hard it is to finance shipbuilding here and how easy it is in England! You go to a banker here. He wants to know about comparative costs. Your builder has to acknowledge that a steamer that will cost one million dollars abroad will cost from one million four hundred thousand to one million five hundred thousand here; that a steamer which costs a thousand dollars a week to operate abroad will cost from thirteen hundred to fifteen hundred dollars a week to operate here. Your banker knows the expensive steamer will be up against the competition of the cheap steamer. He will finance a coast steamer because foreigners are excluded; but if it is for international trade he shrugs his shoulders and turns the proposition down. Now take the case in England: Your promoter plans to build a steamer. By subscription he collects a small amount—say, five or ten per cent of the total amount required. Then he goes to the shipyards and makes a contract, paying only ten or five per cent down, the rest to be paid within ten years, as the ship earns returns. Construction begins. Then he goes to the underwriters. They insure the vessel for him. With that insurance policy as collateral he goes to the banks. They advance the money and he can go ahead. Every single possibility of loss is safeguarded."

The Rival Gibraltars of America

"COMPARE that with the experience of Mr. Bernard Baker not long ago, when he launched his plans for a fifteen-million-dollar line through Panama," said the president of a chamber of commerce in a leading Southern port. "Subscriptions for a few millions—say, three million dollars—came in. Then he went to the bankers. Those banks affiliated with the railroads, of course, would not help him; and the other banks were naturally very cautious. If they advanced the balance of the fifteen million dollars needed they wanted control; and if they got control what was to become of the minority who put up the first three million dollars? Right there and then Mr. Baker's scheme went on the rocks. Both the bankers and the first subscribers shied off."

"Or take the matter of insurance," said the general manager of a big Southern shipyard. "England does such a huge and profitable business in marine insurance for the whole world that if her own ships were run at a loss, or just to break even and pay cost, it would still leave her the richest foreign trader in the world just to keep up her marine insurance. It is a system that not only enriches the big banker, but turns profits into every country hamlet and parish. Suppose an insurance policy of a hundred thousand pounds is to be written on a small ship. It is farmed out to investors all over the country. Here a country clergyman takes one hundred pounds; there a widow takes ten pounds; then a county banker may take a thousand pounds, until the entire risk is covered. In the United States we are so destitute of insurance facilities that even our means of national defense—our battleships—during construction have to be insured in England. It is all right, of course; but it shows what and how we are losing because we have not our own merchant marine. That is why we are hoping great things from Panama—hoping that traffic will come down to the seaboard again; in fact, Panama is stimulating shipbuilding already. Four or five ships are being built in Maryland for Panama freighters, and the contracts have just been signed at Newport News for four very large passenger liners for Panama traffic."

"Then you don't believe that all this railroad activity is to stifle competition through Panama?"

"No; frankly I do not—not on the whole. A railroad will cut a rival's throat any day if it can; but I do believe a railroad will not pay so much to cut a rival's throat as to establish a new line. You take a look over what the railroads are doing to prepare for Panama. They have leased piers in New York at half a million dollars a year. They are buying and constructing lines to tap the coalfields for Panama. One line to Baltimore has just been bought, and that line is spending five million dollars on terminals. They are connecting the new coalfields of Tennessee with Southern ports for the same reason. At Norfolk, one line is spending close to two million dollars on new coal piers for Panama traffic; and I think it would not be an exaggeration to say that, since January first, railroads owning steamship lines have let contracts for between four and five million dollars' worth of ships for Panama. It seems to me, for mere purposes of competition, that is going it pretty strong! I am not a railroad man, but that looks to me more like participation than competition."

It is comical, as you go south from Baltimore, to listen to the conflicting and contradictory reasons why each port expects to benefit from Panama. You may call it "hot air" if you like; but the fact is you cannot get round the reasons they give you. Because it projects so far into the sea, Key West expects to be the Gibraltar of America. So do Cape Henry and Cape Charles; and, if the navies of the world are to come floating through Panama, Cape Henry and Cape Charles want to know why they are not fortified!

Just as Key West expects greatness from sticking so far out into the sea, so Savannah expects and is attaining enormous commerce because the curve of the coast brings her so much nearer inland points that she taps the freight of states as far west as Oklahoma, against the attractions of Gulf ports and North Atlantic terminals. That three-hundred mile inland curve of the coast south of the Carolinas acts both as a help and a hindrance so far as Panama is concerned. It cuts distances to the West off by a third and brings traffic that much nearer the cheap ocean rates; but it also throws ports like Savannah and Jacksonville so far west of the passage round Cuba that ships must make a big circle east to go down to Panama.

If half the world commerce of the ocean is going through Panama, then Newport News and Portsmouth and Norfolk have a right to expect a big share in two benefits—ship-repairing and coal supplies. On the Atlantic side, these will be the nearest repair docks for Panama traffic. As to coal, if the Panama Commission's estimate of the ships that will use the canal be correct, then the trade here will reach so large a total as to stagger all estimates and preparations. Anyhow, the railroads are preparing to erect more coal piers and the coal companies are ready to deliver the best coal on board at two dollars and forty cents to two dollars and eighty cents a ton.

Naturally Norfolk wants free tolls for coastal ships. Norfolk also wants a United States merchant marine to carry her growing commerce. Of two hundred million bushels of wheat which one railroad carried to Norfolk in ten years, only half a million bushels went to Liverpool on American ships. How does Norfolk think that a marine should be built up? Not a soul at Newport News or Norfolk advocated subsidies. Several plans were suggested one by Mr. Dickson, of the Board of Trade, also head of the big lumber exporters of the South—to give free tolls not only to American coastal vessels, but also to American cargoes, whether in American or foreign vessels. This would entail admitting foreign ships to the United States coast trade—but it would mean low rates for the shipper; and the lumber dealers of the South must have those low rates or see prices soar beyond the average buyer's means.

"It will surprise most people to be told that the South must soon import lumber," said Mr. Dickson; "but we are within a few years of that now. To send lumber to England, thirty-five hundred miles, costs us from twelve to fifteen cents a hundredweight, including handling at both ends. For us to bring lumber here from the Pacific Coast costs us eighty-five cents. There is the difference between ocean and rail rates on lumber. By way of Panama we could bring that Pacific Coast lumber here for twenty cents and we could ship it back inland toward the Mississippi centers for sixteen cents more. Now look at the difference. The interior thinks it is not concerned in Panama. On lumber, brought round by Panama and shipped back inland, we can save the buyer more than fifty per cent of what he is now paying in freight."

Tariff Favors for American Ships

THERE is another suggestion down at Norfolk and Newport News: They want South American vessels given the same favors as United States coast ships. The South wants to send its steel and coal to South America and it needs the rosewood and mahogany that South America uses for railroad ties. At present, owing to lack of available ships—look at the figures—it costs fifty per cent more to ship thirty-five hundred miles direct to South America than to Europe and back to South America—fourteen thousand miles. Not much wonder the rosewood ties are not being exchanged for steel and coal!

Then, at Newport News, you hear Lewis Nixon's suggestion repeated—differential tariff favors for cargoes in American ships.

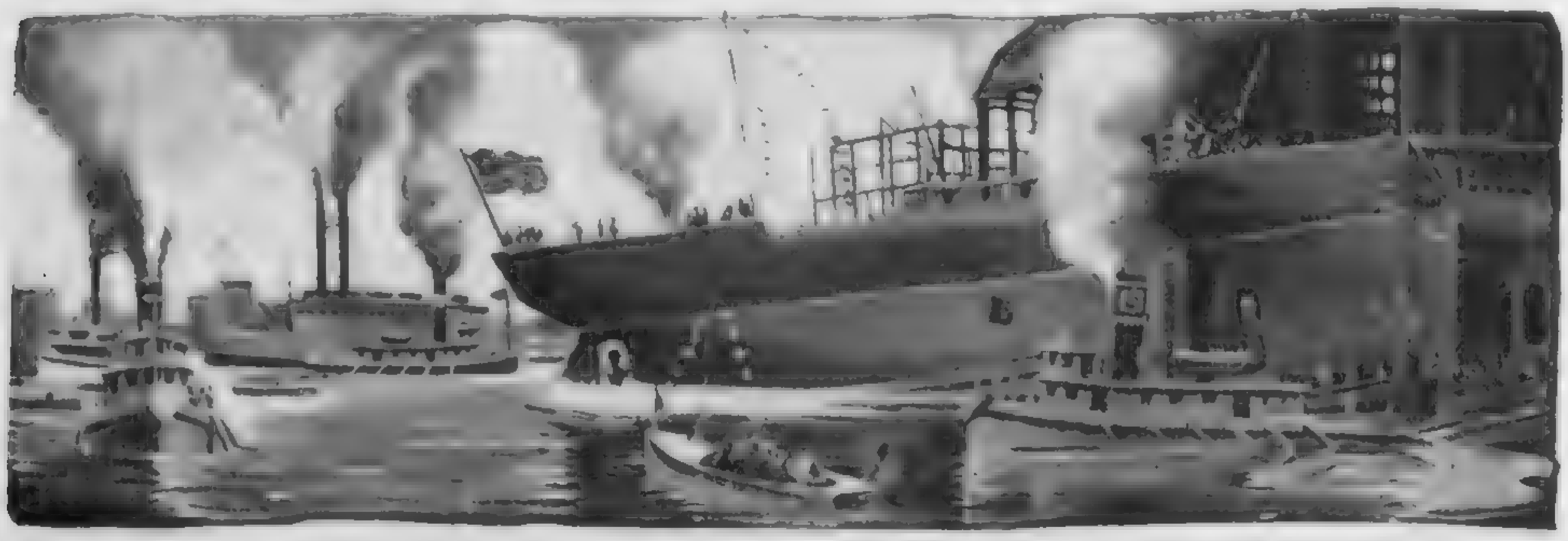
"But, in the present mood of Congress, with the whole tendency to lower tariff, do you think it practical to suggest putting up tariffs against other nations?"

"I did not say differentials up—I suggest differentials down! Leave the present tariff just as it is as to foreign ships; but shave it off ten or twenty per cent to cargoes coming in American ships."

It comes as a surprise to learn that Norfolk owns hardly one foot of its waterfront. The terminals and docks are all owned by the railroads; but, looking a little deeper, that railroad control has been no detriment, but has been the making of Norfolk. Norfolk's waterfront, like the waterfront of many old Southern ports, has been owned by old estates, indifferent to the city's progress and hostile to any change. If the railroads had not come in and spent fourteen million dollars on terminals Norfolk's waterfront would lie dead as a marsh level. The fact that most of the coast ships calling at Norfolk are directly or indirectly controlled by railroads has not hurt Norfolk. If railroad ships had not been calling at Norfolk there would have been few ships but occasional tramps and men-of-war.

"There is one point to which I wish you would call attention," said a leading shipper of Newport News. "It is this: The steamers on the coast have more traffic than they can care for; but they are not getting the profit out of it that the old clipper-owners got, and I will tell you why. The steamers are directly or indirectly controlled by railroads. You cannot run a steamer as you run a railroad

(Continued on Page 72)



THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XII

THAT'S an impulsive-looking scarf," admired Jimmy as he picked the filmy pink fabric from the floor of the dining room for the Princess Bezzanna, two mornings after her return. "It's a dead ringer for an evening gown a friend of mine used to wear."

"Who was she?" inquired Bezzanna instantly. "What was she like?"

"I think she was a blonde," responded Jimmy carelessly. "She's married now; but I remember the gown all right, because I stepped on it and she never spoke to me for a month! It went like this." And taking it from Bezzanna again, he caught the exceptionally long scarf far enough toward the center to let one end of it reach from her waist to the hem of her robe, told her to hold it there, wrapped it broadly and tightly round her waist to the front, had her hold it again, carried it up round her shoulders and back down to the waist, where he caught it in, and, with the wondering assistance of Bezzanna, spread out the two ends so that they covered nearly the whole of her white robe from her waist to the floor. Thus seen, she was in a robe of white, with a belt and soft fichu and double-panel effect of pink.

"The fashions!" cried the king. "Jimmy promised he would start you on them as soon as you came back."

Bezzanna, however, was not waiting to hear. She was on her way with Aunt Gee-gee to her own room, where stood a half-length pier-glass, on which the entire force of the mirror factory had worked for a solid week to give her this delightful welcome-home surprise.

"There won't be an idle scarf in Isola by tomorrow night," laughed the king. "It's a marvelous result and more beautiful than I could have dreamed. I don't see yet how you did it."

"It's simple enough," returned Jimmy. "You've been using the straight Grecian robe for hundreds of years. I simply showed Betsy Ann a waistline."

Teddy threw down his napkin.

"I'm going right over and get Toopy," he declared; and at that moment Bezzanna appeared in the doorway, out of breath from running up and down the stairs in such a remarkably short space of time, but with the pink scarf held in place, nevertheless, with fourteen pins!

"I'm crazy about it!" she announced with effervescent joy. "I have to be dolled up like this every day. Don't you love it to death?"

"I'm tickled stiff with it!" admired the king. "I suppose, of course, this is the American fashion, Jimmy?"

"I couldn't tell you," regretted Jimmy. "I haven't been there for six weeks."

"It's the style in Isola anyhow!" avowed Bezzanna with enthusiasm. "Jimmy, I'll never stop thanking you for this. Teddy, go right over and get Toopy, and tell her to bring her blue scarf."

"I'll tell her to bring everything she has," declared Teddy as he hurried from the room. "She can't look like that any too quick to suit me."

"Well, we've arrived at it," decided Jimmy with a sigh. "We've started fashions and nothing can stop them. Isola has to be prosperous in a hurry or she'll go broke buying scarfs. In order to get the thing started right though, Betsy Ann, I'll have to give you a few pointers. Don't drape Toopy's scarf the same way."

"Why not?" demanded Bezzanna.

"It isn't good for business," explained Jimmy. "It took at least two hundred years to bring America's best dressers up to the point of throwing away a gown and discharging a dressmaker every time they saw a duplicate; but the underlying principle is the backbone of our national commercial supremacy. We have the lesson well learned, though, now. We go so far in the desire to get original and striking frocks for our women that we design elaborate costumes and send the designs and the material over to Paris to be made by inferior workmen, and pay duty to get them back into the country."

"That seems absurd," said the king.

"Naturally it would to a stranger," agreed Jimmy.

"I wish I could have a Paris gown," mused Bezzanna.

"I'd rather get you some from New York," Jimmy advised her. "Really, they do make them much better there."

"I've no doubt you think so," Bezzanna argued patiently, kind with him because of his masculine lack of intuition and appreciation for creations which were really chic and jaunty and distingué. "I'm quite ready to admit, because I thoroughly believe it, that everything else in America is the best in the world; but I think I'd rather have my gowns from Paris."

"Why, you never heard of it until five minutes ago!" protested Jimmy.

Was Carried Off the Field by a Screaming Crush of Jimmy-Mad Fanatics!

"I know; but I like the name of it," she insisted. "Of course it's no use to argue, Jimmy, because you wouldn't understand; so we'll just drop it. Can you remember any other way to drape a scarf?"

"If I had been an expert scarf-drapist I never should have been called Jimmy," protested that young man, rankling still from the sense of masculine inferiority she had forced upon him. "They would have called me Cecil."

"All right, Smith," she laughed. "Show me anything else you know—won't you? Pretty, please!"

"I apologize," gave in Jimmy as the king, laughing, left the room. "I can tell you one startling fact, however: those sleeves don't go with that bertha thing. They ought to come down about to the elbows and stop there." And catching the point of the long, flowing sleeve, which left her round white arm bare from the shoulder, he wrapped it round her upper arm.

In stooping to pick up the end of the other one, a sharp point in the pin-bristling fichu scratched his cheek and left a tiny red mark.

"Oh!" cried Bezzanna, shocked that he had hurt himself so cruelly; and she passed her warm little palm over his cheek.

The touch made him tremble, and he was almost on the point of crying out to her not to do such things. She was gone in a flash, however, and by the time she came back with the king's jar of ointment, some of which she insisted upon rubbing on the scratch with the tip of a pink forefinger, Jimmy had time to reflect that he had been an ass in wishing Bezzanna back. She was more of a torture to him here than she would have been at Onalyon's; for now, since he knew he must hold aloof from her, he would have to endure the daily agony of mere friendliness; of glances arch with the same innocent coquetry which she used upon her brothers; of tones sweet with the same caressing accents she would employ with her favorite donkey or the servants; of occasional touches, alive with the burning thrill which Bezzanna had unconsciously given him just now.

Jimmy began to be aware that it was better to be entirely away from a girl he wanted but could not have; but still, poignantly realizing all that, he was glad that she had come back very glad!

He thanked her gratefully for the ointment and was about to hurry away, for he had to install his first telephone exchange that morning. There were only two instruments to be connected just now, one at the palace workshop and one at the iron mine; but he thought he might just as well run the wires through an exchange and be prepared for future growth. Also, he had positive instructions from Aunt Gee-gee to move the soap factory to some place out in the country.

Betsy Ann called him back peremptorily.

"There seems to be so much clumsy thickness in here," she objected, pinching her tightly gathered robe at the waist. "It doesn't seem to fit round me nicely. It shouldn't be that way—should it?"

"Well, no," he admitted, studying the matter critically. "It seems to pucker too much. I think they cut a gash or something in there and take out some of the material. You ought to know how to manage such things."

"I'll have to find out a way," she decided. "This gives me ugly lumps. They don't just fasten these things on afterward—do they?"

"No; the real dress is inside," he assured her. "It fits skin-tight, and everything else is fastened to that—mostly with hooks. I don't know much about dressmaking, but I'm an accomplished hooker-up. Every American man is. He learns it in emergencies. He begins with his mother, takes an advanced course with his sisters and finishes with his wife."

"Did you have a wife?" she asked with an untroubled gaze that annoyed him. It was the first time this curious thought had occurred to Bezzanna and the possibility startled her; but she was not going to let him see that she was more than casually interested in the matter.

"Nobody would have me," he answered with a nonchalance equal to her own, and using the brain-saving reply which has done duty as a joke for so many generations.

The eyes of Bezzanna darkened. She was offended with the entire race of American girls. What on earth did they expect if they wouldn't have Jimmy!

"What is hooking up?" she demanded.

"It's the chief enemy to domestic peace and happiness," he stated. "It consists in pouring a woman into a frock half a size too small for her stays and trying to keep from swearing in front of the children."

"What are stays?" she wanted to know. "Are they as pretty as this?"

He looked at her mournfully for a moment. "No; I can't tell you," he decided. "I can't take the responsibility of introducing them. There are still doctors who care so little for their practice that they declare them unhealthy."

He might have known better than to say that; but the damage was done.

"I want some stays," she firmly declared.

"I'll see if there are any models in Jones' Handbook," he evasively promised, and tried to escape from the room again, having suddenly remembered his waiting telephones.

Fate was against him, for at that moment Bezzanna, reaching for something at the back of her neck, emitted an "Ouch!" of pain.

"Aunt Gee-gee never could put a pin in properly," she complained. "One has come loose and is sticking me, and I can't reach it. Won't you fix it for me, please?"

She turned her back to him and he essayed the task. He had never known that his fingers were so thick and clumsy; and they seemed more clumsy still when, in the strictly impersonal duty which he attempted to perform for her, they touched her smooth, firm, white shoulder.

"I love the touch of your hands," she informed him with a naïveté which annoyed him, though he did not quite know why. "They are so warm and nice—and they have a sort of tingle."

He jabbed a pin into his finger and drew the blood; then he finished that job in a hurry and stepped crossly back from it.

At that moment gray-haired Aunt Zheenezha came smilingly into the room with a strip of fine lavender material fully six yards long.

"You fixed Bezzanna's robe so prettily that I'm going to ask you to drape this for me," she requested, looking him cheerfully in the eye and waiting for Bezzanna to translate to him.

He did not wait for the translation, but, smiling politely though fuming inwardly, he took that scarf and went right to work. The best way out of this job was to get through in a hurry.

"Not that way," protested Bezzanna. "I don't want anybody in the world to have a scarf draped like mine."

Jimmy, appreciating that it was on him, but consoling himself with the reflection that Bezzanna would have arrived at that decision without his hint, chuckled and fooled patiently with the infernal strip of cloth until he had given Aunt Gee-gee a splendid blouse effect, fore and aft, with the suggestion of a draped overskirt.

His efforts were amply rewarded by the unbounded admiration of Bezzanna.

"I like that better than mine!" she enthusiastically declared, beginning to pull out her pins. "Do mine that way—only different."

Toopy Polecon bounded into the room with Teddy, both of them loaded with filmy flufferies of every possible tint.

"Oh, you darling!" screamed Toopy, dumping her pile of scarfs on a chair and making a dive for Bezzanna. "You're too sweet for anything!" and she kissed her friend with a loud smack. "And how dear you look, Aunt Gee-gee! Drape me, Jimmy!"

"Call me Cecil!" groaned Jimmy, and dropped to his knees.

XIII

THE king, in a neat gray business suit, walked into the great hall of the palace where Jimmy already sat at the end of a long table, with Teddy as his secretary—both of them busy with a mass of papers; and the king was beaming with a great idea.

"We've all slipped our trolley!" he announced. "We have the same crowd of men coming here in half an hour for the preliminary stockholders' meetings of a dozen manufacturing companies. Now I've thought of a great scheme. We have the same men in each company and for practically the same amounts. Why don't we save the time of all this red tape and form one big company?"

"Help!" shouted Jimmy. "Why, man, you're striking a blow at the very backbone of the American system of finance! You're trying to make it all simple and easy, so that every investor will understand exactly where he stands. The big business interests could never be conducted in that way." He paused a moment to contemplate the enormity of the king's error. "Why, you're allowing no chance for mergers and consolidations, and the other legitimate means of appropriating the profits to ourselves when they become too large to be healthy for the investor. The way you propose, the investors would reap forty-nine per cent of the profits right from the start and continue that way until the end."

"Isn't that what you contemplate?" inquired the king, perplexed. "That's why I thought one big company would simplify matters."

"It would," admitted Jimmy, almost discouraged. "It certainly would; but don't you see that the fun would be all out of it? Why, we'd have nothing to do but look after our factories and make them successful, and bring our stock up to par value, and draw down our dividends. We couldn't even have a stock exchange."

"You spoke about that the other day, the day after you started the fashions in Isola, I believe, and I think I understand what you meant by it; but I can't see where we need it."

"Need it!" gasped Jimmy. "Why, we couldn't get along without a stock exchange. A stock exchange is as necessary to business as a bogy man is to frighten bad children, though it has no more real relation to business than the bark of a dog has to his appetite. It's a thermometer, on the bulb of which you hold your thumb to see if the rising mercury can make you feel warmer. It is to legitimate commerce what a board of naval strategy is to war. It decides on what ought to be done in an emergency which never arises and what should have been done in the emergency which did arise; and in the exercise of all its accidental powers it is as illogically destructive as a baby king picking out men to be beheaded."

"Holy smoke!" gasped the king. "Then I don't see why we need it."

"To create panics," insisted Jimmy firmly. "No nation in the world has so many panics as the United States of America—and see how fat we've grown on them! The stock exchange, in its busiest days, was never able to give us panics enough to furnish our financiers with enough outlet for their energies; so we have panics with every backward spring and dry summer and early frost, and we create an artificial one every presidential election."

"But what is the use of a panic?" puzzled the king.

"It shakes down the stock market. The people who are afraid sell their stocks, and the people who aren't buy them; then the panic passes by and the people with the nerve have a tighter hold on the helm of industry. It's a mere jolt-up to encourage the survival of the fittest. No, king; we have to have panics, and we could scarcely have a good live one without a stock exchange. We could not have a stock exchange without stocks; so we'll have to split up our industries into as many companies as we can. When you have grasped reissues, and reorganizations, and recapitalizations, and watered stocks, and inflated securities, and market fluctuations—and all the other schemes by which the heavy-jawed captain of industry cracks the knuckles of the feeble-chinned ones and makes them let go—you'll thank me for introducing the sport."

"But isn't that rather giving the advantage to the strong?" argued the conscientious king.

"No; it's only a process for finding out who is the strongest," Jimmy informed him. "Those things are bound to adjust themselves; and when the strong get too much individually the weak club together and take it away from them. Now don't you worry, king. America has pursued that system for over four hundred years, and isn't she the greatest nation in the world?"

"Of course," admitted the king with the nonchalance of long conviction. "I don't quite understand it even yet; but I see clearly that it will be best for us to give up my foolishly simple idea of one big Isolian company."

"Only for the present," corrected Jimmy. "You see, in your way—that is, by starting in with a big company—we'd only own fifty-one per cent of it from start to finish; but by my way, after we get through with putting water into our companies and squeezing it out, and inaugurating mergers and flurries and panics, and our other commercial amusements, we'll have your one big company—but we'll own it all." He took a neat stack of papers from Teddy and passed him some loose ones to check up and fold and docket. "By George, king," he concluded with a troubled air, "do you know we'll have to frame up some restraining legislation against ourselves right away? I'm not against monopolies on general principles, but they need to be worried."

Onalyon entered then, and his coming was but the signal for the arrival of the other stockholders—a round hundred of them—who as they came were escorted to seats at the long table. When the last stragglers had taken their places the king, with Jimmy at his right hand and Teddy at his left, took his seat at the head of the board and tapped on a little block of wood with a plain and businesslike gavel.

"There being no objection, I shall myself take the chair as president pro tem. of all the preliminary meetings to be held at this session, and shall appoint my brother Tedoyah as secretary pro tem. of such meetings." And the king looked about him with the kindly yet firm snappiness which marked him a born president of corporations.

"Good work, Old Scout!" approved Jimmy in a murmur, highly delighted. He could not understand Isolian, but he knew what the king was to say, and he could understand thoroughly from the way he was saying it that he was cutting the exact center of the plate.

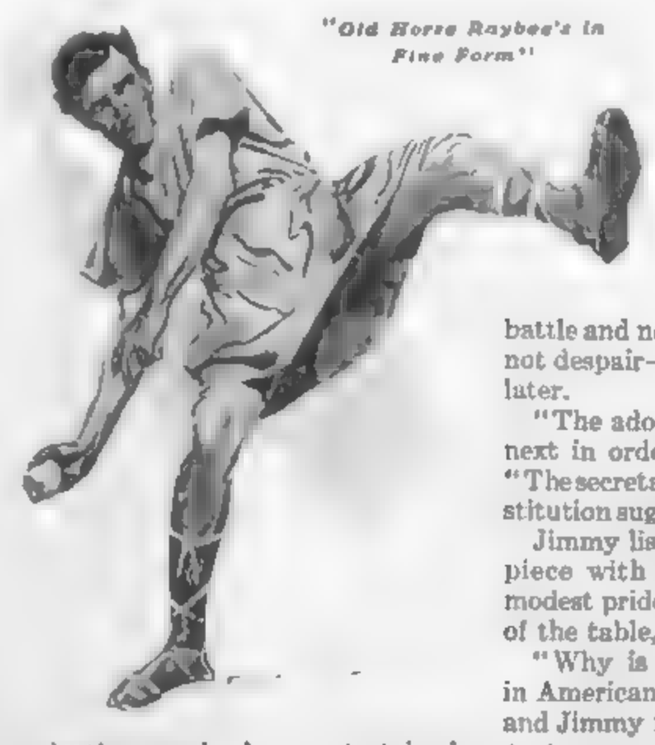
The gentlemen and nobles of Isola looked at each other in slow perplexity. This was their first try at parliamentary proceedings, and if they had any particular objections to make they did not know how to make them. Jimmy, scanning carefully the long row of intent faces down the opposite side of the table, saw a dawning willingness on some of them however; and he gathered the idea, which pleased him greatly, that before many meetings there would be a fine crop of objectors. He had feared that these affairs would be too tame.

The king tapped his gavel and laid a cake of soap on the table. The eyes of the stockholders brightened. They all knew soap.

He Jabbed a Pin Into His Finger and Drew the Blood

"I now declare the organization meeting of the Park Soap Company to be open, and the secretary will please call the roll."

The secretary, grave with the importance of his entry into commercial life, in his deepest bass voice, which cracked only at rare intervals, called the roll—naming also the number of shares set opposite each man's name and instructing the first two or three how to answer "Aye!"



"Old Horse Raybee's in Fine Form"

Before the list was through, the succession of ayes were coming with a bored and nonchalant crispness which was as the warmth of wine to Jimmy's blood. It was so like the good old times that it made him homesick, except that there was to be no battle and no wire-pulling; but he did not despair—these things would come later.

"The adoption of a constitution is next in order," announced the king. "The secretary will please read the constitution suggested by the organizers."

Jimmy listened to his own masterpiece with subdued pleasure and modest pride. Onalyon, at the far end of the table, immediately rose.

"Why is the constitution written in American?" he demanded to know; and Jimmy felt that any fears he may have entertained as to tameness were groundless so long as Onalyon was in the companies. The prince, in spite of his lace ruffles, was a valuable man anywhere one put him.

Jimmy caught the king's eye and nodded his head vigorously. The king tapped his gavel sternly.

"The gentleman is out of order," he announced. "He has not addressed the chair and the chair has not yet recognized him." Dropping his tone of authority, he kindly explained to the still standing Onalyon the method of addressing the chair. Then he had the constitution translated.

Onalyon disposed of his Adam's apple.

"Mr. President," he called, quite humbly enough to the eye.

"I recognize Prince Onalyon," announced the king politely, though Jimmy discerned in the eyes of the nobles that they had the man from America blacklisted from that moment for cramming parliamentary law and order down their throats.

Onalyon stood struggling with a fool defiance which wanted to well up within him. The king kindly helped him out.

"I believe the gentleman asked a question," he suggested.

"Yes," replied Onalyon in tones as smooth as butter. "Why is the constitution of an Isolian manufacturing company written in American?"

"Because American is the natural language of business," the king stated with full conviction. "We expect to do good, clean, snappy work; and America is the only nation in the world which has brought that art to a high stage of development. The chair will now entertain a motion for the adoption of the constitution as it stands."

Teddy, feeling that he should never be a frivolous boy again, made that motion by previous instruction, and Jimmy Smith seconded it; and the king, passing quickly over the invitation for discussion, ordered a roll-call vote.

Not knowing what else to do, the stockholders then present unanimously voted aye—even to the reluctant Onalyon, who was not yet sure enough of his ground to make a determined stand.

"The next item in the order of business is the election of officers," announced the king with a glance and a nod at his nearest neighbor and most loyal supporter—smiling and purple-visaged old Polecon, the grandfather of Toopy.

"I nominate the king," declared old Polecon, nodding and laughing round the board as if he had performed a spontaneously clever act.

Young Birrquay, who wanted to marry Bezzanna and was keeping out of her way until she should see through the shallow throng which surrounded her, was awaiting his turn eagerly and now caught the eye of the chair and was recognized. Giving a last upward thrust of his beard to conceal his nose as much as possible, he seconded the nomination.

Young Calamaz, smirking with the consciousness of being designed by Nature for an orator, played his part in the carefully planned drama by promptly moving that the nominations be closed.

Stern Grisophal, who wore his beard in three points, seconded that motion; and, though the assembled stockholders were still holding their hands to their foreheads in a vain attempt to understand at least something, they elected the king president and treasurer, and Jimmy managing director, and Teddy secretary—all at the

extremely modest salaries set forth in the by-laws. After this, they as obediently elected first, second and third vice-presidents, and six additional directors from among their number, all according to the slate.

The king, with a smiling nod at Jimmy, announced the meeting adjourned, tapped his gavel, removed the soap and put a box of matches in its place.

The eyes of the stockholders brightened. They understood matches.

The king tapped his gavel and announced the organization meeting of the Isola Match Company now open, whereupon the carefully guided company adopted the constitution and elected officers, all of them different from those of the soap company, with the exception of Jimmy and Teddy and the king, the latter three again with extremely modest salaries.

The king exhibited and explained a safety razor, and put the West Mountain Steel Works through the paces of organization, performing the same pleasant duty for the Glass Monopoly, the Smith & Scout Sewing-Machine Company, the Hello Telephone System, and the Daily Isolian.

By the time he came to the Advance Planter and Harvester Concern, however, Prince Onalyon had been able to overtake the abnormally swift proceedings and organize a caucus at his end of the table. He succeeded in having his name presented in nomination for president and treasurer of the Advance Planter and Harvester Concern before the nominations could be closed, and that clever stroke was appreciated and approved by the stockholders, as Jimmy could tell by their smiles of satisfaction. The king was a good fellow and a good king, and officially responsible for the awakening of all this commercial energy and for their having five times as much money in their pockets as before; but, after all, there was no use in letting him harvest the whole crop or pile up all those extremely modest salaries into such an immodest one. It was about time to relieve the monotony. Prince Onalyon was a good fellow himself, and had done as much to rejuvenate the kingdom socially as the king and his foreign adviser had commercially. Anyhow, they wanted to show their power as voters.

When the poll was taken eighty-two of the stockholders present voted for Onalyon!

Neither Jimmy nor the king liked that very well. They had expected a majority of the voters to call a gentle halt on the king, but they did not like to see such a sweeping number siding with Onalyon. In view of future possibilities, it was too significant to be overlooked, for it was an overwhelming defeat.

"The secretary will please announce the result of the vote," the president requested as calmly as if he were assured those figures were to be in his favor.

"For Onalyon," read Teddy, furious because his voice in this tremendous crisis insisted upon returning to its boyish treble, "four hundred and ten; for the king, five hundred and ninety."

That meeting could have been swept into a heap with a feather and scooped up on a dustpan, it was so demoralized; and it took the king, who had spent a solid month to understand it thoroughly himself, three-quarters of an hour to make them understand that they were voting not as individuals, but according to the number of shares they held. There was one period of the agitation when they seriously contemplated mobbing Jimmy as the author of their humiliation. Moreover, they called it an American trick, as any other nation does when America shows them how to conduct business expeditiously and successfully.

The king had been coached more on this part of the program than on any other; and Jimmy, by the king's gestures and the expression of his face and the set of his shoulders and the tilt of his brown beard, certainly did admire the way Thanks Old Scout lit into them. The king explained the method, its justice, and its Americanism, showing exactly why the largest influence in any business should be wielded by the man who owned the most shares.

"But you didn't pay a measure for yours," protested Onalyon, carefully omitting formally to address the chair—"and we did for ours. You and Tedoyah and Mr. Smith are voting five hundred and ten shares out of the thousand, and the rest of us, who have furnished your entire capital, have no more voice in anything than if we had been born deaf and dumb! Where do we come in anyhow?"

It was fine to see the king's eyes flash.

"You come in as guests!" he roared, shaking his forefinger at Onalyon and including the entire assemblage in its warning. "You voted according to the constitution you have just signed—and that's going to stick! If any of you don't like it you can get right out and organize a company of your own. Invent something worth while and manufacture it—and see how far you get without handing fifty-one per cent of the stock to somebody with brains and energy enough to show you what to do and force you to do it. There will be a brief intermission in which the stockholders will kindly pay the amount of their subscriptions to the treasurer!"

Onalyon, taking his medicine like a little man, was the first up to pass over his currency. This was too virile a game to abandon.

XIV

"HELLO!" implored the Princess Bezzanna. "Hello, hello, hello, hello! Please, exchange, can't you shake up that wire a little?"

"I'm sorry," returned a cheerfully patient voice; "but there's so much noise at three-one Palace that I don't think they can hear anything. Oh, here they are."

"Hello!" boomed a deep voice with a peculiarly effective thrill in it. "Is this you, Betsy?"

"What's the score, Jimmy?" she eagerly demanded.

"The game isn't started yet," he replied. "We're holding it until the royal box is occupied. Where are you?"

"At my tailor's," hurried Betsy; "but my car broke down and the prince has spent the last half-hour trying to repair it. He's not very expert at such things, because he doesn't like to get grease on his fingers."

"And it's the only auto in the kingdom!" groaned Jimmy; then he had a happy afterthought. "The workcar's standing over in front of the First National, or ought to be," he said. "They're putting in another 'phone. If you'll ride in it go right over there, have them dump all those tools and materials, and hurry on out here. I think we can hold the game that long if they don't tear down the grandstand."

"The Fashions!" Cried the King. "Jimmy Promised He Would Start You on Them as Soon as You Came Back"

"Please don't do that, Jimmy," she begged. "I couldn't look all those people in the face if I delayed them any longer. Who's reporting the game for the Isolian?"

"Dymp Haples himself," responded Jimmy. "He's too much of a fan to let a scrub cover these games."

"Then it's all right," chattered Betsy, relieved. "Have the game go right on, and when I get out there I'll drop in and look over Dymp's score-sheet before I go up to the box; then I'll know as much about it as if I had been there. Who's pitching for the West Mountain team?"

"Old Horse Raybee."

"Oh, glory!" she exclaimed. "That makes me hang up, Jimmy. Goodby. I'm in an awful hurry!"

She rushed out, rescued the prince from his disagreeable task and sent him into the Business Men's Club to wash his hands, while she ran over to the bank to commandeer the workcar and have it emptied and redecorated with a clean red blanket from the prince's big, new department store. When she was ready she ran the car over to the Business Men's Club and waited impatiently—ten, fifteen, twenty minutes! She shut her watch with a click as the prince came out and prepared to crush him; but he was so busy talking with wizened old Huppylac that he apologized only barely as he came into the car, without even noticing the gaudy red blanket.

"Tomorrow at the club, then—say, at three," called the prince to Huppylac, who nodded as gallantly to Bezzanna as if he had been young again.

Bezzanna drove straight on up Palace Road, without a remark or a turn of her head or a bat of an eyelash.

"This is a good car in spite of its looks," the prince presently observed. "I only hope the one the Auto Company is building for me will run as smoothly."

The Princess Bezzanna drove straight on.

"Watch out there!" he called to her. "That pile of waterpipes is shaky and is likely to tumble against the wheels. This waterworks system has kept the streets of Isola torn up ever since it was started. I do not believe in absolutely turning the streets over to the corporations."

The Princess Bezzanna drove straight on.

"That's a stunning costume you're wearing," the prince complimented her, withdrawing more from his own train of thought and devoting himself to a nearer consideration of Bezzanna. "It does not harmonize so well with the Isolian costumes, which most of the nobles are still wearing, as the beautiful little simple robes in which I first learned to love you, Bezzanna; but still there is a smartness to these smoothly fitting tailored gowns which quite explains their popularity."

The Princess Bezzanna steered into the gutter to escape running over a fluffy little yellow chicken.

"What's the matter, Bezzanna?" puzzled the prince, aware at last that there was an icy barrier between himself and the driver of the car.

"I'm in a hurry," she serenely informed him, without a turn of her neck or her eyes.

"Oh, I say—you're not angry because I stopped to speak with Huppylac, are you?" he protested. "Why, Bezzanna, that was one of the most important business talks I ever had."

Bezzanna drove straight on.

"I just closed a curb trade with Huppylac, whereby I give him my soap stock for his match stock; and that ten shares makes up the exact amount I needed to become president. I've been working toward this end for six months. I now hold five hundred and five shares—and I intend to run the next meeting."

The Princess Bezzanna looked at her watch. By this time they were probably in the third inning.

"Bezzanna, I want you to see that I can play this game of business as well as any one," he urged. "The minute I found that the king and Jimmy were letting go some of their match stock and no longer held fifty-one per cent, I began a quiet campaign for it. I heard they were weakening their control to get hold of gold stock and I had a lot of it thrown in their way. I had everybody offering them gold certificates—and now the match company is mine!"

For the first time in that drive the princess turned full toward him.

"Jimmy has a patent pocket lighter ready to put on the market," she observed, and gave him plenty of time to let that information sink clear down home.

The prince was so silent about it that presently she stole a glance toward him. He was staring straight down at the road which was flying so quickly toward them.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"That would hit me pretty hard," he confessed, having a very proper fear of the success of Jimmy's inventions.

A wave of disappointment swept over Bezzanna. She couldn't imagine Jimmy, for instance, taking a business joke so seriously, even if they should happen to strip him of everything in the world and throw him back in the ocean, with only his striped bathing trunks on.

"I can tell you a little more news about it," she relented. "He has already sold it to the match company on royalty."

"Frankly I was scared!" the prince acknowledged with a little laugh.

"You don't have to prove it," she assured him. "I just wanted to let you know, however, that Jimmy and the king were not particular about retaining their stock in the match company. The gold company has a royal grant on all the gold mines in Isola on payment of a commission to the government; and the king and Jimmy were after that royal grant. I wouldn't blab any secrets like this if I wasn't sure they had every last certificate of the stock.

(Continued on Page 36)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 11, 1912

Authorities That Take Chances

THE only purpose of lifeboats is to provide means of escape when the ship sinks. The Titanic carried enough lifeboats to hold one third of her full complement of crew and passengers. The question, What would happen to the other two thirds if the ship sank? was never raised until it was too late.

A word from the Governments of Great Britain and the United States would have compelled every liner to carry enough lifeboats for all on board. That word was not spoken. The Governments took the chance of an unnecessary loss of over sixteen hundred lives.

Chicago had a fire ordinance relating to theaters. To enforce it rigidly would have put the manager of the Iroquois Theater to quite a little trouble and expense. It was not rigidly enforced—and hundreds died when the theater burned. From a score of sickening examples, New York knew the danger of firetraps like the Triangle shirtwaist factory; but it didn't care to interfere with the profits of the landlord—until after the catastrophe!

Many stores in the United States are fire-traps, with inadequate exits, narrow aisles, and counters piled with inflammable stuff that would go up like tinder if a fire started. The Government knows this, but, generally speaking, will do nothing about it—to the injury of profits—until a holocaust somewhere forces its hand.

The public never knows. It reads of the steamer's tennis court and swimming pool; of the theater's handsome decorations; of the store's bargains. The public goes, as a matter of course, with a vague assurance that there are laws and inspectors to make things safe.

Congress proposes to find out where the blame for the Titanic tragedy rests. It rests, first of all, upon the Governments of the United States and Great Britain.

Why Use Real Money?

MAY is at hand, when supplies of wheat are usually low and the opportunity to eviscerate thoughtless persons who have sold more of that cereal on the Board of Trade than they can deliver is usually tempting. To corner the market in the past, two things have been necessary: First, to own the relatively small amount of actual wheat of contract grade in store in regular warehouses at Chicago about the beginning of the month; next, to buy up all the contract wheat that reached those warehouses from the country during the month.

This involved quite an outlay of money. It has usually been impossible for a man to control the price of May wheat in the chief market of the United States without investing several million dollars of actual money in that commodity; but a lawsuit now pending at Chicago promises—if we may trust the surmises of the press—to obviate this hard necessity, so that hereafter a gentleman may corner the wheat market on a book of postage stamps or with the contents of a child's savings bank. The regular warehouses at Chicago are owned by a very small and select body known as the "elevator interests." One function of the elevator interests is to buy real grain in the country and bring it—by a slightly roundabout way, in deference to a Supreme Court decision—to their warehouses, whence it may be delivered to anybody who is running a corner. A wheat operator of great ability and experience, who is said to own all the actual wheat now in Chicago, has appealed to the courts for an injunction, the effect of which—say the newspapers—will be to bottle up the elevator interests and prevent them from bringing in actual wheat to be delivered to him while he is constructing his corner.

We heartily sympathize with the alleged purpose of the suit. It has always seemed an absurd anomaly that the rules of the board required the use of real money in some of its operations which were otherwise entirely fictitious.

Let Buyers Know Makers

THERE are good reasons for anonymous authorship in some cases; but we cannot think of a good reason for anonymous manufacturing in any case. A bill before Congress provides that every article placed upon the market for interstate or foreign commerce shall bear the name and address of the manufacturer, under penalty of a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars or six months' imprisonment, or both; and that any one erasing or changing the manufacturer's name on an article sold in interstate commerce shall be liable to the same penalty. It ought to pass.

The buyer should always know the maker. Next time he needs an article of the same sort he will know whether or not he wants it from that maker. An immense number of articles are now sold on the strength of the maker's reputation, and this reputation is at stake with every article sold. As to such articles, buyers have the strongest guaranty that they are getting sound goods. No man who has achieved a good reputation wants to lose it. Obviously whatever encourages the maker to build up a reputation protects the buyer; and if the goods are of a sort which makes a bad reputation that, too, protects the buyer. The maker's name ought to be on every article and every buyer ought to look at it.

The bill may be highly objectionable to Messrs. Just-as-Good & Company, who trade on other people's names and ideas—which is, in itself, an excellent reason for passing it. Certainly a manufacturer who begins by stealing, as far as the law permits, from another manufacturer, is very likely to extend the same process, as far as the law permits, to consumers.

Home Rule

ONCE upon a time there was an Irish Parliament. It sat for a few weeks in the year of grace 1689, and passed a bill of attainder, which Macaulay and other eminent Englishmen have regarded as rather strong presumptive evidence that the Irish are incapable of orderly and just self-government. Lecky has pointed out, however, that at the exact time the Irish Parliament was committing this outrage a bill of attainder—very similar to the Irish act—passed the English House of Commons, passed the House of Lords with slight amendments, and no doubt would have become law but that Parliament was prorogued before the House could consider the lords' amendments. Nobody has considered this a proof that the English are incapable of just and orderly self-government. Since then other Parliaments, of course, have sat at Dublin—representing a minority of the nation that had no great use for the majority; but when the present Liberal bill passes, actual home rule by a majority of the people will really be a novelty in Irish history, and if the darkest fears of its opponents are realized it will not turn out worse than the foreign rule from Elizabeth's time to Victoria's. The most powerful motives for home rule have passed. Parnell used to say: "Give me home rule and I will give you the land." Under the purchase act the people are beginning to get the land, from which they have been practically excluded since the middle of the seventeenth century. Ireland is beginning to prosper.

Pie-Making vs. Grammar

FIVE thousand school-children in Oregon already grow all the popcorn and melons they can consume and something of a surplus to sell, which brings them pocket money. Through efforts of the state bankers' association, the state fair board, the agricultural college and the public schools, seventy-five thousand pupils are going into an agricultural and industrial competition this year. They will raise melons, vegetables, grain, pigs and poultry; do carpentry, sewing and cooking. A great many prizes have been provided and there will be a grand exhibition of the products.

More and more—and very properly—we debar school-children from stunting, uneducative work that merely saps them. More and more we must give them real educative work to do. This would be worth while if only for the sake of relieving school from its dreadful numbing monotony; but it is worth while on higher grounds. There is infinitely more true education in raising a melon or making a pie than in learning by rote that "a verb that makes an assertion by coupling an attribute complement to the subject is called a copula." The melon and the pie justify themselves and satisfy the mind. The reason for every step taken is apparent in the product. Life certainly has far more to do with melons and pies than with copulas.

Who Shall Hold the Hat?

THE theory of high protection is that everybody shall drop a dollar into a hat, which shall be vigorously shaken; then everybody will get his dollar back. Advocates of the theory, however, are very particular as to who holds the hat. Applied to ship subsidy the argument is: Let us tap the treasury copiously; we will build many ships; commerce will expand, freight rates will fall and the country will get its money all back with a profit.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has a much simpler expedient. It resolves that navigation laws should be so amended as to permit citizens of the United States to "purchase tonnage in the cheapest market and sail it under the flag of the United States on a competitive basis of cost with the tonnage of other nations."

In adopting the resolution it was pointed out that England's ship subsidies apply to only nine per cent of her great tonnage, and that the largest shipping concern in the world has always refused to accept subsidies from its government. Experienced shipowners have declared that if we could get the vessels as cheaply as English and German shipowners do we could compete with them in the carrying trade; but the simple plan of getting our vessels as cheaply, by buying them in a free market, doesn't suit the protectionist-subsidy advocates at all. They want to get the vessels at a high price and be compensated out of the public treasury. In other words, they want to hold the hat.

Strong-Arm Conventions

WE HAVE had many edifying exemplifications of the convention system this spring—notably in the North at Bay City, Michigan, where the Taft Republicans and the Roosevelt Republicans met in the same hall at the same time and strove to outyell each other, while the respective chairmen recorded the votes of the delegates according to their best judgment of how the delegates would have voted if they'd had a chance. Also in Chicago, where the Hearst-Harrison Democrats and the Sullivan Democrats were prevented from murdering each other by a powerful detachment of policemen and deputy sheriffs—who, being commanded by the Hearst-Harrison faction, judicially kicked out the Sullivan delegates. In either instance the sentiment of the voters of the party cut no appreciable figure in the proceedings.

The facility with which a political convention turns outlaw is rather startling. It is a tolerably general rule that contests over the seating of rival delegations are decided by highway robbery. Of all ordinary gatherings in the United States, the political convention—which is supposed to be the basic institution in government by party—is the one where least reliance can be placed upon law, justice, common honesty or common decency.

Any self-respecting crew of pirates would blush at proceedings that are quite common in our conventions. Why public sentiment should condemn a fair, well-conducted prize fight and tolerate such happenings as usually occur when rival factions are struggling for control of a convention is past understanding.

A Government Railroad in Alaska

THE Committee on Territories has brought into the Senate a bill for an Alaska railroad commission of five members, to be appointed by the President, which shall survey, construct and equip such line or lines of railroad as will "open up Alaska and lead to the development of its mineral, agricultural and other resources." The commission may, with the consent of the President, purchase or lease any existing railroad. To cover the cost of construction or purchase, the Secretary of the Treasury is directed to issue three per cent bonds of the United States in "such sums as may be sufficient"; and an immediate appropriation of one million dollars is made, to be covered eventually by the bond issue. The system of railroad thus created is to be operated by the commission—at least until further action by Congress. The only restriction is that the system shall not exceed one thousand miles, exclusive of sidings and switchtrack. This is an intelligent and admirable bill. As the case stands, a Government railroad is desirable in the highest degree for the free development of Alaska, because a monopoly of transportation will mean a pretty effectual monopoly of mineral resources. That point is hardly disputed. The danger was that Congress would hedge the grant with ruinous restrictions—practically tell somebody to build a railroad and then tie him hand and foot, lest he have too great authority. The sensible proceeding, of course, is to appoint a capable commission and turn the job over to it. This is what the bill proposes to do.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Popular Philosopher

SOMETIMES a professional philosopher is a human being—not often, but sometimes. Continuous dallying with the conceptus cosmicus—which, emphatically, madam, is not a complexion beautifier—has a tendency to dehumanize the dallier and make him more intellectual than interesting. Of course professional philosophers are necessary. Without them, young men who are destined for the wholesale grocery business could not go to our great seats of learning and hear lectures on transcendentalism and the absolute identity of identity and non-identity, thereby fitting themselves for commercial pursuits. We must have universities; and to have universities we must have logicians, and positivists, and empiricists, and objectivists, and absolutists—and all the rest; else what would be the use of the higher education?

Not that there is any contention here that it has any use, mind you; but, passing that given point hurriedly, there can be no disputing the claim that, when we encounter a professional philosopher who is both philosophical and propitious, the meeting is worthy of some small celebration. Should I stand you up against the wall and hiss at you that the philosopher who is the subject of these few fleeting remarks is the author of Inductive Logic, Problems of Philosophy, Hegel's Logic, Deductive Logic, The Philosophy of the Enlightenment, A Defense of Prejudice, and the editor of twelve twenty-pound volumes on Epochs of Philosophy you would probably hiss back, "Bob Chambers for mine!" and offer to stand a lemon squash.

But pause! You do not understand. There is a person who can edit twelve volumes—big ones—wherein the epochs of philosophy are laid bare, and still carry about within him more red corpuscles than white ones. I refer to Dr. John Grier Hibben, the new president of Princeton. Here is a philosopher who maintains a pleasant view of life, who has not lost his perspective, who isn't so absorbed in speculating on the speculations of the involved Mr. Kant that he doesn't know how the baseball squad is coming on and what men are likely to make the eleven.

The poets of Princeton lost a tremendous asset with the passing of Doctor McCosh, whose name lent itself so beautifully to the rhythm of "b'gosh"; but they have made a brave struggle and have nowhere triumphed more notably than in the quatrain they sing to Hibben:

Here's to Hibben; we call him Jack—
The whitest man in all the fac'.
In Princeton spirit he does not lack—
Here's to Hibben; we call him Jack!

Now that is a poetical tribute that is enough to make any philosopher blush with pleasure. To be embalmed in verse as the whitest man in all the faculty proves that his long balancing of what Mr. Mill said against what Mr. Schopenhauer remarked as regards the ultimate conception of Mr. Comte's deduction in the premises shows that Hibben has retained his youth despite all efforts to dry its fountains by the unrestrained use of his intellect. When an undergraduate body calls a philosopher Jack it is something—much, in fact. Imagine anybody referring to John Stuart Mill as Jack, or calling Auguste Comte Gussie! It never could have been done.

What the Degree of G. S. Means

HIBBEN seems to have realized during his years at Princeton that students are of considerable value to a university—an asset, in fact; and he has mixed with them. He has spoken at their mass-meetings, gone to their games, been interested in their affairs, and acted as one of their chief counselors and friends. One man put it: "Hibben is the kind of a professor who, when he hears a boy is ill or has had an accident, goes round to see how the young chap is getting on." Years of this active sympathy and interest have made Hibben tremendously popular with Princeton men; and his election to the presidency was hailed with cheers.

They will hold the thirtieth reunion of his class at Princeton next June, when it is probable there will be the makings of a jollification in that historic village, for Hibben was strong enough with his fellow classmen—the boys of 1882—to be elected senior president. He was popular then and he is popular now, after twenty-one years of teaching at the university. He has been a frequent member of the university committees that come in close touch with the undergraduates; and, though he gained no favor by laxness in discipline, he has been amenable to reason from an undergraduate viewpoint and has stood for the student idea of the square deal from the faculty.

Hibben is a thorough Princeton man. He was born in Peoria, Illinois, in 1861. His father was a minister, the Reverend Samuel Hibben. Young Hibben joined the class of 1882 at the university and was a good enough student to get his full share of prizes. He was valedictorian and senior class president, as noted. He was fitted for the ministry and graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1886. He then studied for a year in Berlin. When he returned he was ordained to the ministry and became pastor of the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

He preached at Chambersburg until 1891, when he was made an instructor in logic and psychology at Princeton. Since that time he has been continuously at the university. After two years he was made an assistant professor, and in 1896 he was made professor and given the Stuart Chair of Logic, which is the professorship he held when he was elected president of the university. His scholarship is broad and versatile. He has lectured on psychology, logic, mathematics, Biblical literature and ethics to the students, and is a favorite public speaker on philosophical and scientific topics.

During his twenty-one years as a professor he has written voluminously on logic and philosophy, and collected a number of degrees. He is well supplied with degrees. If he wants to be priggish about it he can write his name thus: John Grier Hibben, A. B., A. M., Ph. D., D. D., LL. D.—and G. S., signifying Good Sport. He knows more of the students than any of the other members of the faculty, and has a keener understanding of their minds and motives. When fourteen hundred students paraded down to his house on the night he was elected president of the university, serenaded him and demanded a speech, he came out, jumped up on a stone wall and said: "Fellow Princetonians: This is the first and last time I can say I am above you. There is not going to be such a thing as My Administration. It's going to be Our Administration!" If you know anything of the tendencies of college boys you can imagine the cheering that greeted that announcement from their friend and new president!

Princeton men seem to think the selection of Hibben as president is a most happy solution of the internal difficulties that have been troubling that institution. University politics is fully as complicated as any other—mayhap more so—but Hibben's position in the controversy between President Woodrow Wilson and his supporters and the other division of the governors of the school was such that his election was almost universally conceded to be the best possible, and to give Princeton the kind of a president Princeton needs.

Hibben is, of course, a highly cultivated man, but he doesn't let it annoy him. He has much backbone, great tenacity of purpose and plenty of force. His greatest asset, aside from his intimate knowledge of the student body, is his persistency. He is not at all spectacular and is a man of great cordiality and kindliness; but he usually gets what he goes after. The nubbin of it is that, though he is not a professional genial, he is a genial professor—red-blooded, sympathetic, understanding the nature of young men, positively the only philosopher who writes on The Philosophy of the Enlightenment—and he is known as Jack!

"Here's to Hibben; We Call Him Jack"

Busted Again

THERE was a delay at a moving-picture show in Platteville. The people present grew restless. It was up to the manager to explain.

He came out and said: "Ladies and gents: The derned machine's busted again! I thank you."

Taking No Chances

TOM McNEAL, of Topeka, found this story roaming round Kansas: Two little boys in a Kansas village, whose parents go out a good deal in the evening, are left in care of a grandmother who looks after them. A few nights before Christmas the boys were getting ready to go to bed and were saying their prayers. Little Jimmie was petitioning the Heavenly Throne for a certain line of Christmas presents and he was doing it in a voice that could be heard for half a mile. The noise annoyed his older brother, who interrupted Jimmie to ask: "What you prayin' for Christmas presents so loud for? The Lord ain't deef."

"I know it," answered Jimmie—"but grandma is!"

Traveling With Peary

ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY was in the smoking compartment of a train leaving New Orleans for the North. A fussy young man, evidently a commercial traveler on his first trip, came in and sought to make conversation.

"Well," he said, "we're in for a long, tedious journey."

"Yes," assented Peary.

"I'm going clear through to Atlanta," observed the young man.

"Indeed," said Peary.

"Yes; clear through to Atlanta. Long, tiresome trip too."

"Yes," observed Peary.

"Maybe you're not going so far as I am," said the young man.

"Maybe not."

"How far are you going?"

"Oh," said Peary, "I'm only going to the North Pole!"

Imitating E Pluribus

WHEN J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, was making one of his campaigns for Congress his Democratic opponent derided him because he parts his name in the middle.

"I admit it," said Fassett in a speech soon afterward, "and I am not ashamed of it. So long as E Pluribus Unum can stand it to have his name parted in the middle, I think I can too."

Feeding the Press

CITY editors of the New York papers were much gratified recently when they received invitations for reporters sent out by a club there that was giving a banquet and was to import some speakers from Washington.

The man who sent out the invitations to the city editors had written in purple ink on the bottom of each invitation card:

"Reporters will be served with the same kind of food given the guests!"

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

A NUMBER of foolish laws in the United States injure business without benefiting anybody—except possibly a few lawyers. Chief among them is the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. This law was born in doubt and ambiguity, in which state it has remained ever since.

"Whether such legislation"—to suppress trusts—"can be grafted on our peculiar system by national authority, there is some doubt," said Senator Sherman on August 14, 1888.

People in that day, however, were as much disturbed over the trust question as they are now. Newspapers were referring in uncomplimentary terms to the Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Beef Trust, the Steel Rail Trust, the Nail Trust, the Barbed Wire Trust, the Lead Trust, the Nickel Trust, the Zinc Trust, the Cordage Trust, the Oilcloth Trust, the Linseed Oil Trust, and various others. So in spite of the doubt, Senator Sherman, on the date mentioned, introduced an anti-trust bill. This bill had the fatal defect of saying exactly what it meant.

"All arrangements, contracts, trusts or combinations made with a view or which tend to prevent full and free competition," said the bill, were unlawful.

The bill did not reach a vote in that Congress; but in the next Congress—on December 4, 1889—Senator Sherman introduced another in nearly the same terms, declaring unlawful "all arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts or combinations between persons or corporations made with a view or which tend to prevent full and free competition"—and so on.

This bill was referred to the Finance Committee, which reported it back; and it was extensively debated in the Senate on February twenty-seventh, March twenty-first, twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth. Eminent senators doubted that it was constitutional, and after a long debate on the twenty-fifth Senator George moved to refer it to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Sherman opposed the motion. One senator intimated a doubt as to whether that committee was friendly to anti-trust legislation; another suggested that the committee was the tomb of whatever the Senate wished to dodge. The motion was defeated by twenty-eight votes to fifteen.

How the Sherman Law Was Made and Remade

THERE was further debate on the bill on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh, and a number of amendments were adopted that provoked Senator Sherman's ire. They were such, he said, as would bring the bill into contempt. It was again moved to refer the bill, with its amendments, to the Judiciary Committee, and this time the motion carried by thirty-one votes to twenty-eight.

The Judiciary Committee at once threw the Sherman Bill and its amendments into the wastebasket and drew an entirely new bill, nearly all of which was written by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. This new bill became the so-called Sherman Law exactly as it stands today, though Senator Sherman, in fact, did not write a word of it and it did not represent his views.

Discarding his language the new bill said: "Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, is hereby declared illegal."

Now the grand difference between "restraint of full and free competition" and "restraint of trade" is that anybody can tell what the former means, though only lawyers or judges can tell what the latter means, and lawyers and judges have continually differed as to its exact and proper meaning.

In this shape the bill passed the Senate on April eighth by a vote of fifty-two to one—Blodgett, of New Jersey, furnishing the only negative. Senator Sherman accepted it, not because it was what he wanted but because it seemed to go as far as the Senate would permit. The bill went to the House, which debated it May first and amended it by adding a clause that read:

"Every contract or agreement for the purpose of preventing competition in the purchase or sale of any commodity transported from one state to another, or to prevent competition in transportation of persons or property from one state to another," is illegal.

Thus amended, the bill passed the House without opposition and went back to the Senate, where it was referred to the Judiciary Committee again.

On May twelfth Senator Hoar, for that committee, recommended that the Senate amend the House amendment by striking out that part referring to competition in purchase or sale of commodities and ask for a conference. The bill went to conference accordingly, and on June eleventh the conference committee recommended one amendment, as follows:

"Every contract or agreement for the purpose of preventing competition in transportation of persons or property from one state to another, so that the rates of such transportation be raised above what is just and reasonable, shall be unlawful."

The House vigorously objected to this substitute for its amendment. Members pointed out that it would legalize agreements among the railroads, provided rates were not thereby raised above what was just and reasonable. In short it would legalize "reasonable" restraints of competition, and the House wanted full and free competition, with no restraints at all. On June twelfth, therefore, the House rejected this conference recommendation by a vote of one hundred and fifteen to twelve.

There was then a new conference, on behalf of which Senator Edmunds reported to the Senate and Mr. Stewart, of Vermont, to the House, recommending that all amendments be withdrawn, leaving the bill exactly as it originally came from the Senate Judiciary Committee. Both Houses agreed without a vote in opposition.

Thus the Sherman Law, so-called, came into being. That Congress was much at sea on the subject is very evident from the debates which, as Senator Edmunds recently remarked, "like some battles of the Civil War, faced all ways in the darkness." What the author of the original bill and the House at least had in mind, however, is sufficiently clear. They wanted especially to strike at the trusts.

"Associated enterprise and capital," said Senator Sherman, "are not satisfied with partnerships and corporations competing with each other, and have devised a new form of combination, commonly called trusts, that seek to avoid competition by combining the controlling corporations engaged in the same business." That unquestionably was what he and the House meant to prevent. The country so understood it, and the act has always been called the "Anti-Trust Law." The Senate, however, had insisted upon striking out "competition" wherever the word appeared, except with a proviso as to the reasonableness of the restraint upon it. The bill became a law on July 2, 1890, when President Harrison signed it, and exactly such a combination as it was originally aimed at soon engaged the attention of the Government.

Why the Whisky Trust Was Vindicated

THIS was the Whisky Trust. A corporation called the Distilling and Cattle-Feeding Company had absorbed, by lease or purchase, seventy-eight leading distilleries in various states, which did about seventy-five per cent of the country's total business in that line, thus creating a tolerably effective monopoly. The Government, under the criminal section of the new law, procured the indictment of the chief movers in this combine. The indicted persons were rather widely dispersed and their cases came up in four different Federal courts.

Some of them came before Judge Jackson, of the United States Circuit Court in Ohio, and he liberated them. "Congress," he said, "certainly has not the power to limit the right of corporations created by the states in the acquisition, control and disposal of property." In other words, the Cattle-Feeding Company might buy or lease all the distilleries in the country and it would be none of the Government's business. He also pointed out that manufacturing spirits was entirely distinct from interstate commerce in spirits. Interstate commerce, he said, began when a commodity was delivered to a common carrier in one state for transportation to another state, and it ceased when the commodity reached its destination and was mingled with the common stock of goods. As the Federal Government has power only over interstate commerce it followed that if Uncle Sam wished to bag a trust he must catch it on the fly.

Other defendants came before Judge Ricks in Ohio and he also liberated them, holding it was perfectly lawful for them to buy distilleries and sell the products. Judge Lacombe in New York, before whom other defendants came, agreed with Judge Ricks, and a United States Court in Massachusetts, before which still other of the defendants came, quashed the indictments on narrower and more technical grounds. The net result was that the Government was beaten on all sides and the organizers of the Whisky Trust were vindicated. Elihu Root, by the

way, was chief counsel for all the defendants. The Whisky Trust, I may add, pursued its monopolistic and peculiarly malodorous career for many years, quite untroubled by the Sherman Law.

Next the Government discovered that certain lumber dealers had met at Minneapolis and agreed to raise the price of pine lumber fifty cents a thousand in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. They did, it appears, put the agreement into effect, raising the price fifty cents. The Government had them indicted and their case came before Judge Nelson, in the United States District Court, in October, 1892. The court held that "an agreement between a number of dealers and manufacturers to raise prices, unless they practically control the entire commodity, cannot operate as a restraint of trade. Competition is not stifled by such an agreement. Unless the agreement involves an absorption of the entire traffic in lumber, it is not objectionable to the statute." Accordingly the defendants were discharged.

Somewhat later the Government procured the indictment of parties to an agreement to control the price of cash registers. There were eighteen counts in the indictments. The court quashed fourteen of them upon which the Government largely relied, sustaining the other four. This so discouraged the attorney general that he dropped the case. So far, as a criminal statute, the Sherman Law was not faring very well. The Government then tried it on the railroads. Eighteen roads, covering the territory west of the Missouri, had formed the Trans-Missouri Freight Association. The association was empowered to make rules and regulations governing traffic in the territory, and by a majority vote to prescribe uniform rates for such traffic. Any member, however, who was dissatisfied with a rate prescribed by the association might withdraw from it by giving notice.

The Government sued for a dissolution of the association under the Sherman Law, and the case first came before Judge Riner, in the United States Circuit Court. He held that the Sherman Law did not apply to railroads and that the association had not created an unreasonable restraint of commerce, but only a reasonable one. The Government appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, composed of Judges Sanborn, Shiras and Thayer.

Judge Sanborn gave the decision of the court in October, 1893, and it is peculiarly interesting because, after nearly eighteen years, the United States Supreme Court virtually adopted it in the recent Oil and Tobacco decisions.

Corporations Exonerated

BEGINNING with an English decision of 1711, to the effect that a contract which clearly restricted competition was not necessarily an illegal restraint of trade, the judge cited a great number of similar decisions and concluded: "From a review of these and other authorities it clearly appears that when the Anti-Trust Act was passed the rule had become firmly established in the jurisprudence of England and the United States that the validity of contracts restricting competition is to be determined by the reasonableness of the restriction."

The freight association did, said the court, tend to check competition; on the other hand it prevented rate wars and violent fluctuations in rates, and, on the whole, "it does not impose such unreasonable restraints on competition as will warrant us in holding it within the prohibition of the act of July 2, 1890." As to whether or not the Sherman Law applied to railroads the court expressly declined to give an opinion.

Judge Thayer concurred in this opinion, but Judge Shiras dissented. The public, he held, was entitled to full, free and unrestricted competition among railroads, and any restriction was contrary to the statute.

About the time this decision was handed down the Government was trying the Sherman Law, as a civil statute, upon a trust. Prior to March 2, 1892, the American Sugar-Refining Company—commonly called the Sugar Trust—had absorbed refineries doing sixty-five per cent of the country's total business in sugar. It had four competitors at Philadelphia—the E. C. Knight Company, the Spreckels Sugar-Refining Company, the Franklin Sugar-Refining Company, and the Delaware Sugar House. These four concerns were competing with the trust and with one another. Together they did thirty-three per cent of the total business of the country. On March 2, 1892, the trust absorbed them, giving its own stock in exchange for their stock. This put it in possession of ninety-eight per cent of the total sugar business of the country, its sole competitor being a small concern at Boston.

It seemed, then, that if there was ever a combination in restraint of trade here was one, and the Government filed a bill praying that the absorption of the four Pennsylvania refineries be canceled. The case came up for hearing before Judge Butler, of the United States Circuit Court, and was decided in January, 1894. The facts above recited were proved to the satisfaction of the court, but he held that they related "exclusively to the acquisition of sugar refineries and the business of sugar refining in Pennsylvania. . . . Granting that a monopoly exists in the ownership of such refineries and business with which the laws and courts of the state may deal—it does not constitute a restraint of interstate commerce." In short it was purely a state affair, over which the Federal Government had no jurisdiction.

The Government appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, composed of Judges Acheson, Dallas and Green, who unanimously sustained the court below. "The utmost that can be said," runs the decision, "is that the defendants have acquired control of the business of refining and selling sugar in the United States. But does that involve restraint of interstate commerce? We are clearly of opinion it does not." The Government, it held, had no jurisdiction over the manufacture or production of commodities, but only over their movement in interstate commerce.

The Government then appealed to the Supreme Court, which gave a decision in January, 1895—by Chief Justice Fuller—sustaining the lower courts. "By purchase of the four Philadelphia refineries," says the decision, "the American Sugar-Refining Company acquired nearly complete control of the manufacture of refined sugar in the United States"; but the "contracts and acts of the defendants related exclusively to the acquisition of Philadelphia refineries and the business of refining sugar in Pennsylvania and bore no direct relation to interstate commerce."

Justice Harlan alone dissented. The court admits, he said, that the result of the transactions disclosed was to create a monopoly in the manufacture of a necessary of life, and "while it does not declare the act of 1890 unconstitutional it defeats the main object for which it was passed."

No wonder Mr. Olney, who was attorney general when this decision was handed down, took an extremely pessimistic view of the Sherman Law. It had signally failed as a criminal statute. It was doubtful under the decisions of the courts to that time whether it applied to railroads at all, and if it did apply to them it prohibited only "unreasonable" restraints of competition and not such a restraint as that imposed by the Trans-Missouri Freight Association in fixing uniform rates for eighteen roads that covered a great territory. Under the Sugar Trust decision, moreover, a combination might absorb ninety-eight per cent of the business in a staple article and still not come within the reach of the law.

Labor and the Law

SOME union workmen in New Orleans, belonging to the Workingmen's Amalgamated Council, went on strike in the fall of 1892. The trouble originally started with some teamsters, but became a "sympathetic" strike, involving many unions and a fight for union recognition. The Government applied to Judge Billings, of the United States District Court, for an injunction under the Sherman Law. He found that, in consequence of the strike, the "whole business of New Orleans was paralyzed and the transit of goods on their way through the city to other states and to foreign countries was completely interrupted."

Could there be any question, Judge Billings asked, that this was a combination in restraint of interstate and foreign commerce? He thought not, and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals fully agreed with him.

Two years later, during the so-called Pullman strike, in which E. V. Debs figured prominently, the Government procured injunctions against the strikers, under the Sherman Law, in various places. Debs and others were

OVERLAND—By Edith Wyatt

OVERLAND, overland, sings the rail,
Riding from sea to sea.
The stars sink down past the dwindled town
And pale through the flying tree.
The daystars sink; and the morning's brink
Brims through the cinders' flail.
Overland, overland, swings the sun;
Overland rings the rail.
Cut away, cut away, curve through the ridge
Sapphire before, next the sky.
The cool-buoyed river-chords call through the bridge
Where the river's arms wave goodby.
Through the shantied day on the right-of-way,
By the roundhouse roof, pebbly and tarred,
Ring your bell, swing your bell, pace and tell
Your tale through the switch-veined yard.
Midland, my midland, her grain-flickered down
Passes, and dairy-town dale—
Prairie-town swale, soaring free and brown—
Overland swings the rail.
Overland, overland, overland, fly!
Upward and upward, ride!
Cry from the rock the crystal sky,
High on the Great Divide!
Down, circling down, turn the racketing brake
By the rainbow-striped desert's gleam—
Whinnying pony, wash dry and stony,
Moqui's and Navajo's dream.

Past, as the yesterday's daybreak rack
The silver scarred cave-cliff's bar.
Heliotrope, heliotrope, folded back
Mesa-land dips afar.
Down to the sea spreads the clear plaided green
Of the reservoir's cloak unfurled—
Oh! Why should a myriad lives be mean
In such a magnificent world?

The nerves of my country's wide work and way
And the nerves of her life are steel.
They can pulse. They can move. In another's day,
At last they will know and feel.
From a shore unknown to an unknown shore—
Our journey is over and done.
Gold pours the light on the ocean's floor.
Hark to the sunset gun!
For our gods, and their human sacrifice,
Will flash like the Aztec's dream
Past by the path of the thing that flies
On with a nameless gleam.
Overland, overland, swings the rail,
Riding from sea to sea.
The stars sink down past the dwindled town
And pale through the flying tree.
The daystars sink, and tomorrow's brink
Brims through the cinders' flail.
Overland, overland, sings the sun!
Overland throbs the rail!

The Gruen "Wristlet" Watch

All Europe is wearing the new watch bracelet because of its practicability and convenience. It is the most popular watch in America today. The Gruen "Wristlet" Watch is simple, practical, mechanically perfect and is dependable as a time-piece. Its elegance and style appeal to women of fashion and good taste.

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—the watch that "fits your pocket like a silver dollar," the watch that makes all [illegible]. It is half as thick as [illegible] failed to maintain the highest standard of accuracy and durability.

Gruen movements are machined, hand finished and made at Madre Biel, Switzerland, receiving their final adjustments in Cincinnati, where duplicate parts are always on hand.

The output is too limited to meet all demands—only the leading jewelers in [illegible]. We confine [illegible] "—which tells how it is made and why you should select it for your son's or daughter's graduation gift.

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Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876

[illegible] Watches $15 to $1[illegible] [illegible] model [illegible] "Perfection" $[illegible]

The Gruen "Verithin" only *half* as thick as the ordinary watch [illegible]

sent to jail for three to six months for disobeying the injunctions.

It is well to keep the dates in mind, remembering that we have now come down to 1897—more than six years after the law was passed.

Meanwhile the Trans-Missouri Freight Association case had been appealed to the Supreme Court, and on March 22, 1897, that court gave a memorable decision. The majority opinion, written by Justice Peckham, held that the language of the statute, "every contract, combination," and so on, "in restraint of trade," and so on, "is hereby declared illegal," meant exactly what it said, and did not mean—as the trial court and the Circuit Court of Appeals had held—to declare illegal only those contracts and combinations that were in unreasonable restraint of trade. This opinion examines at length the railroads' contention that unrestricted competition would ruin them and that their only salvation lay in agreeing among themselves upon reasonable rates. If that were so, Justice Peckham argued, the roads must go to Congress for an amendment of the act and not ask the court to amend it by a process of judicial legislation that was wholly unjustifiable.

Four other justices, making a bare majority of the court, concurred in this opinion; but Justice White wrote a dissenting opinion in which Justices Field, Gray and Shiras concurred. The dissenting opinion contended that the Sherman Law prohibited only those restraints of trade that were unreasonable. If the act forbids reasonable restraints of trade, Justice White argued, then the act itself is unreasonable. He held it was not reasonable to suppose that Congress would pass an unreasonable law—which certainly sounds like a far-fetched conclusion.

A Divided Supreme Court

The next important decision was in the Addyston Pipe Company case. That company and five other concerns did nearly all the business in making and selling cast-iron pipe in some thirty states and territories. They had entered into an agreement to abstain from competing with one another and to maintain prices. When that case reached the Circuit Court of Appeals the Supreme Court had already decided the Trans-Missouri Freight case and the Circuit Court of Appeals held for the Government. The Supreme Court, on appeal, sustained the Circuit Court of Appeals. The direct effect of this agreement among the pipe-makers, it held, was to regulate not merely the manufacture of pipe but interstate commerce in that article; so the Sugar Trust decision did not govern.

The Supreme Court decision in the pipe case was given in December, 1899, and no other big cases under the Sherman Law were decided by that court until March, 1904.

Again it is necessary to keep the dates in mind. From March, 1897, to March, 1904, the law as interpreted by the courts stood substantially as follows: Every contract or combination that restrained interstate commerce in any degree was illegal. If, as in the pipe case, manufacturers agreed among themselves to maintain prices they were violating the law, even though the prices were not in themselves unreasonable. On the other hand, under the Sugar Trust decision, there was no reason to suppose the law prohibited a corporation from acquiring outright ownership of as many corporations engaged in a given line of manufacture as it pleased.

In 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901 a huge brood of brand-new trusts was hatched. In every case a corporation was formed—usually under a New Jersey charter—which acquired outright ownership of the leading concerns doing a manufacturing business in a given line. This era of unprecedented trust-spawning culminated in the formation of the billion-and-a-half-dollar Steel Trust.

It has been said over and over that the trust promoters of this halcyon period brazenly defied the Sherman Law. Every such statement is sheer poppycock. There is no reason to doubt that the trust promoters and the eminent lawyers who advised them believed they were strictly within the law.

This appears more clearly in the next big trust case. Messrs. Hill, Morgan and others, in 1901, organized a New Jersey corporation called the Northern Securities Company, which purchased nearly all the stock of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads—these roads being "parallel and competing." The Government sued, under the Sherman Law, for a dissolution of the Northern Securities Company. The lower court decided in favor of the Government in April, 1903, and the case went to the Supreme Court, which gave a decision on March 14, 1904.

Justice Harlan wrote the majority opinion. The necessary and unavoidable effect of consolidating ownership of the two roads in the hands of the Northern Securities Company, he held, was to suppress all competition between them. The suppression of competition between parallel roads was certainly a restraint of interstate commerce and the device of a New Jersey holding company could not be used to defeat an act of Congress.

Justice Brewer gave his voice for the majority, but felt called upon to write a separate opinion, disagreeing in important particulars with that of Justice Harlan. He contended especially for a distinction between "reasonable" and "unreasonable" restraints of competition.

Chief Justice Fuller, Justice White, Justice Peckham and Justice Holmes, however, dissented entirely—and with rather more warmth than one usually finds in Supreme Court opinions. Justice White wrote one dissenting opinion and Justice Holmes another, but the two opinions supplement each other. There was no division among the minority. The main ground of dissent is stated by Justice White. Congress, he said, has power to regulate interstate commerce, but ownership of railroad stocks is not interstate commerce at all; therefore Congress had no power to prevent the Northern Securities Company from buying and holding whatever railroad stocks it pleased. If Congress had no power to prohibit a New Jersey corporation from buying and holding railroad stocks it would certainly seem it had no power to prohibit a New Jersey corporation from buying and holding stocks in steel mills, blast furnaces, and so on. Referring, no doubt, to the fact that Justice Brewer, though voting for the majority opinion, by no means fully agreed with it, Justice Holmes remarked: "I am happy to know that only a minority of my brethren adopt an interpretation of the law which, in my opinion, would disintegrate society, so far as it could, into individual atoms."

The Danbury Hatters

Any one who reads these opinions must see how absurd is the charge that the trust promoters of 1900 and 1901 knew the New Jersey holding company to be an illegal device. Three years later the Supreme Court itself knew it only by the narrowest possible margin.

The majority opinion of the court, however narrow the margin, makes the law. What the law was made into by this time is sufficiently indicated by the decision of Circuit Court Judges Lacombe, Coxe and Noyes in the Tobacco Trust case, given in November, 1908.

Reviewing the Supreme Court decisions to that time they declared that the language of the statute, "every contract, combination," and so on, "in restraint of trade," and so on, must be "construed as prohibiting any contract or combination whose direct effect is to prevent the free play of competition. . . . As thus construed the statute is revolutionary. . . . Two individuals who have been driving rival express wagons between villages in contiguous states, and who join forces to operate a single line, restrain an existing competition, and it would seem to make little difference whether they made such combination more effective by forming a partnership or not."

Certainly that was revolutionary enough! No doubt every coöperative association of farmers, fruitgrowers, and so on, would be indictable. Justice Holmes, in the Northern Securities opinion, had pointed out that increase of population has some effect upon interstate commerce and, as court decisions were then running, the Federal Government might soon take a hand in regulating marriage and divorce; in fact almost any ordinary activity might be brought within the Sherman Law.

Incidentally another labor case had turned up and assisted powerfully in "clarifying" interpretations of this law. A modest concern in Danbury, Connecticut, was engaged in manufacturing hats for interstate trade. They had an "open" shop and the labor unions boycotted them.

The cleanly warmth

There is that feeling of refinement which comes with proven knowledge of cleanliness in a home heated with one of our modern outfits. There is no way for ashes, soot or coal-gases to rise to the rooms above, and affect or destroy the purity or vitality of the atmosphere.

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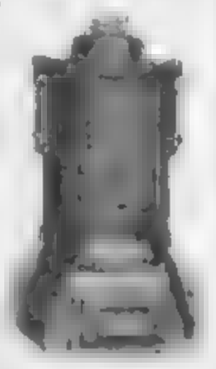
The doors of an IDEAL Boiler are accurately machined to fit snugly, and as all joints of AMERICAN Radiators, as well as of the piping, are threaded as perfectly as the finest stop watch, they distribute their soft warmth without scattering grime and gases into the living-rooms, as do old-fashioned heating methods.

Thirty-five years of experience in building special machinery for fitting and erecting IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators make them absolutely reliable in performance and lasting qualities. They will guard and warm your house or business building as faithfully as these outfits now do the priceless treasures of the Vatican, British Museum, Doge's Palace, Louvre, Musée de Cluny, White House, Independence Hall, etc. The quality is always the same, no matter how humble or how notable the building in which are placed IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Yet the cleverness of our mechanical experts, as well as the great volume of our world-wide business, enables us to put their price within reach of all.



If you want to be a fine housekeeper IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are the only kinds that will enable you to [illegible] to the labor of its care, that is to not soil and wear the furnishings and decorations that will keep a new house new and prolong the life and value of an old house and that soon [illegible] the first cost in fuel savings. As a lover of and a laborer for health-protecting cleanliness, send today for our valuable book (free)—puts you under no obligation to buy.

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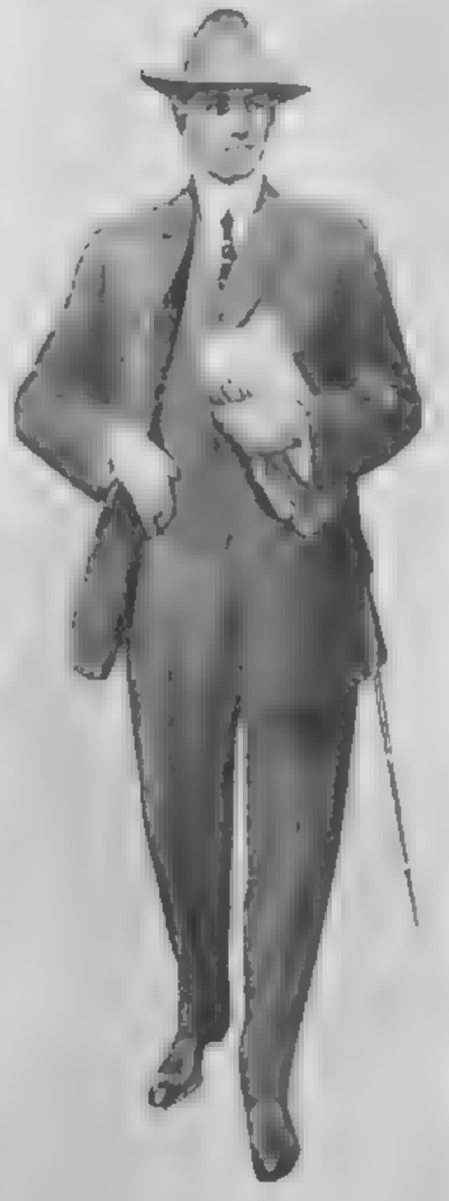

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we put the best all-wool materials and tailor them the best way the best tailors know how.

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The Supreme Court unanimously held that the labor unions were operating a combination in restraint of trade under the Sherman Law. In the Tobacco Trust case the defendants had relied largely upon the old Sugar Trust decision; but Judge Coxe pointed out that the Sugar Trust decision was virtually overruled by the Danbury hatters decision. "So far as the business affected is concerned, the only difference is," he said, "that in one case the acts complained of related to the manufacture and sale of sugar and in the other to the manufacture and sale of hats." As the Supreme Court had held there was restraint of interstate commerce in the latter case, the former decision no longer governed.

It is hardly to be presumed that United States Circuit Court Judges Lacombe, Coxe and Noyes were not able to understand the Supreme Court decisions which had been given to that time. Understanding Supreme Court decisions was their specialty. They found that the Sherman Law prohibited every contract, agreement or combination of any sort that prevented the free play of competition in interstate business—a prohibition, it is needless to say, which, if actually applied, would bring a great part of the business of the country to a standstill.

Then came the decision of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case, written by Chief Justice White and holding that the law applied only to unreasonable restraints of trade—going back, that is, to the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the Trans-Missouri Freight case and to the minority opinion of the Supreme Court in the same case, which was also written by Justice White fourteen years before.

The Parable of the Banana Skin

The Trans-Missouri decision had been law of the land since March, 1897. It declared, in effect, that railroads must not fix rates by agreement, but must let the rates be determined by the free play of competition. I suppose everybody knows that, as a matter of fact, the railroads have continued to fix rates by agreement from that day to this, and there has never been any more competition in rates since the decision than there was before.

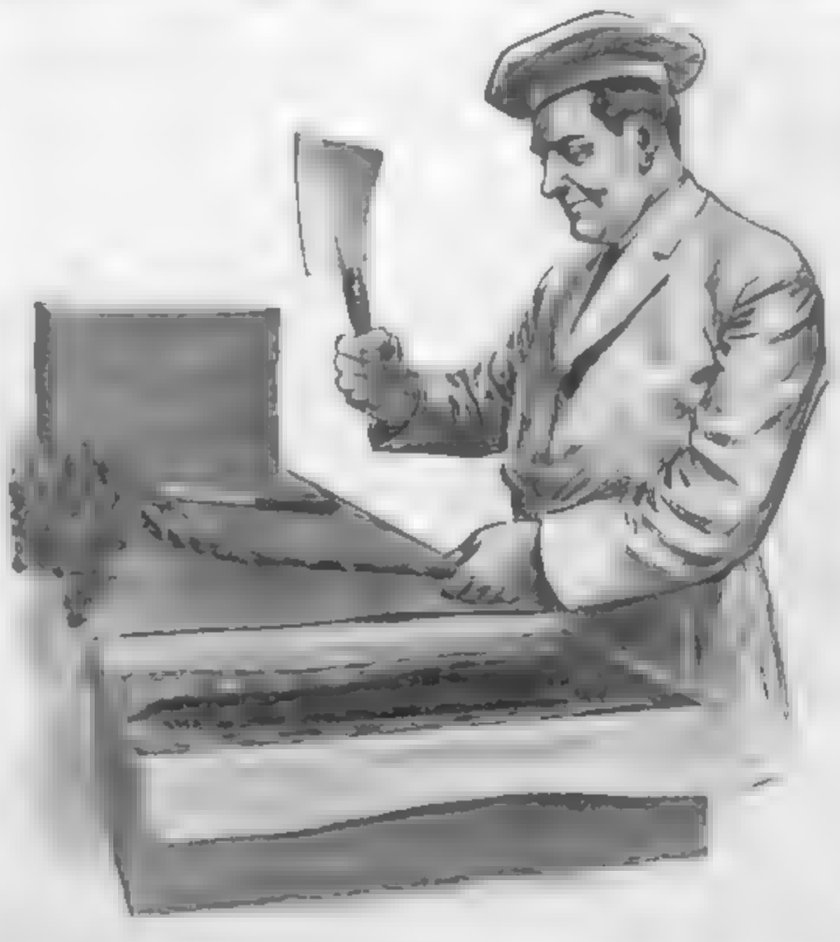
If a case like the Trans-Missouri were now presented to the court it is difficult to see how, under the Oil decision, the court could fail to find for the roads, because it was not seriously contended that that agreement was unreasonable in itself. The railroads, in short, have stuck to their guns in spite of the Trans-Missouri decision. The railroads had to stick to their guns and the law has now come round to them.

It has been said that the last decisions—in the Oil and Tobacco cases—make the law clear, so that business men may know whether or not they are violating it. A sufficient answer is that our biggest combine, the Steel Trust, is now on trial, and no man can pretend to say whether or not the Supreme Court will hold it illegal.

Be sure the trusts, also, will stick to their guns in one way or another, because they have to, and the law finally will come round to them. In the Northern Securities case Justice White pointed out that Hill, Morgan and their associates and followers absolutely dominated the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads before the Securities Company was formed; so if the Northern Securities Company were dissolved and the stocks returned to the original owners Hill and Morgan and their associates would still dominate the two roads, just as though the Securities Company remained in existence.

From the beginning the Sherman Law has been merely vexatious and injurious.

Good certainly has come from the act creating the Interstate Commerce Commission to supervise and regulate railroads. Good might be expected from an act to supervise and regulate trusts in the same way. However, at Washington it is considered expedient to keep up a show of relentless warfare upon the trusts—even though every well-informed person knows that the weapons used are merely lath. Trusts, in the broad sense of combinations that restrict competition, do—and will undoubtedly continue to do—a very great part of the country's total business. Merely to heckle them can result in nothing but injury. It's a good deal like spreading banana skins on the back steps for the milkman to slip on, when you know all the time you must continue to get your milk from him!



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And you would be equally pleased with the result. The ox tails as we receive them, carefully dressed and packed, are as fresh and attractive as any meat used on your table.

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You never imagined a more savory and satisfying soup. Order it by the dozen. That is the practical way. Why not phone your order *now*?

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Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consomme	Tomato-Okra
	Vegetable
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Heater

This is possible because the "Spencer" has a unique water-jacketed magazine feed and an entirely different grate construction.

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Coal Bills Reduced ⅓ to ½— **The "Spencer" positively does this because it successfully burns an equal tonnage of No. 1 Buckwheat or other small sizes of hard coal, costing from $2 to $3 less per ton.**

Even Temperature— An even temperature can be maintained all day without attention, and all night as well if desired.

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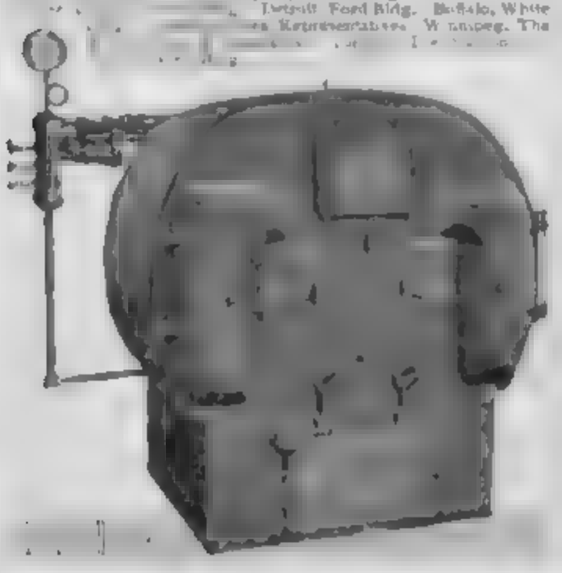

The Senator's Secretary

"Thank You, No!"

ABOUT the time Colonel Roosevelt carried Pennsylvania, and thereafter for a space, President Taft became a little introspective. "What is the matter with me?" he asked many visitors. "What have I done and what have I not done? Where does the trouble lie?"

On most of the occasions the President tried to answer his questions himself. He only partially succeeded, because it is rarely given to men to know fully wherein they fail, any more than it is given to them to know fully wherein they win. His conclusions are interesting. All in all, the President thinks he hasn't been partisan enough, although he is not sorry that he has not; he thinks he has not been active enough in some particulars, although he cannot point out any particular inactivity; he thinks his quality of speech and of mind forbids a popular appeal, and he is quite right about that; he admits he does not understand the viewpoint of the people who make up the bulk of the voting population, and looks at their wants and views their desires and emotions and motives judicially instead of politically; he knows he is not a politician, and he detests patronage and has failed in its application so far as his own fortunes are concerned.

The President thinks he might not be in his present difficulties if he were able to speak to the people in a manner that would rouse their enthusiasm, instead of talking to them as a judge. He admits his great difficulty in composing his state papers and his speeches. He envies the man—say, Roosevelt, or any other experienced publicist—who composes readily. With him composition is a long and arduous labor. He starts far enough ahead and makes a draft of what he wants to say. Then he revises and revises, and cuts out and puts in, and changes and shifts words, and balances sentences and tries to get exact and judicial and legal shades of meaning, and works and worries and changes again, and usually in the frenzy of despair at the last moment gets something ready with which he is not satisfied and which he realizes, as do his hearers and his readers, is entirely judicial in character and has no particular popular appeal.

He analyzes himself in other ways, but he need not go much farther. A judge is a very estimable and a very necessary person, but a man who has been a judge practically all his life is not a man likely to be a popular president of the United States. The president of the United States must be an administrator, an executive. That is his job. The laws are made for him by Congress, and it is his business to execute the laws and see to it that they are executed. A man who has been on the bench a long time often lacks the initiative quality of mind. He may have had it once, but his occupation as a judge does not employ that faculty. He rarely takes the initiative. The lawyers who appear before him do that. They prepare their cases, argue them and hand him up their briefs. It isn't the judge's province to start anything, to initiate anything, to direct anything, to administer anything or to do anything but decide on the law. He judges.

Mr. Taft made the great mistake, when he became president, of trying to continue on as a judge instead of dropping his judicial characteristics and taking an executive position. He played poor politics in most instances, because he persisted in looking at his political problems from a judicial instead of from a political angle. It is possible that until lately he did not think of the presidency as a political office. At any rate he has given little evidence that he has so thought of it; whereas, the presidency of the United States is the most important political office in the world. Our system of government and our system of patronage make it so. This has been a government by parties, and the titular head of the party has been the president. Political parties can only be maintained by politics, and there is no divorcing the presidency and politics until our system of government is changed, until the people vote directly for their choice for president without organization intervention, and until a longer term is given our presidents and they are made ineligible for reëlection.

Politics, as played in this country—and in every other, for a matter of that—is based on power, and power is based on patronage. Mr. Taft does not understand patronage, although he has been a consistent officeholder ever since he was in the early twenties. To him patronage is extrajudicial. Therefore, he failed first and hardest as a political president because he failed lamentably in the appropriation of his patronage. He usually tried to get men for places who were best fitted for those places, and canvassed their claims quite apart from political considerations. Also, he kept searching, like a judge, for new evidence, for new interpretations, until in many instances his appointments were worse than they would have been had they been frankly political, and in almost every instance they failed of their political purpose in giving Mr. Taft that support of which he is now so sorely in need.

When he did try to be political he made such a mess of it that he might have fared

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better had he kept to the judicial slant. He endeavored to be fair and judicial. He was judicial, but he was not fair in a party sense, and he made very few friends. Few really hate him, but few really love him. He is there in the White House, and that is about all that can be said. His judicial temperament—one of the worst things that has happened to the Republican party in a generation was the development of Mr. Taft's judicial temperament—has allied nobody to him. It hasn't held the boys back in the states in step. It hasn't put them out on the firing line for him. It hasn't given him anything but perfunctory support in his campaign for renomination. It hasn't excited popular imagination. It hasn't rallied his party. It has led him into political blunders that may easily be classed as political crimes, considered in a party sense.

He never has fully appreciated the need of party spirit and the infusion of party loyalty and the need of party support, which can only be obtained by reciprocal party support on his part. He believes that he has done his best as President, and thinks that should entitle him to a renomination and a reëlection. So it might, if the people were all of the same manner of thinking as Taft. However, the people are not of that manner of thinking. They are partisans. They want action. They want a president in the White House who does things in a way they understand, not in a way a judge, whom they do not understand, would be apt to do them and has done them.

Under our present system it is inconceivable—or was—that any man could be president of the United States and not secure a renomination from his party if he wanted it. Of course this statement must be considered in the light that the man who is president does nothing flagrant to arouse the people against him. I mean a man who goes steadily along attending to his duties, making no bad breaks and accepting the dictum of his party. Such a man could, in his first year, so sew up things for himself, as the system now is, that no man living could take the nomination away from him, provided there was no war or other great national crisis to produce a popular hero.

What They Told Him

Mr. Taft didn't begin sewing in time. He was credulous. He was easy-going. He liked the physical pleasures of the presidency. He liked the spat-spat of applauding hands, the travel, the meeting of people, the glitter and tinsel of it, and he neglected his fences in the complaisant belief that it would all come out right in the end. When he did begin to try to sew things up he found the thread was tangled and knotted.

When wellwishers came and told him he was losing ground in the country he scoffed at them and told them they were unduly nervous and scared at bogies. He wouldn't listen to bad news.

Then there came a partial awakening. He found out that the country looked at him as a good fellow, but as not much of a president. Every time he tried to do something political he took advice of men in whom the country had no faith. He let Aldrich and Cannon and the rest deceive him with the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, and let them lead him into the defense of that measure. He blundered along in various ways and when it came time for him to get to work if he wanted a renomination, he was forced to rely on the efforts of professional politicians, most of whom have no use for him, and he didn't begin to take their advice early enough.

Until a few months ago his campaign for renomination never progressed farther than the announcement stage. He thought that was enough. Then when he woke up he had nobody to turn to. He had no managers, no directors. They told him, for example, that Maine would surely be all right, and Maine went for Roosevelt. They told him Pennsylvania would be for him in the primaries, and Pennsylvania went almost solidly for Roosevelt. The sad fact is that the country has no faith in Taft as a president, although viewing him as a good-hearted, good-natured, well-meaning man. He missed his opportunities. He was easy-going instead of positive. He listened instead of initiating. He was forced instead of forcing. He complied instead of commanding. He was a judge instead of an executive. He was pleasant instead of positive. He was non-political when he should have been political. He was political when it was too late.

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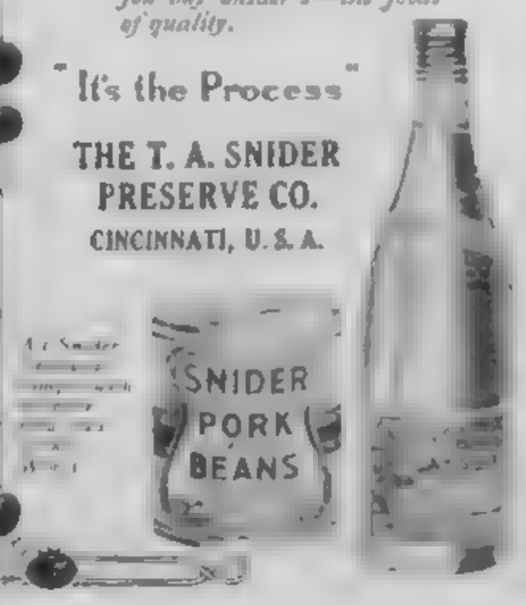

How's Business and Why

WHEN a distinguished man makes observations upon a popular theme he has many listeners, and if the topic is of more than local concern the world even becomes deeply attentive. In his budget speech before the House of Commons recently, England's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lloyd George, said: "Trade throughout the world appears to be in an exceptionally healthy condition. The conditions in the United States are stronger than they have been for years, and instead of the devastating cyclone we had a few years ago from across the Atlantic we are likely now to have a steady tradewind. There is only one disturbing factor—the presidential election; but I do not think that is going to have a very serious effect on the trade of the United States. That is full of hope for our trade here."

There can be no question that conditions in this country are superior to what they were a few years ago when business was being run under high pressure and wealth on paper was being accumulated with great rapidity. It was at that time that the pressure became so high that an explosion occurred, and after that the cyclone to which the chancellor probably alludes. Following the cyclone, there was a brief calm and renewal of activities that threatened another explosion, though happily the pressure was relieved before necessity for the other explosion developed. From that time forward there has been avoidance of pressure of every sort, and it is to be hoped that conditions have improved somewhat through liquidation and general slowing down of enterprise.

There is no doubt that business is in large volume. That has been frequently asserted in this department, and it has been as often asserted that profits were far from satisfactory, far from what they have been in prosperous eras. It would be interesting to know whether henceforth there is to be a "steady tradewind," as the chancellor remarks, or whether the winds of trade are to be, as in the past, highly fluctuating, the high winds culminating in the cyclone and after that the calm.

Mr. Common People to the Front

There appears to be about the present situation that which has not always characterized situations, in that the general Government comprises a factor through its interference with the usual course of affairs. In bygone days the large corporations were wont to conduct their affairs about as they liked, and if there was need of increased revenue they proceeded to advance prices for whatever they had to sell, whether commodities or transportation; and the advance in prices was wont to stimulate purchases for consumption and, therefore, activity. Now the railroads cannot raise traffic rates without the approval of a Government commission, and to secure that permission is tedious. Furthermore, in bygone days the protected interests of the country practically controlled tariff legislation and won great advantages by that means. Today it is not quite as it used to be, and there is tariff legislation pending that seeks in part to benefit the consumer. There is, in truth, endeavor to distribute the burdens of taxation more equably than heretofore, and to make those who have wealth pay a proportionate part of the taxes; and by "those" are meant corporations as well as individuals. Of tax-dodgers there have been many in the past, and they still survive. To that extent do they survive that there is a movement in some of the states where taxes are assessed locally to have the personal tax assessed by the state, to the end that there may be no shifting of residence about tax day, and no private arrangement between men of wealth and local assessors whereby the levy may be less than it would legally be if all property were taxed. It must indeed be obvious to the observing individual that old conditions of favoritism in matters of taxation and legislation are passing away, and that the slogan, "of the people, for the people and by the people," indeed possesses a depth of meaning and significance. Old things are trail, passing away, and the Constitution of the nation is being given an interpretation, if not new, at least different from what it has latterly had in practice.

Now these things are disturbing, in so far as they upset notions that have long obtained and interfere with business practices that have at least been tolerated, if not admitted to be just. It is through politics, legislation and the judiciary that the new conception of things seeks expression and is being enforced. Nor is the expression by any means complete. The impending election of a president and a House of Representatives will not complete the reformation that has been begun, and, therefore, it is probable that the cause of business unsettlement, in so far as it is civic, will continue operative and influential for a considerable time. In so far as the cause is economic it will in due season pass, though probably not immediately, for the readjustment of the relation of costs to profit, of income to outgo, does not seem to be finished. Nor have the people of the United States as yet learned the secret of saving that makes of a people a nation of investors, of which the most remarkable example on the earth is the French nation.

Learning the Lesson of Thrift

The wonderful success of a loan of 300,000,000 francs—$60,000,000—brought out of Paris a short time ago has challenged the wonder of financiers in many countries. The loan was guaranteed by the general government, and was offered to net a little better than four per cent, making it very choice, even when compared with *rentes*. The loan was many times oversubscribed, the peasantry taking a large amount and being prepared to pay for it. The French people live frugally, invest extensively and speculate very little. It is a far reach from the habits of the French in this particular to the habits of the people of like social standing in this country. Prosperity in France is well-nigh continuous, as it might probably be here if there were reform in certain customs and practices. The trend here is toward concentration of wealth; comparatively few people, in numbers, are investors, and between investors and bankers do not exist the cordial and mutual relations to be found in France. The French save and invest, trusting in the indorsement of their bankers. Americans, as a whole, spend, and the country is subject to great trade convulsions. There are people who are asking whether these convulsions will not be less marked hereafter; whether booms will not be avoided more than heretofore, and reactions consequently be avoided to the same degree. The desirability of avoidance of both booms and collapses is manifest, but the assurance that this happy experience will be met is not strong. It is feared that this country has yet to learn the meaning and the source of true and abiding prosperity before it can come into possession of it. There are signs that the country is learning—the lesson being undoubtedly a hard one.

Turning from general to specific considerations, there is much of interest in the existing business and financial situations in the United States. The bank clearings of the country in March showed a gain of 7.7 per cent, compared with the month last year, gross clearings having been $14,454,829,964, against $13,411,960,794 in 1911 and $15,008,961,288 in 1910. There was a gain the country through, barring the Western states. New York and Boston each gained over 10 per cent, and both cities had the advantage of active speculation in stocks during the month. Commercial failures in March were less than in the earlier months of 1912, but the number for the first quarter of the new year was quite large—4828, which compares with 3985 last year, 3525 in 1910, and 3850 in 1909. Liabilities of $63,012,323 this year are in contrast with $59,651,761 in 1911, $73,079,154 in 1910. Liabilities in the last quarter of 1911 were $52,196,045, and the number of failures was 485 less than in the first quarter of 1912. Average liabilities for the quarter of this year have often been exceeded, suggesting that people and traders doing relatively small business are suffering most from prevalent conditions. That is in accord with the opinion of observing citizens. The small business man and trader has a restricted chance to do business successfully. His credit is poorer and his custom is not cultivated by the banker as it formerly was; nor can he easily compete with the trusts and combined capital in other forms. Nearly three-fourths of the defaults for the quarter this

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Hand-made. In all shades and three standard 10-cent sizes.

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Established 1871

year were in the trading class, and the defaults were more in number this year than last in all sections of the country except the Western states.

Manufacturing industries claim to be doing an increasing business, and there has lately been put forth the claim that the greatest corporation of them all, the United States Steel Company, was operated nearly in full, and shipped more tonnage in March than ever before. A more modest claim is ninety per cent of capacity. It is not claimed that it made more money that month than previously. Quite otherwise. Profits are admitted to be small, $7 a ton for certain products against $16 formerly. Trade papers speak hopefully of the outlook for the steel industry, though to what end these opinions are being put forth, whether to stimulate the active movement in the stock markets or to record a fact, is not in evidence. It is likewise said that textile mills are doing better than for a long while, and the sales of raw cotton indicate a great present if not prospective business in the manufacturing line. It is believed by some that the end of the cotton year, August thirty-first, will find very little of the record crop of 1911 existing as surplus. The crop exceeded 16,000,000 bales. They who indulge in prophecy are estimating that ten years hence the United States will produce 20,000,000 bales of cotton, or two-thirds of the world's production. The present estimated consumption of the world is 21,000,000 to 22,000,000 bales. Since the average yield per acre in this country at present is only 169.9 pounds per acre—1910 figures—and it is believed that the production can be heavily increased by proper selection of seed and cultivation, the idea of a 20,000,000-bale production does not seem beyond attainment.

Very gratifying is the estimate of fire losses in the United States and Canada during March, $16,650,850 comparing with $28,601,650 in February and $35,653,450 in January, a month almost without precedent for fire damage, barring the period of the California earthquake and fires. The footing of fire damage for the first quarter of the new year, $80,905,950, compares with $60,907,250 last year and $49,130,250 for the quarter in 1910. The loss this year, it appears, was nearly double that of two years ago.

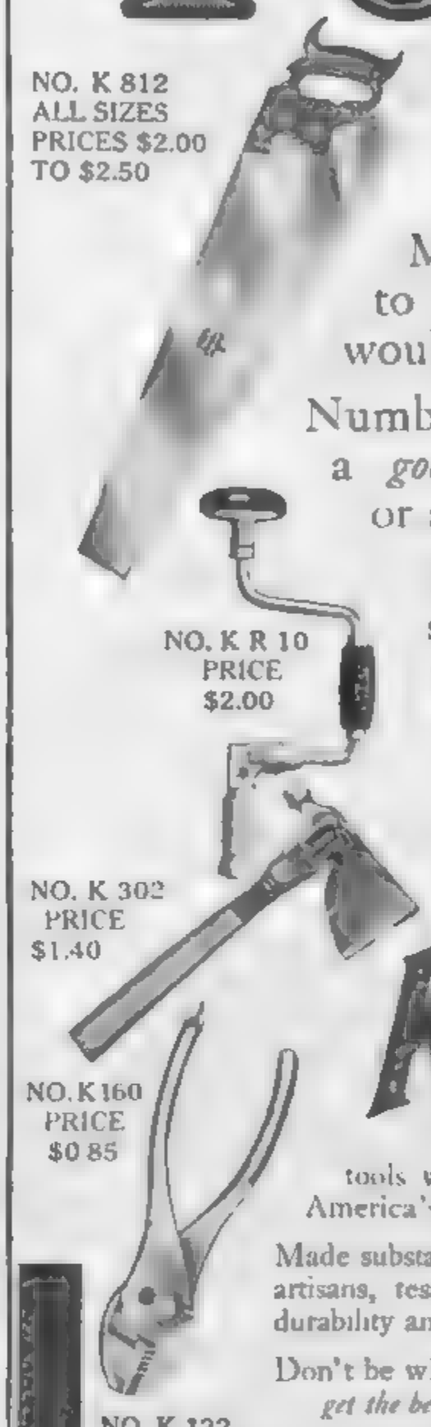
Sure Signs of Bigger Business

The exhibit of the American Copper Producers' Association for March was negative in the net reduction of but 572,431 pounds in the visible stocks in this country. Compared with the month last year, there was a decrease of nearly 5,000,000 pounds in production and increase of rather more than 1,000,000 pounds in deliveries. The decrease of less than 600,000 pounds in surplus in the third month of the year is set against a decrease of 3,340,655 pounds in February and 23,174,052 pounds in January; and yet there has been an almost constant rise in the price of copper, sixteen cents being passed by latest quotation.

Another item of more than ordinary interest is the swelling tide of immigration, the spring tide having evidently set in with the arrival at New York during the first week of April of no less than 13,456 steerage passengers from Europe, making 141,151 arrived from the first of the year against 137,686 for like period last year. There is increase in arrivals from Russia, Hungary and Italy, and especially of farmers from the first-named country. Gain in the arrival of immigrants is usually considered the sign of a favorable business outlook in this country, at least favorable foreign opinion regarding the situation here.

In the fortnight ended March twenty-seventh the number of idle freight cars in the United States and Canada increased from 3043 to 18,708, with considerable increase in box and coal cars, previously in very great demand. The increase was the first since the middle of January, and was due to several causes, among them the improvement in weather, which had been so inclement as to tie up many cars in transit. The increase, therefore, suggests real change for the better in traffic conditions. The contrast between conditions March twenty-seventh this year and last is striking, the 18,708 idle cars now being set against 194,887 on the corresponding date. Railroad traffic receipts were generally good in February, a relief when set against the poor earnings of the previous month. March is likely to be a favorable month for railroad traffic, but as to the balance of

Home Tools



When doors "stick"—that's where a *good* plane comes in.

Many a good chair has gone to pieces when a *good* hammer would have fixed it.

Numberless uses occur to you for a *good* saw, a *good* bit, chisel or axe.

But note that special emphasis is put on *good*, because we tell you of

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tools which are *all good*—the *best* in their line—America's Standard for over 45 years.

Made substantially, of best quality, put together by skilled artisans, tested time after time for temper, efficiency, durability and finish

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"Yes, ladies, as your physician, my advice is, eat more butter. Good butter has every merit of the best olive oil and it is a food you enjoy eating."

Meadow-Gold Butter

is sweet and pure. Every ounce of cream from which it is made is pasteurized. Its deliciousness comes from taking this rich pasteurized cream and churning it into butter under model conditions, using every precaution that science, skill and money can suggest. There can be but one result. Meadow-Gold Butter is the essence of butter goodness.

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the fiscal year to end with June it is to be borne in mind that high prices for farm products caused a free movement early in the season, and what has gone forward will not be moved again. Cattle also moved very freely on account of a shortage of fodder. Hogs, because of dear corn and the cholera, were hurried to market, and are now in smaller supply, although at the time of writing they have risen in price to a point to stimulate marketing of whatever supply remains

As a business industry, the slaughtering of hogs the past year was the most active on record. The year as reckoned begins and ends with the first of March, and the number commercially slaughtered for the year 1911-12 in the West was 29,918,000, against 21,755,000 the previous year, 24,621,000 as the ten-year average prior to 1911-12, and 28,996,000 for the year 1908-09—the highest previous record. To the foregoing should be added commercial slaughtering in the East—6,165,000, compared with 4,756,000 the previous year, and 5,502,000 as the ten-year average, making for the West and East for the year 36,083,000, against 26,511,000 the previous year and 30,123,000 for the ten-year average. The average cost of hogs for the 1911-12 year was $6.35 per hundred pounds, against $8.48 the previous year and $6.25 for the ten-year average. The pounds of green meats made in the West for the year were 3,619,979,000, compared with 2,773,834,000 pounds the year before. The lard made in the West was 923,352,000 pounds, compared with 723,214,000 pounds for the previous year. The stocks of meats in the West on March first were 596,000,000 pounds, against 355,000,000 pounds a year before; stocks of lard March first, 83,000,000 pounds, compared with 28,000,000 pounds. The exports of meats from hogs for the year were 468,000,000 pounds, compared with 300,000,000 the previous year; exports of lard 557,000,000 pounds, compared with 379,000,000 pounds. The indicated consumption of hog meats for the year in review was 3,482,000,000 pounds, against 3,270,000,000 pounds. The amount paid for hogs commercially slaughtered, West and East, for the year was $502,000,000, indicating the dimensions of the industry, and its growth is indicated by the fact that in forty years the number of hogs commercially slaughtered has increased from 5,000,000 to over 36,000,000 annually. The stimulants to activity the past year were, as above remarked, the reduced grain crops with consequent higher prices and the presence of cholera in certain important districts. So scarce were hogs at the end of the year that they were quoted eight cents alive at Chicago.

The Public Purse

The cost of living continues high, even advances, and there appears small chance of lower prices for foodstuffs and other necessities as the season advances and increased labor costs figure in price of commodities. Take the item of coal, already affected by labor strikes and bound to make its impress upon cost of production. They say that the coal strikes will be speedily settled. The pictorial comedy of the hour pictures the workman and coal operator seated at opposite ends of a table, with the gaze of each fixed upon a wallet marked The Public Purse, while at the foot of the picture is this legend: "An agreement is likely to be reached." Great Britain felt the short coal strike in that country keenly, and considerable time will be required for normal conditions of trade and industry to return. During March, while the strike was on, the London Economist's index number of commodity prices advanced 124 points to 2793. In this country commodity price movements have been irregular of late, changes being relatively small, but tending toward strength. Coarse grains have been especially strong, floods lessening the supply. Meats and vegetables have inclined upward, potatoes attaining a new record for recent times at $1.50 to $1.75 a bushel in New York and at other points, and more than that for smaller retail lots. Sugar and some other groceries have been lower.

The money circulation of the United States on April first was $3,281,187,776, compared with $3,384,152,496 at the beginning of March and $3,230,465,635 at the beginning of April last year. The circulation per capita this year was $34.45 in April, compared with $34.53 in March. Twelve years ago a circulation of $28.60 per capita sufficed for the business of the country.

"Spring Song"
From Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words

Wouldn't it be a wonderful satisfaction to sit at a piano and play the Spring Song, with all the graceful interpretation that Mendelssohn had in mind?

You Can Do All This

No practice is required to play instantly the "Spring Song" and thousands of other compositions placed at your command by the

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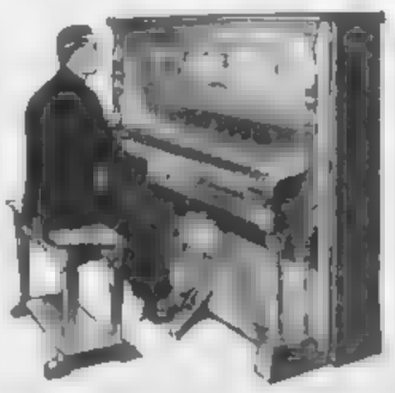

Wick Fancy Hat Bands

New Suitings are full of color—so are shirts, ties and hosiery. "Blazer" coats are coming in again.

Make your *hat* match up. Get a *Wick Fancy Hat Band*—fasten it on with the "little hooks."

And be sure it's a *Wick* Band (with the Wick *Label* attached), if you want the good style and the correct colors.

Good hatters and haberdashers can supply you the *Wick* Bands. If yours cannot—write us *direct*. Tell us what colors you want and enclose 50 cents for each Band.

Special Club and Fraternity Bands made to order

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Try it at our risk

Mrs. Rorer's
OWN BLEND
Coffee

Sold under a your-money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee. Thousands of housewives today use Mrs. Rorer's Coffee—in every city, town and hamlet—and will take no substitutes.

So we ask you, too, to at least test one *"Triple Sealed, Non-Aroma-Leak Package"* at our risk.

If you are not *more* than pleased with it—if it does not meet with the entire approval of every member of your family—if you do not find it the most wholesome, delicious, invigorating, perfectly blended coffee you ever drank, your grocer is authorized to refund your money without question or delay—you are the sole judge without risking a single penny.

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, the noted authority on cooking and the preparation of food, has written a booklet, "27 Coffee Recipes," telling many new ways of using coffee as a beverage, a sauce or dessert flavor. Write for it—sent FREE—and mention the name of your grocer. If he does not happen to sell Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend Coffee,

Harry B. Gates, President
Climax Coffee & Baking Powder Company
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If your grocer does not sell Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend Coffee, send us his name, and we will send you a pound package, charges prepaid.

1898-1912

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Fluctuations in the amount have been relatively small in the last year or two. The end of the first quarter of 1912 found money in rather short supply at New York, and some of the loans abroad are said to have been called. Call funds rose to 5 per cent in Wall Street, which was conducting a campaign for the advance in the prices of stocks. Rates for business paper did not appear to be particularly affected, though they were firm at times. The distributions of interest and dividend funds at New York in April called for $84,386,600, compared with $80,518,995 for the month in 1911. The largest item was $38,815,771 on account of industrial companies, against $35,734,114 in 1911 and $35,279,908 in 1910. The heaviest payments come in January, July and October. Compared with a year ago eight companies were added to the dividend list. Six companies increased their payments or declared extra dividends and two companies paid less than in April of last year. The payments were on the whole encouraging and point to new records for the remaining quarterly interest and dividend periods of the year. Copper-mining companies are doing so well under the stimulus of risen copper that a good deal will be expected of them in the matter of dividends for the balance of this year.

Favorable reports are made regarding the copper industry, even allowing that speculation has accentuated somewhat the apparent condition. The United States can scarcely avoid growing even in presence of adversity. There is a philosophy which holds that adversity is essential to solidification of the apparent growth of the so-called prosperous years, and who shall say that it is not sound philosophy?

Camp Comfort

THE following helpful hints are given by an experienced camper who believes that the amateur hunter and sportsman may be spared considerable annoyance by taking certain precautions.

If your feet are blistered change your stockings, and use a folded newspaper or piece of bark to take off the pressure. Put a postage stamp over the sore place if you have nothing better. If your feet are cold try red pepper inside your shoes and outside your stockings. Whisky has been used in rubber boots with the same effect. If your hands are chapped try vinegar on them—though it does not sound right.

There are illnesses in camp sometimes, the commonest being that caused by eating too much freshly killed meat. Camp cookbooks often tell about simple remedies that may be made from the camp supplies. A teaspoonful of pepper in your tea, or a thick gruel of flour and water, may help check camp dysentery, if you have nothing better.

If the coffee is not good in camp nothing is good. The rule is to use a spoonful of ground coffee for each cup and one for the pot. See that your spoon is the largest one you can find. Bring the water to a boil, then throw in your ground coffee. It will boil over, so put it back until it subsides. Put it back once and remove. Do this the third time. Pour a little cold water down the spout to settle the grounds. Coffee is poor because it is not a good berry in the first place; or because not enough coffee was used in the making; or because it was boiled too long; or because it was allowed to stand on the grounds after boiling. Serve your coffee hot—before it has had time to grow stale over the grounds.

If you are making a long camp in a wintry country of the North you will need some sort of sled. If you have a flat-bottomed toboggan fix the edges with a rim, so the snow will not come in on the floor and make pulling much heavier. The best camp sled is built as you have seen pictures of Alaska dog sleds—on runners—the body supported above the snow. A splendid handsled of this kind is made in New Brunswick, lashed together without using a bit of metal. To each runner there is a shaft lashed for guidance, and the sled is pulled by a thong passed under the arms and back of the neck from each shaft.

If you have trouble with your hunting boots, when after a grouse or a quail, try wearing just a pair of your regular street shoes instead. The result may please you. If you will shoot rabbits and get your clothes bloody through the back of your hunting coat try lining the back and bottom of it on the inside with rubber sheeting.

The Secret of Good Teeth is Freedom from "Acid Mouth"

PEBECO Tooth Paste not only cleans, polishes and whitens your teeth, but it preserves them by remedying the chief cause of their decay. For Pebeco is the dentifrice that overcomes "acid mouth," which dental authorities agree is the cause of 95% of all decayed teeth.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

It is scientifically designed to counteract these acids of the mouth, which develop from various causes, and which, if left undisturbed, gradually eat into the enamel and make way for cavities and aching teeth.

Besides being the tooth paste that fights "acid mouth," Pebeco also keeps the teeth white, brightens gold fillings, hardens the gums, keeps mouth and breath wholesome and also stimulates the salivary glands.

Send Coupon for FREE Ten Day Trial Tube with Acid Test Papers

and see by the interesting and simple test if you have "acid mouth" and if so, how Pebeco Tooth Paste removes this condition. Will your tongue turn the blue test paper pink? Send and see.

Pebeco is a laboratory product of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Its unusual merit has taken it to the far corners of the earth. You will find it for sale almost everywhere in extra large 50c tubes. Only a little is used at a time—it saves money and teeth.

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Gentlemen:
Please send me trial tube of Pebeco, to last for 10 days, and Acid Test Papers, Free. (Write name and address plainly.)

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When you buy

United States Tires

this Spring, keep a record of their behavior and the actual mileage you get out of them

We want you to *know* how these four-factory-tested tires compare in *delivered service* with the tires you have been accustomed to using.

The fact that your former tires were fairly satisfactory *is all the more reason* why we want you to keep a *comparative* record.

An immense amount of additional labor is required (in conferences, comparative tests, four-fold inspection, etc.) to build tires in the way United States Tires are built, and we want motorists to measure the value of this extra labor by *actual service results.*

In the judgment of four expert tire organizations (each of which formerly built a *nationally-used* tire) there has never before been so much *quality*—so much *real durability*—so much *minute care*—put into the construction of *any* brand of automobile tires as is today put into *every* United States tire thru our exclusive four-factory-method of building.

If these men are correct in their judgment, it ought to be plain that users of United States Tires this year will get a grade of service that is a *distinct improvement* over any service that has been *possible* to secure heretofore.

Keep a record of these tires during the present season. Only in this way can you determine *how great* is the value to you of our four-factory-method of construction.

Sold Everywhere

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Three Styles of Fastening

Quick Detachable — Dunlop (straight side) — Clincher

THE JINGO

Continued from Page 33

They got it by trading some of their bonus shares in other companies which they didn't care about—particularly the match company. The gold company has forty-nine thousand of paid-up operating capital—and it didn't cost them a dollar."

"They must have found some way to make gold valuable!" gasped Onalyon. "It's an American trick!"

"Piker!" she contemptuously charged him. "You were giggling your head off because you thought you had played an American trick, until I pointed out where the royal syndicate had put it over on you—and now you squeal! American trick! You ought only to use that phrase as a compliment. Everything we have worth while in Isola is an American trick, from the telephone you're having put in your palace to the fountain pen you'd walk back two miles to hunt if you missed it right now. You're as envious of Americans as the English are!"

"But, Bezzanna," pleaded the prince in a panic, "I didn't know I was talking to Huppylac so long!"

"You could have let him wait until tonight or brought him along out to the ball game with us. Now I'm not angry—I'm just hurt; and not because you kept me waiting when Jimmy had held the game for me, but because you didn't seem to notice your neglect when you came out, or see this red blanket, or pay any more attention to me than if I had been your wife. I pity her from the bottom of my heart!"

"Don't!" he implored. "You know that everything I do is through my love for you. Don't treat that subject lightly."

"Very well, then," she kindly agreed. "I'm in a hurry anyhow. Raybee is pitching against us. Don't you hear them cheering?" And the face she turned toward him now was full of animation, in which there was no trace of resentment.

Somehow the prince wished that there had been.

The West Mountain team was just going into the field for the beginning of the fifth when the princess with Onalyon hurried into the scorer's wire-screened cage under the royal box and grabbed the separate score which Dymp Haplee had religiously kept for her.

"And it was some job too!" big Dymp was careful to point out as he gleefully indicated some highly intricate symbolisms on certain blackly scribbled spots. "There's where Yalimat thought he was breaking up the game with a three-bagger, and the Royal Parks made a double play of it; and here's where the West Mountains pulled off the only clean triple we've had this season. Old Horse Raybee's in fine form."

"How's our pitcher?" she asked eagerly as she turned to go.

"Look at the score," he told her loftily. "Two to nothing in favor of the Royal Parks at the end of the fourth. All we have to do now is to stick it out for another half inning—and then let it rain."

"Why?" she scornfully inquired. "We'll play it over if they want us to. I wish Raybee was on our team."

Every woman in the grandstand craned her neck to examine every stitch in the new glove-fitting tailored fall suit of red bronze which the Princess Bezzanna wore as she stepped into the royal box, as she graciously stood up to take a good survey of the field and let them do it. It helped commerce. Autumn-leaf tints of the warmer hues would be the prevailing tones this fall, and the cut would run much to the simple lines which required such exclusive workmanship and a perfect figure.

The king and Teddy and Toopy, the latter of whom had confused the interested ladies of Isola by appearing in steel-blue instead of conveying her usual distant hint of what Bezzanna's costume might be like, made the prince welcome and greeted Bezzanna with mingled joy and pity; for the game was a hummer for one so late in the season and with the West Mountains and the Royal Parks so closely in the lead for the first annual big-league championship of Isola; then they leaned forward eagerly, for Slugger Dotterus was just slouching up to the plate, swinging two bats to make one seem lighter when he hit her out.

As interesting as the moment was, Bezzanna was not yet quite comfortably ready to begin being excited. There seemed to be something missing. She rescued her scorecard from the prince and secured a lead-pencil from Teddy. She hitched her chair a little forward, and then a little to the right; then stood up and tugged at her jacket and let the prince remove it for her. The first ball smacked in the catcher's hands and a groan of disapproval rose as the umpire called it a strike. Bezzanna took her jacket from the back of her chair, where the prince had hung it, and spread it the other way—as it should have been hung in the first place. The second ball smacked into the catcher's hand and the umpire called it strike two amid a dismal silence. The Princess Bezzanna noticed that Raybee was pitching; and she looked round to observe that the grandstand was packed until it bulged. She frowned uneasily as her wandering attention came back to the game and she saw two balls come over wide of the plate; then she looked indifferently away again. A tall young man, standing inside the field, down near the edge of rooters' row, was looking up intently at her. She had just discovered him. He raised his hat to her and she settled back comfortably in her seat to enjoy the game. The tall young man was Jimmy.

"Oh, it wasn't a strike!" she protested. "They ought to get a lorgnette for that umpire. It wasn't a strike! I saw it come over myself." She was explaining it—first to the king, then to the prince, and then to Toopy. Teddy emphatically agreed with her.

"It was so wide of the plate it nearly crossed first base!" he grumbled.

Nevertheless, Slugger Dottersis waddled sheepishly back to the bench and the next man came up full of hope, which Old Horse Raybee dashed with three deceptive drops. The third man slammed the first ball handed him right on the left eyebrow, and it sailed for a beautiful point about two feet to the right of second base and three feet in front of it, where the straining shortstop would be bound to scoop up a handful of hard-packed earth while the ball merrily made a streak in the clover clear out to the center-field fence; but Old Horse Raybee had an unoccupied hand on the side attached to the extremely far end of a flexible arm, and he shot himself out sidewise and full length, like a street-crossing bar flopping down in a hurry for the passage of a limited express. And when he straightened up again the West Mountain players were tossing their gloves on the ground and heading stolidly for a seat in the shade.

In the West Mountains' half of the fifth the first three men up found the ball with enough energy to reach first, and the fourth man paid off the lifelong grudge he had against it. By the time the left gardener had finished playing tag with the white sphere, that comfortable lead of two to nothing for the Parks had reversed itself into three to two in favor of the West Mountains; and the Princess Bezzanna, who was so rabidly partisan that she hated every other team in the league, was saying in low, agonized accents:

"Won't somebody please take him out! He always blows up in the fifth!"

In spite of the piteous appeals of Bezzanna and the multitude, that pitcher was left in to finish his inning; but the Princess Bezzanna had still another spasm when his successor took the mound in the runless sixth.

"It's glass-arm Poosmab!" she wailed. "Let's all go home!"

Glass-arm Poosmab justified her fears. He pitched one errorless inning; but in the seventh he passed the first man, hit the second, and in trying to nail a thief at third tossed the ball past the left end of the grandstand and off into the wide, wide world.

A captain who would have disregarded the desires of that blood-lusting mob would have been a successful candidate for a lunacy commitment. This one was not! He put in his third and last available pitcher, who stopped the slaughter for that inning, but was only saved from inaugurating another one on his own account by savage fielding.

In the beginning of the eighth the Royal Parks came to life again and quit their half with an advantage score of six to five; but in the last half of the eighth the Royal Parks' third and last pitcher, after being pulled out of two awkward holes by the

The Comfortable Day

Begins at the Breakfast Table

Some of the most common table beverages in daily household use contain ingredients that to some persons are "irritants" and interfere with digestion.

If this is found to be true in your own family, stop the beverage that disagrees and use

POSTUM

Well boiled, according to directions, it is a comforting drink resembling Java coffee in color and taste.

The test is worth the trouble and may solve the problem.

Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. of Postum.

"There's a Reason"

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brilliant fielding behind him, let across one run; and then the insistent demand which had been growing all the afternoon reached its climax. The staunch Royal Park audience rose to its feet as one dangerously angered man and howled: "Jimmy!"

That modest individual hid behind the scorer's cage; but Bezzanna, who was by now so determined to have that game that she knew no friend or foe, sent for him and gave him his orders.

Clad in the red-brown uniform of the Royal Parks, he came to the mound for the team of which he had been the original charter member; and a peaceful calm settled over the assemblage as that peerless hero began to twist rainbow-benders round the necks of the doomed and despairing West Mountainers. As he warmed up to his work he rained inshoots and outshoots and upshoots and downshoots into the swirling glove of his catcher, interspersed with fast straight ones and slow tensers. He wound up that game with an exhibition of fancy juggling which secured the triumphant score of seven to six, and was carried off the field by a screaming crush of Jimmy-mad fanatics!

After such an afternoon the prince had no more common-sense than to insist that the princess allow him to accompany her home, since he had something very important to say to her. When they arrived at the palace the prince drove away very quietly and Bezzanna went in to the king with rather a frightened face.

"Well, I've done it!" she confessed. "I've refused Onalyon—definitely, emphatically, permanently and forever!"

"I feared that something of the sort would happen very soon," he said gravely. "What reason did you give him?"

"Lack of tact," she giggled, then suddenly threw her arms round her brother's neck and cried, as much surprised at that performance as he was.

"Don't worry!" the king reassured her, patting her shoulder. "What did he say?"

"For you to prepare for war!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

O Patria Mia!

Let them sing who will of the gurgling rill
  Or the woodbird's note so wild;
My heart still sticks to the good red bricks—
  For I was a city child.
There are those who long for the pine grove's song
  Or sigh for the ocean's roar;
But set me down in a great big town,
  Where the cars go by the door!

The houses tall are my mountain wall,
  With its peaks that scrape the sky;
And the Belgian blocks are my waveworn rocks,
  Where the tide flows on for aye.
When the night comes down on the noisy town
  I can scarcely miss the sun;
For my way's made bright with electric light
  And my nighttime day's begun.

The air's not sweet in the city street
  And the sky's not always clear;
But I love to be where there's lots to see
  And the place for that is Here!
'Tis true, though sad, that the water's bad,
  And the food both scarce and high;
But I don't care if I'm only where
  Things happen right close by.

The meadows fair, with their bracing air,
  That we find on the countryside
Look good to me for a change, you see—
  But not for a place to bide.
They are half a day too far away
  From the scenes at the seat of war;
And the city's tough, and her ways are rough—
  But the cars go by the door!

In the twilight gray of a summer's day,
  When the sun seems loath to go,
And with shout and whoop little kiddies troop
  With lanterns to and fro;
Or on cold nights deep, ere I fall asleep,
  I hear, like an inland sea,
The surging sound of the life around,
  And a part of it all is—me!

Oh, the country's fine, but 'tis none in "mine";
  'Tis sweet, but 'tis drawn too mild.
My heart still sticks to the good red bricks,
  For I was a city child.
And time stands still by the gurgling rill—
  Each day's like the one before;
But I thank the Lord I am never bored
  Where the cars go by the door!

—*Walter Lindsay.*

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25 COMPLIMENTARY

Hamilton Premium Coupons for You

The Hamilton Corporation, by means of the Hamilton Premium Coupon, has instituted a country-wide marketing proposition which will be of direct value to you—to every man, woman and child in the country—to manufacturer, dealer and housewife.

THE PLAN—A VALUABLE MERCHANDISING IDEA FOR YOU

Leading national manufacturers of different lines will pack Hamilton Premium Coupons with their goods—goods that **you, your children** and **your husband** buy every day. High-grade goods which bear the mark of quality. No manufacturer can use this coupon, unless they sell articles of **unquestioned merit** and at the **Right** Price—The Hamilton Premium Coupon will be your guarantee. The **price** and **quality** of the goods will not be changed.

The increased sales of goods containing the Hamilton Premium Coupon—due to the independent co-operative buying among the millions—makes valuable premiums possible. Premiums in the past have not been exactly what you have desired—but Hamilton Premium Coupons entitle you to a choice of thousands of **desirable** and **high-grade** articles. One manufacturer could not afford this—but our large number of manufacturers, patronized by you and millions, can. If you were to receive the **actual cash** which Hamilton Premium Coupons represent you could not buy such valuable and desirable articles as we give you for the Hamilton Premium Coupons. We do not buy ordinary premium goods. We buy whole outputs of high-grade merchandise to give you as premiums—and secure a **saving** which is represented in **every premium** that you get.

NO LONG WAIT FOR THESE VALUABLE PREMIUMS

Hamilton Premium Coupons are packed in a wide variety of goods. You, your husband and your children will find them in practically everything that you buy. Tell father and the children to watch for Hamilton Premium Coupons—in no time at all you will have something valuable—your heart's desire—maybe jewelry—maybe fine furnishings for your home, possibly something which you could not otherwise afford. You have your choice.

INTEREST ON THE MONEY YOU SPEND

Just as a bank pays interest on your savings, Hamilton Premium Coupons pay interest (in premiums) on practically all the money you **spend.** This will aid you in your fight against the high cost of living.

Independent cooperative buying is the keynote of this system—it is common sense buying for you.

Your dealer will gladly furnish you with goods containing Hamilton Premium Coupons when he sees that you really want them. They enable him to save on his own clerk hire, rent and other fixed expense by increased sales at less expense.

Eight million people now collecting trading stamps will be glad to know that Hamilton Coupons are exchangeable at their full value in the parlors of practically all responsible trading stamp concerns.

Mail us the Corner Coupon Today

Start in now to save Hamilton Coupons, by asking your dealer for the goods with which they are packed. Send for illustrated premium catalogue. We will enclose a list of manufacturers' goods with which Hamilton Coupons are packed and 25 Coupons free.

THE HAMILTON CORPORATION
6 West 45th Street, New York City
Mention a list of

FREE
HAMILTON
COUPONS
Your name and address here

BUY IT BY THE BOX

—of any dealer. It costs *little* by the package, but *less* by the box.

You forgot your box of SPEARMINT"

Keep this breath purifying, appetite aiding goody downtown. Buy it by the box—take it home by the package. Pass it around after meals.

The refreshing, mint-leaf confection brightens everyone's teeth—aids everyone's digestion. It refreshes after smoking—and passes time away. Everyone likes this "cost-little" tid-bit.

Buy it tonight.

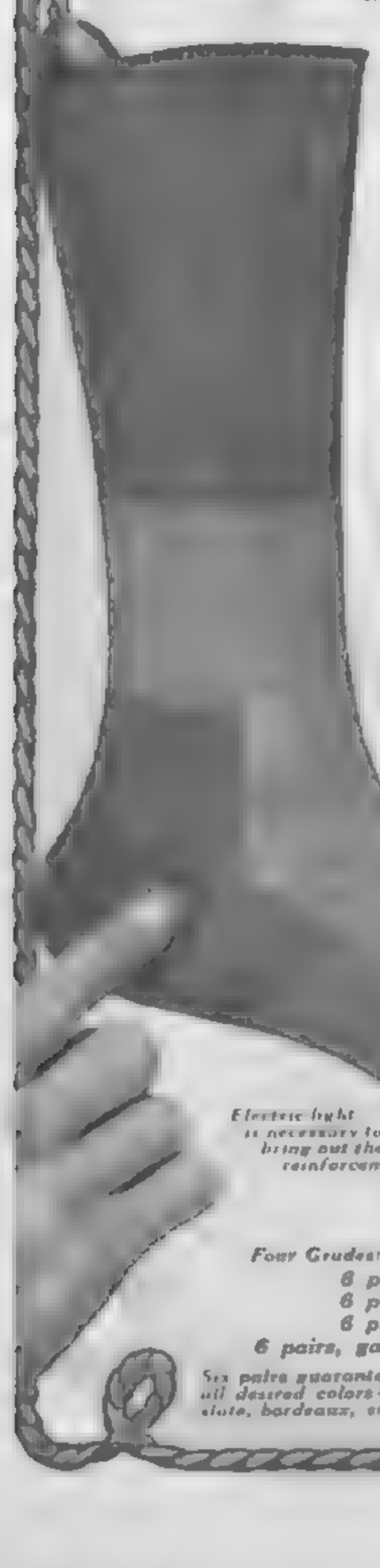
Look for the spear! **The flavor lasts!**

Here is the Winner Among Light Weight Cotton Socks

The lightest guaranteed gauze stocking made—weighs less than ¾ of an ounce to the pair. Yet it is so well made that we can afford to guarantee six pairs to wear six months. Only the finest cotton and the finest manufacture make that possible. Note the high-spliced heel and the strongly reinforced foot. *The yarn used in this reinforcement costs $1.40 a pound.*

Bachelors' Friend TRADE-MARK **HOSIERY**

Reg U S Pat Off



wear like iron—yet they are as soft, cool and elastic as silk.

Genuine French welt—the best top ever put on a seamless sock. Toe looped on two-thread looping machines, which give double strength. Made in all of the wanted colors, the dyeing equal to the excellence of the stocking in every other respect.

One hundred years of manufacturing experience are in their making. You will know, the moment you put on this stocking, why men are to-day insisting upon the new gauze-weight Bachelors' Friend.

We do not sell direct. But if no dealer in your town has them, we will see that you have an introductory lot, if you will send us money order covering the amount. Charges prepaid.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

Electric light is necessary to bring out the reinforcement.

Four Grades:
6 pairs, $1.50
6 pairs, $2.00
6 pairs, $2.50
6 pairs, gauze weight, $2.00

Six pairs guaranteed to wear six months. In all desired colors—black, tan, navy, purple slate, bordeaux, smoke.

No need of this since he wears Bachelors' Friend.

THE DILEMMA OF THE THEATER

(Continued from Page 11)

In one particular the producing manager is peculiarly sensitive to labor troubles. If we have a difficulty with the union we cannot stay and fight it out, since we are due at some other place the next day. We must give our performance that night. The people have paid for their tickets and it's up to us to deliver the goods. The Musical Union last autumn demanded fourteen dollars a week a member for board money out of New York; also lower berths on tour. The result is the musicians get this sum for board and lodging straight along and, in case of a touring company, get five nights or a week of lodging, thus receiving double allowance; but should I undertake to give light opera with the local orchestra what a howl would go up from the out-of-town theatergoers!

The English or Continental managers are in some respects in a better position than the American. Our public is different from theirs. The English people give the manager credit for what he has done. His tenor may be seventy years old, with a voice that won't carry across the room, but he gets his reception and his encores. I heard Sims Reeves sing at the Crystal Palace when he was far along in the seventies and had no voice left; but he got an enthusiastic welcome. On another occasion I was at a first night in London and was invited to the author's supper which was to follow the performance. The production was so very bad that I almost decided not to go to the banquet; but I thought it would look still worse to remain away. In the foyer of the Carlton I met one of the foremost critics in London.

"What did you think of the opening performance?" he asked; and then added quickly: "You need not answer; but good old So-and-So—just give him a month—he'll bring it round all right!"

Fancy anybody in New York saying after a bad production: "Oh, good old Savage! Give him a month!" It's "thumbs down" every time here!

Credit From the Critics

Another thing—the British public goes to the theater with the intention of being amused. At the Drury Lane pantomime, for instance, all the people begin to laugh the minute they get into their seats. Here, the public comes with a sort of "I-dare-you-to-make-me-laugh" look—a skeptical "Show me!" attitude.

Critics, too, sometimes ignore a manager's most painstaking efforts. Some years ago I produced a musical piece called The Shogun, in which the scene was laid in Korea. The designer was sent down to the Smithsonian Institution; another expert went to Chicago to view Marshall Field's beautiful Korean collection in order to design the costumes; Burton Holmes invited the entire company to see and hear his illustrated lecture on Korea. Five hundred and twenty articles on the property list, from the one-wheel cart to the proclamation on the city gates offering a reward for thieves, were all made in exact detail. It took two years to do this preparatory work. We never got one word of credit from any critic—not one! Should a manager use a set of scenery a second time, however, it is heralded from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon.

The trouble is, we are all so busy here that we just catch the headlines on the way to the office. Some one says: "The play was putrid! It does not deserve to live!" The play may have its merits, but it means a struggle of two or three weeks—or two or three months, perhaps! These offhand criticisms can rarely kill a good play, but they can delay it most awfully and expensively. There have been criticisms of plays on the street one hour after the final curtain fell. In one instance it was a five-act play. A critic of the personal school, knowing from the printed prompt-book that the third and fourth acts were the big ones, left at the second—and an article urging the public to keep away from that play appeared shortly after midnight. That play was Everywoman, which has since been witnessed by upward of a million people—a very great success. Many of these criticisms are syndicated broadcast over the country before the manager knows whether he has a good play or not.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask *your* doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

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Metropolitan Tower
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Style Book of Dutch Furniture Free

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Huyler's

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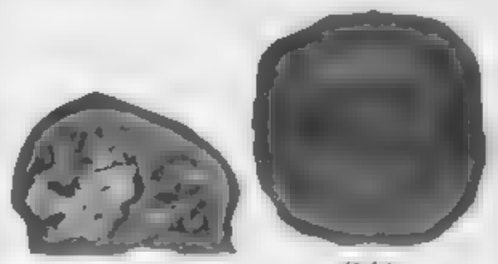

Huyler's Sicilian Chocolate (Half Section)

Huyler's Sicilian Chocolate

The above is one of Huyler's *Sicilian Chocolates.* Made from freshly shelled English Walnut meats, surrounded by a paste of ground raisins and covered with Huyler's Sweet Chocolate.

This is one of the forty or more delicious varieties regularly included in an assortment of Huyler's.

No ingredient of Huyler's escapes the most rigid inspection for its quality and purity. That is one reason every Huyler candy tastes so good. That is one reason everybody likes Huyler's.

Write for Interesting Booklet

With it we send the name of the Huyler Store or agent nearest you and in the booklet tell the Huyler Story, and how purity and quality are assured in all Huyler products.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York

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Airyknit

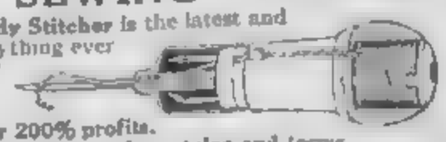
The $50,000—

UNDERWEAR

The Airyknit idea cost us $50,000. It will cost you only 50c and $1 for separate and union garments. It's the finest, coolest underwear for Men and Boys—576 air-pores to the inch. Buy Airyknit at your dealer's. Look for the Bodyguard Shield. Booklet on request
UTICA KNITTING CO.
Mill 85, Utica, N.Y.

FOR SEWING LEATHER

The Speedy Stitcher is the latest and best of anything ever offered for $1.00.



Agents make over 200% profits.

Send at once for catalog and terms.

Automatic Awl Co., 77 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

The foreign manager has the advantage in one very important particular. In England and on the Continent there is a large preliminary financial support. In England they have what are called libraries, which correspond to our hotel booking offices; but there they pay their own money and get a discount. For instance, for the London production of The Mousme, at the Shaftesbury Theater, the libraries took fourteen thousand pounds' worth—about seventy thousand dollars—of tickets in advance and paid for them. This assured the attraction a run of three months, and the manager could better his piece or revise it without having bankruptcy staring him in the face.

Another form of financial support obtains on the Continent—in subsidies, either from the government or the city, or both. Wiesbaden has a subsidy of three hundred thousand marks—seventy-five thousand dollars. Of course salaries and the expenses of production there are nothing in comparison with ours. The chorus people, for instance, get from seven to nine dollars a week. These subsidies enable managers to produce worthy plays and carry them on until the public has become educated to them. The Burg Theater, in Vienna, is subsidized for the sole purpose of giving what may be called national or historical pieces, which present in dramatic form the historical figures or episodes of the country.

A Proud Deficit

Last summer, coming from Kiel, a very small town, I was talking with my taxicab driver. I asked him what kind of opera or theater the city had. "Fine!" he replied. "We lost one hundred and ten thousand marks last year!" He was absolutely proud of it—that they give good plays, even at a loss! Nor do they grumble at the increased taxes. Imagine a manager here putting on a Revolutionary play for the sole purpose of giving a living form of education in patriotism to the youngsters! Nor have I seen any of the drama leagues offering to finance such a production!

The natural law of supply and demand has turned the tide in favor of the American author. The man who writes for the market he knows is better equipped than his rival. The foreign material that comes to us depends largely upon its adaptation to our point of view; whereas our writers, knowing their public, are in a much better position to play upon their sympathies and emotions.

The result of this is shown in the great increase in the last three years in the number of home-made plays. I believe that fully sixty per cent of all the plays running in the United States today are by native dramatists. Five years ago the balance would have been very strongly the other way. Our great universities have recognized this tendency. Harvard and Yale have established several courses in the drama; and there is no possible reason why we should not come to have a dramatic literature which will add greatly to the chances of the American manager.

When all is said and done, however, the theater game is a magnificent one—full of compensations. The constitutional carpers are few. The great amusement-loving public sooner or later makes its own decision; and the manager, with the optimism inseparable from the profession, ever looks forward to the magic words that spell glory to the actors, royalty to the author and money to the theater and producer—"A whole season in New York!"—placing before his own people productions that make them forget their troubles in laughter—or that may even inspire them to better lives. The theater is emphatically the place for ideals and the manager is successful if he establishes them.

All Stacked Up

SOME years ago the Government opened part of the mountain lands of Montana to settlers. An Irishman was one of the first to go in and pick out a good claim.

As he was emerging, after days spent in climbing up and down perpendicular stretches of landscape, he met another homeseeker just going in.

"Is there plenty of land in there?" inquired the latter.

"Partner," said the Irishman, "there's so dad blame much land in there that the good Lord had to stack it!"

"Come Into the Shade"

Here's real escape from the discomforts of Summer. In shade as cool and breezy as that to be found under the spreading branches of a great tree—your porch will be ever ready for any use.

Vudor Porch Shades

"They Outlast Many Seasons"

transform your porch into a living room, more delightful and more inviting than any other in the house. You will use it oftener. For it is always airy, light and cool. You can read, write, receive callers, serve afternoon tea or even use your porch as a dining room, and at night *sleep there.* This last has grown to be a highly important feature, for outdoor sleeping—made possible by Vudor Porch Shades—is coming into greater favor every year.

Though you can easily look out at any time, no one can look in upon you—there is absolute privacy. Vudor Shades are easily put up with a screwdriver; and the mere pull of a cord draws them up or down. Unaffected by weather—the twine is exactly like that used in fishermen's nets and practically unbreakable; the slats are of the toughest wood and the colors, stained instead of painted, cannot run. Vudor Porch Shades last many seasons, and cost from $2.50 upwards, according to width. Ordinary porches can be equipped for from $3.50 to $10.00, and in colors to blend with the surroundings

Do not be deceived into thinking all shades are "Vudors"

Imitations usually have slender slats and thread warp; they hardly outlast one season. Look for the Vudor name-plate on every shade. It *guarantees* satisfaction.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET (Free)—Use the coupon—the book is illustrated in colors, shows how to make your porch cool, comfortable and cosy, and gives the reasons for getting the genuine Vudor Porch Shades.

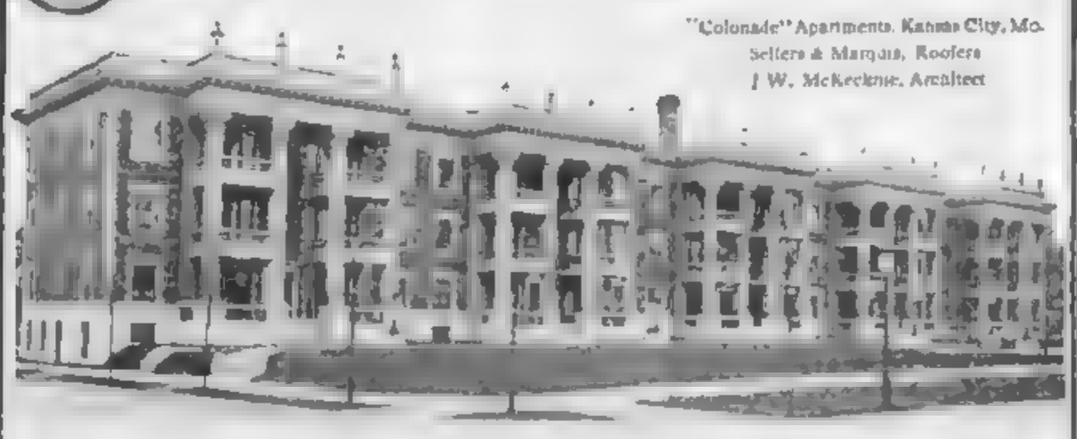
HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, Janesville, Wis.

(Also sole manufacturers of the famous VUDOR *RE-ENFORCED* HAMMOCKS, which are made with *heavy re-enforcement* woven into the bed and with double strength end cording. They cost no more and wear twice as long as other hammocks that look like them.)

"I Want to Know"

Hough Shade Corporation, 278 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Barrett Specification Roofs



"Colonade" Apartments, Kansas City, Mo.
Sellers & Marquis, Roofers
J. W. McKecknie, Architect

Best For Apartment Houses

THE "COLONADE" apartments in Kansas City, Missouri, illustrated herewith, have Barrett Specification Roofs.

The owners selected this kind of roofing because they wanted first of all the least expensive roof which would give proper protection.

As a Barrett Specification Roof will last 20 years and over without attention and as its cost is less than that of any other permanent roof covering, they made no mistake on that point.

The owners wanted *low annual charges*, and Barrett Specification Roofs were satisfactory in that respect as they require no painting.

The owners also wanted *protection against fire* and as these roofs are considered by fire underwriters as slow burning construction and as such take the base rate of insurance, everything was satisfactory on that point.

It's always the same story—when ultimate costs and satisfactory service are carefully considered, Barrett Specification Roofs are invariably selected.

Barrett Specification Roofs are suitable for use on flat roofed buildings of every kind where skilled roofing labor is obtainable.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

Copy of The Barrett Specification, with tracings, ready for incorporation into building plans, free on request. Address our nearest office.

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Sense and Nonsense

No More Than Fair

A NOTED lawyer of Tennessee, who labored under the defects of having a high temper and of being deaf, walked into a courtroom presided over by a younger man, of whom the older practitioner had a small opinion.

Presently, in the hearing of a motion, there was a clash between the lawyer and the judge. The judge ordered the lawyer to sit down; and as the lawyer, being deaf, didn't hear him and went on talking, the judge fined him ten dollars for contempt.

The lawyer leaned toward the clerk and cupped his hand behind his ear.

"What did he say?" he inquired.

"He fined you ten dollars," explained the clerk.

"For what?"

"For contempt of this court," said the clerk.

The lawyer shot a poisonous look toward the bench and reached a hand into his pocket.

"I'll pay it!" he said. "It's a just debt!"

A Liberal Sentence

A WEST VIRGINIA judge arraigned a shanty boater for stealing a horse, denounced him as a persistent lawbreaker, and then sentenced him to ten years at hard labor in the state prison.

"Have you anything to say?" he asked when he was through.

"No," said the sentenced one—"except that it strikes me you are pretty durned liberal with other people's time!"

The Voice of Conscience

A WESTERN KENTUCKY negro was in jail awaiting trial for stealing a calf. His wife called to see him. On her way out, the jailer, whose name was Grady, halted her.

"'Mandy," he inquired, "have you got a lawyer yet for Jim?"

"Naw, sah," said the wife. "Ef Jim was guilty I'd git him a lawyer right away; but he tells me he ain't guilty, and so, of co'se, I ain't aimin' to hire none."

"Mr. Grady," came a voice from the cells above, "you tell dat nigger woman down thar to git a lawyer—and git a dam' good one too!"

A Lasting Lesson

A NORTH CAROLINA negro was brought out on the gallows to be hanged for murder.

"Henry," said the sheriff, "have you anything to say?"

"Yas, suh," said the condemned man. "Ise got a few words to say. I merely wishes to state dat dis suttinly is goin' to be a lesson to me!"

Adequate Ammunition

FINLEY PETER DUNNE, creator of Mr. Dooley, was dining with a friend at a New York restaurant. Rice-birds were served. The tiny cadavera, picked and lean, were brought in upon large slices of toast.

"Poor little things!" said the host. "Seems a shame to kill 'em—don't it? How do you suppose they ever murder enough rice-birds to make a mess?"

Dunne turned over an infinitesimal specimen with his fork.

"I don't know," he said—"unless they use insect powder!"

Custard à la Burbank

LUTHER BURBANK, the "wizard of horticulture," is subjected to constant annoyance at home and abroad by obtrusive and inquisitive strangers. He was walking on the street in San Francisco recently when one of them seized him by the arm, captured his reluctant hand and pumped it vigorously.

"How are you, Burbank? How are you?" he inquired effusively. "What miracle are you working on now?"

"Well—it's a secret," replied the expert; "but I don't mind telling you. I'm grafting milkweed on eggplant!"

"Yes—yes? What do you expect to produce?"

"Custard!"

No Dividing Line

UNITED STATES Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, is bald.

"Does being bald bother you much?" a candid friend asked him once.

"Yes; a little," answered truthful James.

"I suppose you feel the cold severely in winter," went on the friend.

"No; it's not that so much," said the senator. "The main bother is when I'm washing myself—unless I keep my hat on I don't know where my face stops!"

No Use for Idlers

UP IN Vermont a farmer hired a neighbor's boy to work for him. The new hand was ordered to report for duty daily at four A. M.

For three days he was punctual to the minute, but on the fourth day he overslept himself. It was half-past four before the new hand reached his employer's barnyard. The old farmer was milking.

"So there you are at last!" he said. "Well, you kin go right back whar you've been wastin' the hull forenoon and spend what's left of the day there. I don't want nobody workin' for me that'll fritter away practically a hull mornin' like this!"

Hard on Father Abraham

DAN CUNNINGHAM was a town character in a Southern community. By trade he was a chimney-builder and fireplace-mender. One day he was doing a job of repairing for a lady of the town. It was in the housecleaning season, and in the next room two elderly negroes were wiping off furniture and discussing religious topics at the same time. Their voices came through the open door.

"Ise a shoutin' Meth'dist myself, and I know Ise saved," one of them was saying. "When my time comes Ise goin' straight to de bosom of Father Abruham."

"Madam," said Dan, "I'm thinkin'."

"Thinking what?" said his employer.

"I'm thinking, madam, what Father Abraham will be sayin'—walkin' round Heaven with a dead nigger in his bosom!"

A Voice From the Past

WHEN Weber and Fields got together in January, after an eight-year separation, they hired as many of the survivors of their old company as they could find.

There was one chorus girl, however, who seemed to Joe Weber's critical eyes too elderly a veteran even for the collection which she adorned. He turned to William Raymond Sill, Fields' man of affairs, to whom had been intrusted the job of rounding up the old-timers.

"I don't seem to remember that woman," he said. "Did she belong to our original company?"

"No," said Sill, "she didn't. A newspaper man asked me to give her a chance."

"Who was the newspaper man?" asked Weber—"Horace Greeley?"

Unimpeachable Credentials

HERMAN PERLET, the musical director and composer, was recruiting a philharmonic orchestra and had enlisted the services of an Italian acquaintance. Among the instrumentalists he procured was a very old man, with an antiquated flute, from which he was able to get a wheezy tone now and then.

"Take him away!" ordered Perlet after the first rehearsal. "He can't play the flute."

"What! Thata man can't playa da flute!" gasped the sponsor.

"Not in this orchestra. Take him away!"

"*Maledetta!*" He rolled his eyes heavenward. "Thata man can't playa da flute!" And he beat his breast in indignation. "Why, thata man he fighta with Garibaldi!"

Not Love Pats Either

TWO Georgia darkies were quarreling on a railroad platform. "You better go 'way frum me, nigger!" said the larger of the two; "'cause, ef I starts in on you, about this time day after tomorrow the sexton of the colored cemetery is gwine to be pattin' you in the face with a spade!"

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Our Average Profit is 8½%

When one maker of anything outsells every rival—reaches the topmost place—it is well to know the reason why.

It means that more people approve his creation than anything else of its kind.

It means that the maker, in some way, has accomplished what others haven't.

And the chances are you would join the majority, knowing what they know.

When the article in question involves big yearly expense, the facts are worth looking up.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now hold the topmost place. They far outsell all rivals.

In the past 24 months the demand has increased by over 500 per cent.

Over one million of these tires have been tested, on some 200,000 cars.

The demand today—after all that experience—is three times larger than one year ago.

That astounding record—rarely excelled in all the history of business—marks a tire, Mr. Motorist, which you ought to know.

Ten Years Spent Getting Ready

The success of this tire is a sudden sensation. But we began to perfect it 13 years ago

We started with the idea that he who gives most will get most.

So we surrounded ourselves with experts—the ablest men we could find. And we told them to secure the **maximum mileage,** without any regard to expense

It was years before we approached tire perfection. It was **ten years** from the start before tire buyers realized what the Goodyear concern had done. Then came this avalanche of trade.

Mileage Tests

To learn facts quickly we did two things.

We put Goodyear tires on thousands of taxicabs—where mileage is known, where conditions are arduous, where comparisons are quickly made.

And we built in our shops a tire testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out, under all road conditions, while meters record the mileage.

Thus we compared every fabric and formula, every grade of material every method of wrapping and vulcanizing

Thus every idea which our experts developed was put to the mileage test Thus rival tires were compared with our own

Thus year after year Goodyear tires were made better. In the course of time we got it close to finality.

Rim-Cutting Ended

Then we found a way to end rim cutting—a method controlled by our patents

We examined thousands of ruined old-type tires, and we found that 21 per cent had been rim-cut. By ending this trouble at vast expense—we saved that 21 per cent

In seven years' experience with No-Rim-Cut tires there has never been an instance of rim-cutting

Adding 25 Per Cent to the Mileage

Then we found that extras added to cars were overloading tires.

So we made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size

That meant 10 per cent more air 10 per cent added carrying capacity And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

With these tires of maximum quality—made oversize, made so they can't rim-cut—we met the prices of other standard tires.

Average Profit 8½%

Last year our average profit on No-Rim-Cut Tires was 8½%.

Every penny we got, save a profit of 8½%, went into size and quality.

That in a factory with the largest output and most modern equipment ever known in this industry.

That in a ready business, with fluctuating material on a tire that's guaranteed.

You will never get more for your money—more mileage per dollar spent—than in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. That must be apparent to you.

The proof of that fact has brought 200,000 motorists to the use of these premier tires

---

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. **Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.** (60)

A New Idea in Comfort

Every disadvantage of the old union suit has been overcome and every advantage of it retained in

The

Klosed-Krotch

(Patented)

Union Suit

With the seat opening running down into one leg.

It is the ideal underwear for men, for it avoids that bunching around the waist, the shirt from rolling up and the drawers from slipping down. The crotch is closed like a pair of drawers. No open edges running through the crotch to draw or cut, because the seat opening runs down into one leg. No buttons in the crotch to pull and chafe. Opening down front does not connect with opening in the seat. Observe how flap across seat is fastened. Impossible to gap open or roll into uncomfortable folds. Ask your dealer to show you

White Cat Union Suits

With the Patented Klosed-Krotch

For the man seeking solid comfort this is the underwear to buy. Made of finest yarn with the special cable twist, it wears like iron, yet is soft and elastic, snug fitting and smooth. Comes in all weights, wool and cotton—in all sizes, proportioned to fit everybody. Look for this White Cat in the label. It is your guarantee of everlasting underwear satisfaction. If not at your dealer's, write to the originators and patentees for booklet.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO., Kenosha, Wis.

The following firms are licensed by the COOPER UNDERWEAR CO., Kenosha, Wis., to manufacture the patent **Klosed-Krotch:**

Goodknit Klosed-Krotch Athletic Union Suits

Made for the most exacting men's trade. Come in nainsook, linen and silk—all in knee length. Knitted band across the back prevents binding at the shoulders, and the closed-crotch gusset is knitted, assuring solid comfort.

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Goodenow-Brookfield Knitting Co.
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Men's **Klosed Krotch** Spring Needle Knit Union Suits

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Ladies' and Children's **Klosed-Krotch** Union Suits.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO.
Manufacturers of the Patented **Klosed Krotch** Union Suits
Kenosha, Wisconsin

PERILS OF THE DEEP

Continued from Page 13.

water and she moved like a sand barge; in spite of all both of us could do the water gained. We might possibly have kept it down enough to run ashore; but the thing which filled us with the most deep-seated horror was the fact that another inch would put it over the intake to the carbureter. When that inch had been gained the Imp's engine would stop and the boat would fade peacefully away from under us!

We didn't waste any more time in conversation. I bailed like a fiend, with both arms aching like hollow molars. Doc abandoned the wheel and bailed, too, with both hands. Now and then he took a look at the water below the carbureter; and when he turned and shook his head his ghastly face told me what was happening—we had lost another fraction of an inch!

I had a happy thought and threw over our reserve gasoline can, our spare propeller, our anchor, a satchel full of tools, a bag of sand and two large wicker chairs. That lightened the boat some and Doc lightened it some more by putting the engine on our dry cells and heaving a fifty-pound storage battery overboard. I hated like sin to see that battery go. It cost twenty dollars and hadn't been paid for yet; but there was no help for it. If we had had a ton of gold bars on board at that moment they would have followed the battery; in fact I was sorry we didn't have them. A ton of gold thrown overboard would have lightened us enough to get us to shore—and if we didn't get to shore twenty tons of gold wouldn't make us look a bit more natural or lifelike when we were fished out.

Doc gasped out that we had lightened the boat a full inch and we went to work with fresh hope; but fate was against us. I was blind tired and I managed to lose a shoe overboard. I grabbed for it as it swept by and the waterlogged Imp rolled over until I almost fell out myself. Doc grabbed for the carbureter intake and held his hand over it while the water surged past. It pretty nearly killed the engine, but it saved us; and we went to work again.

I was working with hundred-pound arms now and lifting a barrel of water at each scoop. Doc wasn't much better. "We—aren't—going—to—make—it!" he gasped. The shore was more than half a mile away. I looked over at the engine. The water was lapping the carbureter. A moment later the engine coughed, choked and stopped; and the Imp rolled silently along under her momentum, with the water inside slapping our knees.

I straightened up and let my shoe float away in the boat. I was almost glad the end had come. At least I should be found with arms.

We stood up shivering in the water and yelled ninety or a hundred times. I had never put my whole soul into my voice before, and it was impressive, even in that horrible moment, to be introduced to my entirely new and unsuspected tones; but that didn't help us. There wasn't anything in sight. I took my shoe and began bailing again—just to keep busy. So did Doc.

"When she goes under," he said, stopping, "you take one oar and I'll take the other. Then we'll keep together as long as we can." I nodded. "I'm awfully sorry I got you into this game, old man," he went on with a catch in his voice. "I never dreamed it would come to this!"

"Don't think of it," I said. "I went in with my eyes open. And I want you to know, Doc, that I like you mighty well. I'm a rough talker—but you understand."

"Yes," said Doc; "I understand. I've handed a good deal to you too—but just in fun. You've been square all the way through."

We bailed a while.

"I don't suppose she'll float but a few minutes longer," I said. "You're a good fellow, Doc, and I hope you'll get to shore."

"I hope you do, too, old man," said Doc huskily. We bailed away for a few minutes and then tore the atmosphere into bits as long as our lungs would stand the strain. It was while doing this I noticed that the water, which had been up to a bolthead on the back of the front seat, had gone down a trifle.

I showed it to Doc. He turned a pale, wild face my way.

My Name is Dorothy

But mother says it should be **"Educator,"** 'cause when I was a tiny little girl I cut my teeth on the **Baby Educator.**

And now I'm seven, and eat a lot of other **Educator Crackers** every day.

I went to Agnes Foster's party yesterday, and she had some **Educator Wafers** made into the cutest little sandwiches you ever saw. Good? Um, I should say so! Agnes said:

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"It isn't possible!" he cried. "But, anyway —— My God! We're wasting time!"

For the next ten minutes the water went over the side of the Imp like a small waterfall. We stopped, exhausted; and when the boat stopped rocking the water wasn't as high by a couple of inches.

"We may make it after all!" cried Doc. "Come on—never mind if you are all in."

And we fell to again, staggering and sputtering as we slipped and careened and bailed. And we gained another inch.

"Doc," said I, dizzy in the head, but bursting with hope, "you bail on as fast as you can, and I'll take an oar and keep her moving toward the shore." Which I did; and Doc not only held the water even but got it down another inch before he fell down exhausted and had to be rescued from a few inches of water.

We sat and rested, watching that waterline with glittering eyes. It remained stationary.

"We're going to be saved!" Doc almost sobbed. "Some miracle has happened."

Then we fell to once more and bailed with such superhuman speed and endurance that in half an hour it was evident we could afford to stop and row the boat ashore.

We paddled feebly and thankfully, still watching the waterline, which remained contentedly on the head of a brass screw only six inches above the floor. And once again, as during those precious moments when the fisherman was towing us home, I began to look out over the water to tomorrow and next week and next month—and all the happy times which, thank fortune, belonged to me again!

We paddled and paddled, and the shadows on the shore began to dissolve into trees. They were only a few hundred yards away now. Foot by foot we floated in, the water in the boat still stationary. We weren't a hundred yards away now from actual dry, dusty land. I would kiss it, dusty as it was, when we reached it. We weren't a hundred feet away. Our keel grated on a sandy bar. Land—lots of it—thousands of square miles of it—smiled at us in the moonlight!

Stiff and shivering we sat down on the seat and put on our shoes—that is, Doc did. I considered a while and then decided that no shoes were more stylish than one shoe. However, I was going to keep that one shoe just the same. It had saved my life!

"I wonder what stopped that leak," said Doc in an everyday, matter-of-fact voice—the voice a man might buy groceries with.

"It was a funny thing," I said in my own negligee accents. They sounded strange and unreal to me—as if I hadn't used them for a decade.

"We might as well tie her up to a tree," said Doc.

"Sure," I said, laughing nervously. "Next week we'll be playing the fool again and running her!"

I went forward to get the rope. I had to crawl under the engine-hood to do it, and as I felt round I found a loose hose. I followed it up. It was the hose which leads the water out of the waterjackets and out of the boat. Ordinarily it fitted on an inch pipe. Now, however, the end lay loose on the floor.

I pondered a minute, swamped with suspicions. Then I said:

"Doc!"

It wasn't my ordinary, everyday voice. It wasn't my "Now-I-lay-me" voice. It was a brand-new tone which I had never used before. It was the tone a man might use toward a mountain lion who had been eating his children.

Doc came forward. I lighted a match after a struggle and held up the loose end of the hose.

"Did you leave this off?" I asked in my new and dreadful voice.

Doc faded away to a shadow and shriveled to a husk. He looked and looked at that loose end. Then he cleared his throat.

"I blew down the outlet pipe to see if it was clogged," he whispered.

"And then we pumped our own boat full of water!" I said.

No answer.

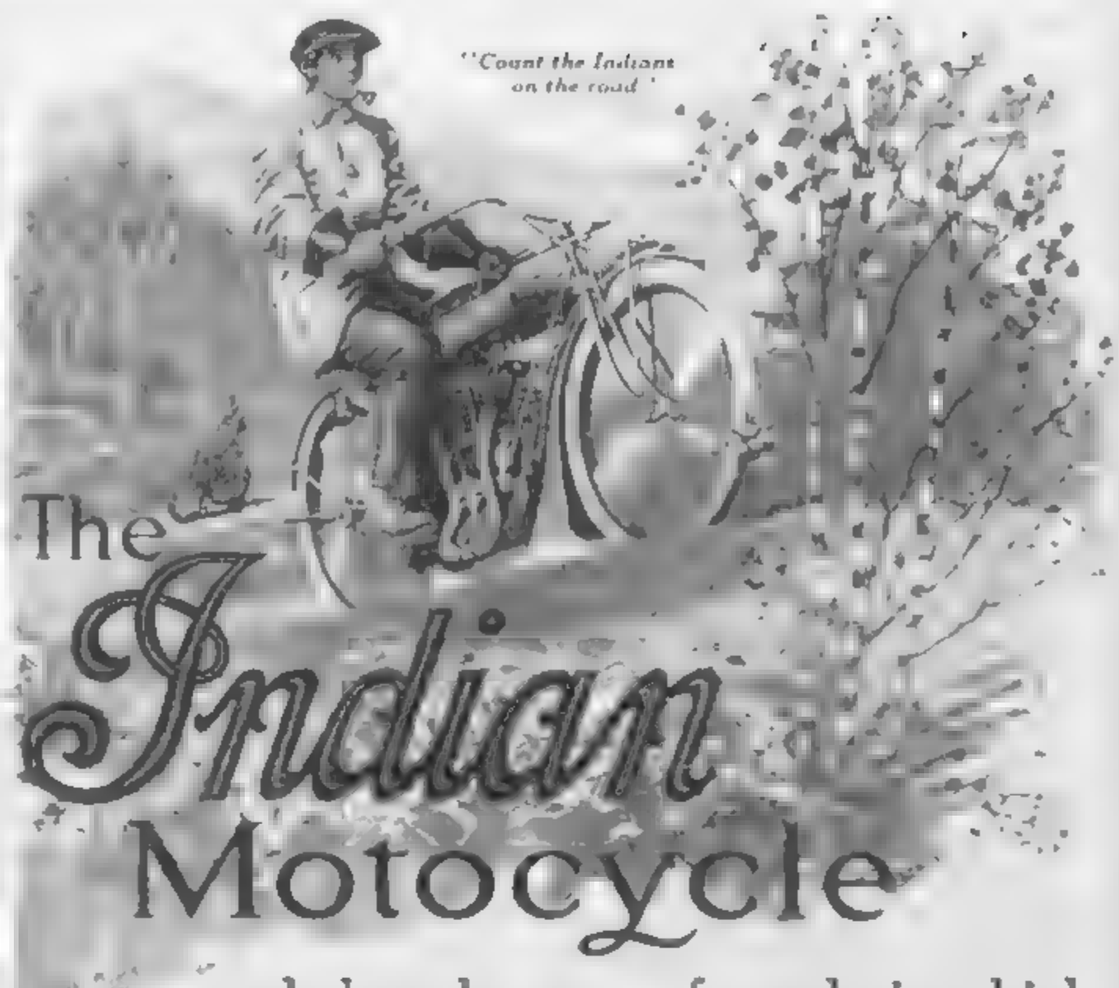
"And the faster we ran the engine the faster we pumped the water!" I crescendoed.

Black silence.

"And I worked myself crazy, and we threw a ton of stuff overboard, and I lost my shoe!" I shrieked.

"Say!" said Doc suddenly. "They advertised that this engine would run under water. What if she had!"

"Gee!" I said in an awed whisper.



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ARKANSAS

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Albany: Elec Sply. Georgia Comm. **Americus:** W D Palmer. W M Reid. **Athens:** R. Atkinson. **Atlanta:** W P Carter Co. R & L. King River. Ga Ry & Pwr. Georgia Ry & Elec. **Augusta:** Ga Ry & Elec. **Bainbridge:** J A Weatherby. **Brunswick:** Elec Co. Williams. **Dalton:** Pwr. **Doerun:** Standard. **Douglas:** Ga Ry & Elec. **Gainesville:** Gainesville Elec. **Hogansville:** Mansfield Elec. **Macon:** Ga Ry & Pwr. **Marietta:** Atlanta Ry & Pwr. **Peoples:** Ga Ry & Elec. **Rome:** Ry & Lt & Pwr. **Rockmart:** Ry & Lt & Pwr. **Smithville:** Elec Co. **Swainsboro:** Elec Co. **Thomasville:** Ga Ry & Elec. **Valdosta:** Ga Ry & Elec. **Waycross:** Ry & Elec. **West Point:** Atlanta Elec.

IDAHO

American Falls: Idaho Const Pwr. **Blackfoot:** A. L. Higbee. **Boise:** Idaho Power. Lt & Pwr. **Bonners Ferry:** Bonner Hdwe. **Caldwell:** Canyon Co Elec Sply. **Coeur d'Alene:** Coeur d'Alene Hdwe. **Kellogg:** Lt & Pwr. **Emmett:** Ida Ore Lt & Pwr. **Filer:** Gt Shoshone & Twin Falls Wtr & Pwr. **Hdwe Co. Genesee:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Glenns Ferry:** Gt Shoshone & Twin Falls Wtr Pwr Co. **Gooding:** Gt Shoshone & Twin Falls Wtr & Pwr. **Grangeville:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Hagerman:** Gt Shoshone & Twin Falls Wtr Pwr. **Hope:** Donovan Hopka Sonneman. **Idaho Falls:** Ida Pwr & Trans. :: P L Elec Sply. **Jerome:** Gt Shoshone & Twin Falls Wtr. Pwr. **Kamiah:** Power Wtr Pwr. :: Western Hdwe. & Imp. **Kellogg:** P Rutton. **Kimberly:** Gt. Shoshone & Twin Wtr Pwr. **Lewiston:** Clarkston Co. Elec Hdwe. Co. :: Western Hdwe. & Imp. **Meridian:** Lt & Wtr. **Moscow:** Idaho-Wash Lt & Pwr. :: Cottrell Orland Hdwe. Co. **Mountain Home:** Beaver River Pwr. :: Gt. Shoshone & Twin Falls Wtr & Pwr. **Mullan:** William Coumerilh. **Nampa:** Dewey Elec. Lt & Pwr. **Nez Perce:** Wtr Pwr :: Western Hdwe & Imp. **Oakley:** Hdwe Co. **Orofino:** Elec. Co. **Parma:** L. Mundle. **Payette:** Idaho-Ore. Lt & Pwr. **Post Falls:** Boise-Payette River Elec. **Pocatello:** A B Hdwe. :: Ida.-Const Pwr. :: Independent Elec. Elec. **Potlatch:** Mercantile Co. **Rathdrum:** Co. **Rexburg:** Idaho-Pwr. & Trans. **St. Anthony:** Ida. Pwr & Trans. **Sandpoint:** North'n Ida. Pwr. Trans. **Shoshone:** Hdwe. **St Maries:** P Hdwe. **Stanley:** Johnston & Stark. **Sugar City:** Hdwe. **Twin Falls:** Denoyer Elec. :: Gt. Shoshone & Twin Falls Wtr & Pwr. **Vollmer:** Co. Elec. Hdwe. & Imp. **Wallace:** Northwest Wtr & Pwr. **Weiser:** Idaho-Pwr. & Trans. **Wendell:** Gt Shoshone & Twin Falls Wtr Pwr.

ILLINOIS

Abingdon: Public Elec. **Alton:** Gas & Elec. **Antioch:** Elec. **Arlington Heights:** Pub Service Co. **Barrington:** Elec. **Bellevue:** Pub Service. **Belvidere:** Elec. **Braceville:** Elec. **Brookfield:** Elec. **Bushnell:** Elec. **Cambridge:** Elec. **Carlinville:** Elec. **Carrollton:** Gas & Elec. **Champaign:** Gas. **Chicago:** Pub Service. **Chicago Heights:** Pub Service. **Coal City:** Pub Service. **Coffeen:** C. F. Iwanna Elec. Lt. **Crystal Lake:** Pub Service Co. **Danville:** Pub Service. **Dallas City:** Lt Co. **Decatur:** Pub Service. **DeKalb:** Rex Elec. **DuQuoin:** Elec. **Dwight:** Elec. **East St. Louis:** Pub Service. **Edwardsville:** Elec. **Elgin:** Elec. **Elmhurst:** Elec. **Elmwood:** Elec. **Evanston:** Pub Service. **Fairbury:** Elec. **Farmington:** Elec. **Galena:** Elec. **Gardner:** Pub Service. **Grand Ridge:** Pub Service. **Greenville:** Elec. **Harrisburg:** Elec. **Harvard:** Lt & Pwr. **Harvel:** Hillsboro Elec Lt & Pwr. **Harvey:** Pub Service. **Havana:** Pub Service Co. **Henry:** Pub Service Co. **Highland Park:** Pub Service Co. **Hillsboro:** Elec. **Irving:** Hillsboro Elec. **Jacksonville:** Elec. **Joliet:** Pub Service. **Kankakee:** Pub Service Co. **Kinsman:** Elec. **Lacon:** Pub Service Co. **LaGrange:** Pub Service Co. **Lawrenceville:** Lt & Wtr. **Litchfield:** Elec. **Marseilles:** Pub Service Co. **Mason City:** Elec Lt Co. **Maywood:** Pub Service Co. **Marion:** Pub Service Co. **McHenry:** Samuel Miller. **Mendota:** Elec. Sply :: Pub Service Co. **Moline:** People's Pwr. **Momence:** Lt & Pwr. **Monticello:** Elec Lt. **Morris:** Pub Service Co. **Mounds:** Central Ice. **Mt. Carmel:** Gas & Elec. :: J. Fred Stien & Sons. **Mt. Vernon:** Elec. Plbg & Htg. **Nashville:** Elec Lt. **Newark:** Lt & Pwr. **Sokomis:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **No Central Lake:** Pub Service Co. **Oakland:** Mantel. **Oak Park:** Pub Service Co. **Odell:** Gen. El. Fixt. :: Pub Service Co. **Oneida:** Elec. Lt & Pwr. **Ottawa:** Pub Service Co. **Park Ridge:** Pub Service Co. **Paton:** Pub Service Co. **Pekin:** Gas & Elec. **Peoria:** Lt. Pub Service. Gas & Elec. **Petersburg:** Elec Lt & Pl. **Pontiac:** F O H. **Quincy:** Gas Elec & H. **Ranson:** Pub Serv Co. **Raymond:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Riverside:** Elec. **Rockford:** Elec Co. **Rock Island:** Pub Service. **Peoria:** Pr. **Seneca:** Elec. **Sparland:** Pub Service. **Springfield:** John Bunker Co. Hoerig Elec. Lt Ht & Pwr. R Hay Elec & Mfg. **Steward:** Elec. **Streator:** Pub Service. **Sullivan:** Elec. **Sycamore:** Elec. **Tallula:** Elec. **Trenton:** Elec. **Urbana:** Swan Lt. **Villa Grove:** Elec. **Washington:** Lt & Pwr. **Wilmington:** Elec. **Winchester:** Elec. **Zion:** Elec. Ernest C Jones.

INDIANA

Anderson: Elec. **Columbus:** W E Elec. **Elkhart:** Elec. **Jones & Burk:** Elec. **Greenfield:** Leary & Dieter. **Hartford City:** Ltg. **Indianapolis:** Elec. **Marion:** Elec. **Warsaw:** Elec. **Winona Lake:** Elec.

IOWA

Ackley: Elec. **Albia:** Lt & Pwr. **Altoona:** Elec. **Alton:** Elec. **Anita:** Elec. **Atlantic:** Elec. **Bedford:** Elec. **Bellevue:** Elec. **Blanchard:** Elec. **Bloomfield:** Elec. **Boone:** Elec. **Brooklyn:** Elec. **Buffalo Center:** Elec. **Burlington:** Elec. **Carroll:** Elec. **Cedar Falls:** Elec. **Cedar Rapids:** Elec. **Centerville:** Elec. **Chariton:** Elec. **Charles City:** Elec. **Clarinda:** Elec. **Clarion:** Elec. **Clear Lake:** Elec. **Clinton:** Elec. **Colfax:** Elec. **Corning:** Elec. **Council Bluffs:** Elec. **Creston:** Elec. **Cumberland:** Elec. **Davenport:** Elec. **Decorah:** Elec. **Denison:** Elec. **Denver:** Elec. **Des Moines:** Elec. **Dike:** Elec. **Dubuque:** Elec. **Dunlap:** Elec. **Durant:** Elec. **Eagle Grove:** Elec. **Edgewood:** Elec. **Elkader:** Elec. **Elkhorn:** Elec. **Ellsworth:** Elec. **Emmetsburg:** Elec. **Estherville:** Elec. **Fairfield:** Elec. **Fonda:** Elec. **Fort Dodge:** Elec. **Garner:** Elec. **Glidden:** Elec. **Grinnell:** Elec. **Guthrie Center:** Elec. **Harlan:** Elec. **Hawarden:** Elec. **Hull:** Elec. **Humboldt:** Elec. **Independence:** Elec. **Indianola:** Elec. **Iowa City:** Elec. **Keokuk:** Elec. **Keosauqua:** Elec. **Knoxville:** Elec. **Lake City:** Elec. **Lake Mills:** Elec. **Lake View:** Elec. **Lansing:** Elec. **Le Grand:** Elec. **Leon:** Elec. **Logan:** Elec. **Lost Nation:** Elec. **Lyons:** Elec. **Manchester:** Elec. **Manilla:** Elec. **Manning:** Elec. **Marathon:** Elec. **Marengo:** Elec. **Marion:** Elec. **Marshalltown:** Elec. **Mason City:** Elec. **Maquoketa:** Elec. **Missouri Valley:** Elec. **Monona:** Elec. **Monroe:** Elec. **Mount Ayr:** Elec. **Mount Pleasant:** Elec. **Mount Vernon:** Elec. **Muscatine:** Elec. **Nashua:** Elec. **Nevada:** Elec. **New Hampton:** Elec. **New London:** Elec. **New Sharon:** Elec. **North McGregor:** Elec. **Northwood:** Elec. **Onawa:** Elec. **Orange City:** Elec. **Osage:** Elec. **Ottumwa:** Elec. **Parkersburg:** Elec. **Pella:** Elec. **Perry:** Elec. **Pleasantville:** Elec. **Red Oak:** Elec. **Rock Rapids:** Elec. **Rock Valley:** Elec. **Sac City:** Elec. **Seymour:** Elec. **Sheffield:** Elec. **Sheldon:** Elec. **Shenandoah:** Elec. **Sioux City:** Elec. Eng. Co. :: Interstate Elec & Mfg. **Spencer:** Elec. **Storm Lake:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Tama:** Elec. **Tipton:** Elec Ry & Lt. **Toledo:** Tama & Toledo Elec. **Traer:** Elec. **Union:** Elec. **Vinton:** Elec. **Washington:** Elec. **Waterloo:** Elec. **Waverly:** C F Mackey. **Webster City:** Swanson & Beckner. **Williams:** F. R. Payne.

KANSAS

Abilene: J. E. Valentine. **Anthony:** Municipal Elec. **Atchison:** Elec Sply. **Baldwin:** Elec. **Belleville:** Elec. **Belvoir:** Elec. **Burlingame:** Elec. **Burlington:** Elec. **Caldwell:** Elec. **Claflin:** Elec. **Clay Center:** Elec. **Coffeyville:** Elec. **Concordia:** Elec. **Delphos:** Elec. **Dodge City:** Midland Wtr Lt & Ice. **Eldorado:** Elec. **Meeks:** Elec. **Ellinwood:** F A Dick. **Ellsworth:** People's Elec Lt & Pwr. :: People's Lt & Ice Pl. **Emporia:** Peters Hdwe. :: M W. Schottler. **Eureka:** Lt & Pwr. **Fairview:** J E Selvey. **Frankfort:** Lt & Pwr. **Great Bend:** Hdwe & Imp. **Hays:** Elec Lt. **Herington:** City of Herington Wtr. & Lt Dept. **Hiawatha:** Elec Lt. **Holton:** Hollandsworth & Ellis. **Horton:** Ayers & Phiffer. Horton Garage & Elec. **Hutchinson:** Stumberg Plbg & Elec. :: Hanlin Hdwe. :: Conners Elec Supply. Iola C Plbg & Spl. **Jamestown:** Elec. **Junction City:** Elec. **Kansas:** Elec. **Kinsley:** Elec Lt. **Kiowa:** Elec. **Lawrence:** Elec Lt. **Leavenworth:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Lyons:** Elec. Mfg. **Manhattan:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Marysville:** Elec Lt Pwr & Wtr. **McPherson:** Ed James. **Minneapolis:** Jackman Roller Mills. **Morrill:** B A. Zavitz. **Neodesha:** H C Trolle. **Newton:** Kans Gas & Elec. **Osage City:** Elec Lt. **Osawatomie:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Osborne:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Ottawa:** Elec. **Peabody:** Elec Lt & Pwr Co. **Philipsburg:** Elec. **Pittsburg:** Elec. **Plainville:** Elec. **Pratt:** Elec. **Republic:** Elec. **Russell:** Elec. **Saberha:** Elec. **Salina:** Plbg Co. **Seneca:** Elec Co. **Smith Center:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Spearville:** Elec. **Stockton:** Elec. **Sublette:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Toganoxie:** Elec. **Topeka:** Elec. **Valley Falls:** Elec Lt. **Wamego:** Elec. **Washington:** Elec. **Wellington:** Elec. **Wichita:** Elec. **Wilson:** Elec. **Winfield:** Elec.

KENTUCKY

Catlin: The Home Elec Lt. **Hopkinsville:** City Lt & Pwr. **Louisville:** Elec. **Madisonville:** Elec. **Mayfield:** Elec Lt & Pwr. **Paducah:** Elec.

LOUISIANA

Alexandria: City Elec. **Baton Rouge:** Elec. **Donaldsonville:** Elec. **Monroe:** Elec. **New Orleans:** Elec. **Shreveport:** Elec. :: Cohn Elec.

Hotpoint — The Famous Electric Iron. Cool Handle. Hot Point. All $4.00. Toronto $5.00. In Canada $6.00 and $6.50.

El Warmo — Air Heater and Foot Warmer attaches to electric light socket. Protects feet from cold. Price $6.00. In Canada $8.00.

Utility — Handy for Travellers. Carried in suitcase. Weight 6 lbs. Does Irons, Cooks, Heats. A bargain. Price $6.00. In Canada $8.00. Packs telescope style in leather bag.

El Comfo — Electric Warming Pad. Takes place of the old hot water bottle. Price $4.00; in Canada $5.25.

El Perco — Electric Coffee Percolator. Makes coffee right—right on the table and quickly. Price $7.50; in Canada $9.75.

El Perco — The Percolator Machine. Delicious coffee made on the breakfast table. Price $10.00; in Canada $13.00.

the dealers listed on this page (overflow list on following page)

are progressive. They believe that the Hotpoint appliances (*briefly described at the bottom of this announcement*) are the most reliable and efficient, also the most reasonably priced on the market.
each of them has arranged some special educational feature which you will find entertaining and instructive, and they join us in urging you to learn something about electrical appliances on Hotpoint Day.

to the users of former models of Hotpoint irons

we want you to use the very latest and most improved model of Hotpoint iron, with the element under a 5 year guarantee. Take any iron that we ever made to any of these dealers, with 3-5 regular price, and he will hand you a 1912 model of the same size. (In U. S. $3.00; in Canada $3.90 and an old iron.) While the Hotpoint iron has always been in the van of improvement, recent advances are so pronounced that we are very anxious for all of our old friends to take advantage of the following proposition.

MAINE

Augusta Bennett's Hdw. Co. Webber & Church. Bangor Dow Co. Bar Harbor Lyenbarnor & Hodgkins. Bath R W Cumtis. Bedford York Lt & Pr. Bethel J L. Finney. Biddeford: York Lt & Pr. Boothbay Harbor. R. W Dolloff. Brownville Jct. N P McLeod. Brunswick: I. H. McKenney. Damariscotta Portland Pr. & Dev. Dexter: E. D. Ellsworth A M Moore Farmington J. W. Baker Jr. Fairfield H D Stevens. Forcroft: H S Jackson Greenville Lt & Pwr. Houlton Wtr. Co. Kennebunk Norton & Harden. Lewiston Lewiston & Auburn Elec. Lt. Mechanic Falls Elec Lt. Milo N P McLeod. Pittsfield. F H Bean. Portland Cons Elec Lt. of Me. York & Boothby. Rumford Falls Lt & Wtr Co. Wiscasset Jas M Kingsbury.

MARYLAND

Baltimore: Elec Supply. Joseph M Zamoisk Co. Automatic Washer Cleaning Co. Eugene Leisenfeld & Co. Elec Supply. Joel Heiman & Co. Belair Elec. Co. Catonsville. Patterson Elec. Hagerstown. Spangler Elec. Co. Central Garage & Elec Supply. Pocomoke City. Elec. Ice & Mfg.

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams A E Hall Gas Lt. Co. Allston: J. A Fitzjoy. Amherst F A Thompson. Arlington R W Lefavour. Arlington Hts. R C Taylor. Attleboro. H C Barden. Auburndale F A Conaway. Ayer Elec Co. Beverly J W Lee & Co. Beverly Farms F W Varney. Bingham Albert M Kimball. Blackstone Elec Lt. Boston M Cohn Hdwe. Walter B Cockson. Paul C Klein. W W Rowe. Washington Hdwe. J W Carden & Co. Lt. Ht. & Pwr Corp. Seth W Fuller Co. :: Garland & Safford. E G Sawyer Co. :: S. C. Pulsifer. East Boston: Burns Elec. Howard S. Hunter. Braintree: Elec Lt. Dept. Brockton: Edison Elec. Illg Co. Brookline: E G Sawyer Co. Cambridge Brown & Co. Campello. Geo A. McLarty. Chicopee Falls City of. Cooper Elec Lt Co. Clinton James Lt. Danvers. Town of. Dedham D F Woodward. Dedham Geo. D. Gibb. Easthampton Gas Co. Fitchburg Connecticut River Transmission. Franklin H C Barden. Gardner Elec Lt. Gloucester John F Howard. Great Barrington H C Barnard. Greenfield Hawks Elec. Hampden W. E. Morse. Haverhill Cox & Hingham. Albert M Kimball. Holyoke Preston Moore Elec. Lawrence C L Arcularius. Lenox Electric Co. Leominster A J Leominster Gas & Elec Co. Lowell Elec Light Dept. Lynn Thos. Gaskill. Malden Elec Co. Marblehead. Melrose Electric Co. Middleboro Gas & Elec Co. Milford Electric Co. Needham Heights B Cook. New Bedford Brownell & Co. Newburyport W H Swasey. Newton Wtr. Co. Northampton Electric Light Co. North Attleboro Elec Co. Norwood. Peabody W. Reading Elec Light Dept. Rockport Elec Co. Rutland. Salisbury Beach W J Mugford. Sharon Electric Co. Shrewsbury Wm. Forbes. So. Hamilton Wenham Lt. & Pr. Co. So. Essex Elec Co. Southbridge Elec Lt. & Pr. Co. South Weymouth Elec Light Dept. Springfield Elec Light Co. Stoneham Electric Co. Taunton David Bernstein. Turners Falls Electric Co. Uxbridge Elec Lt. Co. Wakefield Elec Co. Wareham Elec Co. Webster Gas & Elec Light Co. Wellesley Hills Elec Co. West Boylston Elec Co. West Newbury Elec Light Co. Westfield Elec Light Dept. Weymouth Light & Power Co. Whitman Electric Co. Wilbraham Electric Co. Williamstown Gas & Elec Light Co. Winchendon Elec Light Co. Winthrop Elec Light Co. Woburn Elec Light Co. Worcester J. Hamilton. Wrentham Elec Co. Yarmouth Port Elec Light Co. Templeton W D Kingsbury.

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor C M Nillmann & Co. Bay City Kay Electric Co. Beattie Creek Elec Co. Benton Harbor Benton Harbor-St. Joseph Elec Co. Berrien Springs Ind & Mich Elec. Bessemer Gogebic & Iron Counties Ry. & Lt. Big Rapids Grand Rapids Muskegon Pwr. Buchanan. Ind & Mich Elec. Cadillac Wtr & Elec Co. Canopolis Mill & Pwr. Caldwater Pwr & Elec Co. Constantine Hdwe. Co. Detroit Detroit Edison Co. Dundee Elec Lt & Pwr. Dundee Lt. H. Woodward. Escanaba Elec Lt & Pwr Co. Flint Flint Gas Co. Grand Haven Elec Light & Pwr Co. Grand Ledge Consumers Pwr Co. Grand Rapids Grand Rapids Gas Light Co. Hastings Elec Light Dept. Houghton Gas & Elec. Indiana Electric Co. Howell: Garage & Supply Co. Iron River Iron River Light & Power Co. Ironwood Ironwood Gas & Elec Co. Ishpeming Ishpeming Gas & Elec Co. Jackson Jackson Gas Co. Kalamazoo Kalamazoo Gas Co. Lansing Lansing Gas & Elec Co. Ludington Ludington Gas & Elec Co. Manistee Manistee Gas & Elec Co. Marquette Marquette Lt. & Pwr. Co. Midland Midland Water Supply. Monroe Monroe Gas & Elec Co. Mt. Clemens: Mt. Clemens Gas & Elec Co. Muskegon: Muskegon Gas & Elec Co. Newberry Newberry Elec. Co. Norway: Chas. E. James. Petoskey Petoskey Electric Co. Pontiac Pontiac Gas Co. Port Huron Port Huron Gas Co. Reed City: Osceola Lt. & Pwr. Co. Saginaw Saginaw Gas Light Co. Morley Bros. St. Joseph Electric Co. St. Clair Lt. & Pwr. Co. St. Joseph Electric Co. Sault Ste. Marie Sault Ste. Marie Elec. Co. South Haven Water Works. Three Rivers Electric Co. Union City Union City Elec. Co. Wayne Wayne Elec. Co. White Pigeon Electric Co. Constantine Hydraulic.

MINNESOTA

Albert Lea Albert Lea Elec. Alexandria: Elec. Anoka B J Watts. Austin Austin Gas & Elec. Co. Babbitt N E Johnson. Canoe Lake Power Co. Center City: Axel Carlson. Chaska Chaska Elec. Co. Chisholm. B. H. Graham & Co. Cloquet: Oetland Elec. Crosby Blake Elec. Const. Deerwood: M. D. Storer. Duluth: Hayha & Co. J. S. Crowley Elec. Edison Elec. Kelley Hdwe. Quayle Larson. French & Bassett. R. Granquist. Northern Elec. Chas. A. Gustafson. Geo. A. Gray Co. Wieland & Wade. East Grand Forks: Dakotah Elec. Ellsworth Elec. Lt. Pl. Eveleth. Home Elec. Lt. & Ht. Faribault Consumers Pwr. Glenwood: Mill & Elec. Hastings Elec. Lt. & Pwr. Hibbing: Blake Elec. :: Thyand Hdwe. International Falls W E Lawrence. Zimmerman Elec. Lake City. E V Lombard. Le Sueur. Village of. Lincoln Gas & Elec Lt. Little Falls Wtr Pwr Co of Minn. Litchfield Village of Litchfield. Luverne J E Treat. Madison City Elec. Lt Pl. Mahnomen: Mahn Elec Lt & Wtr Pl. Village of Mahnomen. Mankato Consumers Pwr. Minneapolis O S Bake & Son :: G n Elec Co. :: N W. Elec. St. Croix Falls, Minn., Imp. :: Warner Hardware Co. Morris City M Co. Elec Lt. Montevideo Elec Lt. & Pwr. Northfield: Consumers Pwr. Ortonville: C R Moelman. Owatonna: Public Service Operating. Red Lake Falls. Red River Pwr. Red Wing: I G Foster. Rochester Kennedy Elec. Royalton. Pwr & Lt. Sauk Center: G Hinerud & Co. St. James: City of St. James. St Paul Golden Rule. Lefkert Elec. N W Elec Equip. G Sommers. Twin City Gas Fixt. :: Patterson Dental Sply. :: Northern Ht & Elec. :: Nimis & Nimis. :: Fixt. Equip. :: Schuneman & Evans :: Lindeke Warner & Sons. So. St Paul: Serne Nelson. St. Peters: Mason Bros. Vill of St Peter. Stillwater: Consumers Pwr. A C Johnson. Thief River Falls: City of. Tracy: D H Evans. Two Harbors: Victor Courselle :: Mc Gordy & Son. Virginia Elec Pwr & Wtr. Trichler Elec. Wabasha R E Jones. Wadena. Butford & Son. Warren: Elec. Lt. & Wtr. Dept. :: Vill. of. Waseca: J. E. Kelly Garage :: Earl Guy. Wheaton Elec. Lt. Co. Willmar: City of. Winona: H B. Kunz.

MISSISSIPPI

Amory Lt & Pwr Co. Biloxi Coast Elec Pwr Co. Coast Tract. Brookhaven R N Davis. Cleveland Delta Elec Pr & Mfg Co. Greenwood Elec Light & Ice Co. Gulfport Gulfport & Miss. Coast Co. Hattiesburg Tract Co. Jackson Elec Co. Longoca Elec Co. Meridian Lt & Pwr Co. Natchez Eastern R & Lt Co. Ocean Springs Coast Tract Co. Oxford Elec Light & Ice Co. Pass Christian: Gulfport & Miss. Coast Tract Co. Vicksburg. Lt. & Pwr.

MISSOURI

Anderson H F Bratt. Bethany Elec Light & Power Co. Bowling Green Pike Co. Elec. Brookfield Elec Light & Power Co. Carrollton J A Hume. Carrollton Elec Light & Power Co. Chillicothe City Lt. & Pr. Concordia Elec Co. Edgerton. Excelsior Springs H B Stone. Farmington Elec Light & Power Co. Fayette Elec Lt & Pwr. Gallatin. Grant City. Hamilton B Wyatt. Harrisonville Elec Light & Power Co. Hayti Elec Light & Power Co. Jefferson City Elec Lt & Pwr. Kansas City Elec Lt & Pwr. King City Elec Lt & Pwr. Kirksville Elec Lt & Pwr. Lexington. Macon Elec Lt & Pwr. Marceline Elec Lt & Pwr. Marshall Elec Lt & Pwr. Maryville Elec Lt & Pwr. Mexico Elec Lt & Pwr. Milan Elec Lt & Pwr. Monroe City Elec Lt & Pwr. Mound City Elec Lt & Pwr. Nevada Elec Lt & Pwr. Oregon Elec Lt & Pwr. Pattonsburg Elec Lt & Pwr. Plattsburg Elec Lt & Pwr. Richmond Elec Lt & Pwr. St. Joseph Elec Lt & Pwr. St. Louis Edison Elec Illg Co. Salisbury Elec Lt & Pwr. Savannah Elec Lt & Pwr. Sedalia Queen City Elec Co. Slater Elec Lt & Pwr. Trenton Elec Lt & Pwr. Unionville Elec Lt & Pwr. Warrensburg Elec Lt & Pwr. Webb City Elec Lt & Pwr. Windsor Elec Lt & Pwr.

MONTANA

Alder: Madison River Pwr. Anaconda: Copper Mining. Belgrade: Madison River Pwr. Belt: Anaconda Copper Mining. Big Timber: Billings & Eastern Mont. Pwr. Billings: Billings & Eastern Mont. Pwr. Bonner Anaconda Copper Mining. Missoula Lt. & Pwr. Bozeman Madison River Pwr. Butte Anaconda Copper Mining. Lt. & Pwr. Columbus Billings & Eastern Mont. Pwr. Conrad: Elec & Pwr. Glendive: Glendive Elec Lt & Pwr. Great Falls Electric Power Co. Hamilton Missoula Lt. & Wtr. Helena Lt. & R. Kalispell. Gas & Mont. Pwr. Laurel Billings & East Mont. Pwr. Laurin: Madison River Pwr. Lewiston Supply Co. Lt. & Pwr. Livingston Mystic River Pwr. Manhattan: Madison River Pwr. Miles City: Miles & Umer :: Missoula Lt. & Pwr. Park City: Billings & East Mont. Pwr. Phillipsburg Bowen Bros. Elec. Lt. Roundup: Newton Hdwe. & Imp. Sheridan: Madison River Pwr. Stevensville. Mystic Lt. & Wtr. Three Forks Madison River Pwr. Twin Bridge Madison River Pwr. Whitehall Madison River Pwr. Whitefish Jaquith & Johns.

NEBRASKA

Allen: Good Bros. Alliance: Schafer Elec. Beatrice: Adams Mercantile. Blair: Lyman Elec. Arnold Hdwe. Broken Bow: G. W. Apple. Cambridge: Charles L. Bentley :: Village of Cambridge. Central City: Bump & Willow. Columbus Gas Co. Creighton: Exeter Elec Lt & Pwr. Fairbury: Fairbury Elec Lt & Pwr. Falls City: Rummel Bros. Fremont: Gas Elec Lt & Pwr. :: Holloway & Fowler. Grand Island: Hastings: Hastings Elec Co. Hayes Center: Hitchcock: Hayes Center Elec Co. Holdrege: Lexington: Lincoln: Elec Lt & Pwr. Long Pine: J. D. Norfolk: Norfolk Elec Co. Nebraska City: Nebraska City Elec Co. Oakdale: Elec Lt & Pwr. Omaha: H R Harlan. Pender: Pender Elec Lt & Pwr. Randolph: H. J. Baughn. Sidney: Elec. Service. Superior: Johnson Bros. Superior Elec Lt. Sutton: Elec Lt & Pwr. Tecumseh Elec Lt & Wtr Wks. Wymore Elec Co. York. Gen Elec. Sply.

NEVADA

Carson City Frank E Meder. East Ely: Lt & Pwr. Goldfield: Nevada-Cal Pwr. Manhattan: Nevada Cal Pwr. Reno. Gray Reid Wright. Nevada Hdwe & Sply. Elec. Wks. Merc Co., Nevada Mach & Elec. Rhyolite: Nevada Cal Pwr. Silver Peak Nevada Cal Pwr. Sparks Austin & McPherson Robinson Merc. Thorne Standard Cons Mining Co. Tonopah, Nevada-Cal. Pwr. Yerington, Dillon & West.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin: Elec. Lt. Derry: Elec. Lt. Franklin: H Perkins. Hanover: Joseph P Hutchinson. Hinsdale: Elec Lt & Pwr. Littleton A A Pennock. Manchester Trac Lt & Pwr. Nashua Lt. Ht. & Pwr. Ry. Newport: Ralph H Tenney. Warren, Wtr & Lt. Co.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City: Elec Co. :: Currie Co. :: Alfred D Manning :: Geo W Vallee Elec. Bayonne Chas K Proctor. Bernardsville: Eastern Penn Pwr. Brighton D C Barton. Bridgeton Elec Co. Cape May Lt & Pwr. Dover Eastern Penn Pwr. Hoboken Pub Service Elec. Hoboken A Frank. Long Branch H C Reem. Madison E. Orange Lt & Pwr. Passaic Pub Service Elec. Paterson W Cleveland Howe. Point Pleasant Howard H Reid. Salem Elec. Co. Summit Trenton Elec. :: M M

NEW MEXICO

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NEW YORK

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(continued from previous page)

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(continued on page 49)

Scenery as an Asset

By ENOS A. MILLS

WHEN Horace Greeley was in California, a generation ago, he paid a visit to a grove of big trees. Leaning against the largest tree, he figured out the quantity of lumber it would cut and also that stable-room for thirty horses could be made in its stump! This noble tree monument, a heritage of the ages and one of the world's most inspiring wonders, interested Greeley in only a common, material way.

Some time after his visit, John Muir came to the grove. Muir stood beneath this monarch of the forest a long time, rapt in reverent and reflective thought. The tree towered in calm magnificence far above him. Splendidly this living, heroic tree appealed to his imagination; in it he caught glimpses of "yesterday's seven thousand years." Here was the oldest, largest living object upon the earth—the oldest settler! He had sheltered and nourished numberless generations of birds and squirrels. He had lived through thousands of changing seasons, resisting and living triumphantly through forest fires, earthquakes, droughts and bombardments of thunderbolts. Serenely he stood in his appointed place still, a living monumental landmark to inspire each thoughtful visitor!

Plans were being completed to cut and lumber this veteran, but Muir declared the tree must not be felled. Despite the ridicule of many who mocked at the idea of a tree being saved "just to be looked at," Muir resolved to save this tree. He made eloquent appeals for its life; he had peppery arguments with lumbermen; and in one of his Scotchy discussions with some practical people he made the following assertion and prediction: "Let it live on; and every year the travelers who will come to see it will bring into the state more gold than the total you will receive for its entire sliced carcass." The long laugh which greeted this assertion has ceased. The prediction has come true. This tree and other scenes are attracting Nature-loving, money-spending travelers. Scenery has become a commercial resource—a valuable asset.

Some American Masterpieces

During the last two decades large numbers of people have been eagerly paying for the privilege of looking at and enjoying scenery. As a result, a travel industry of importance has been built up in a number of scenic localities—especially in those localities which provided the best entertainment for travelers.

Last year Europe did a travel business of five hundred million dollars; three hundred and fifty millions of this was spent by Americans. America has scenic resources far superior to those of Europe. Such is the varied and striking nature of our scenery and such is the nature of the traveler that we have but to exploit these resources, and add accessibility and entertainment to them, in order to have a more productive travel industry than that of Europe.

Switzerland is an excellent illustration in this connection. It had an array of attractive scenery. This scenery was made pleasantly accessible by means of good roads. The traveler came. He was graciously received and comfortably entertained. He lingered. Finally he cheerfully paid his bill and went home. The following year he returned, accompanied by a number of friends. Thus in a few years Switzerland, with an area of only fifteen thousand square miles, by exploiting its scenery built up a travel industry that brings it two hundred million dollars annually.

In the nature of things the United States should have a travel industry of vast economic importance. We have numerous and extensive scenic areas of unexcelled attractiveness, together with a majority of the world's greatest scenic wonders and wonderlands. All these, too, repose in a climate that is hospitable and refreshing. Develop these scenes by making them ready for the traveler and they will become continuously productive.

Our established scenic reservations, or those which may be hereafter set aside, are destined to become the basis of our large scenic industry. Fortunately the area of

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on Page 67

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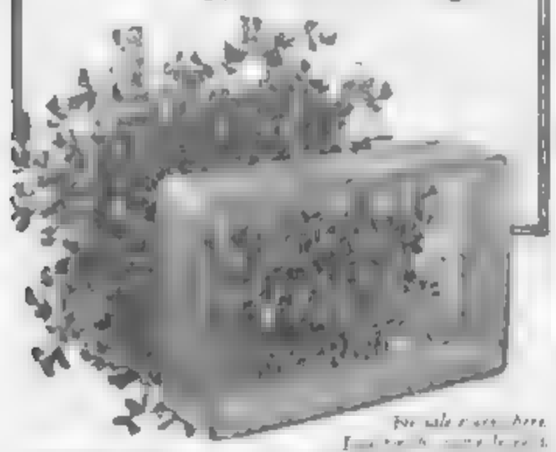

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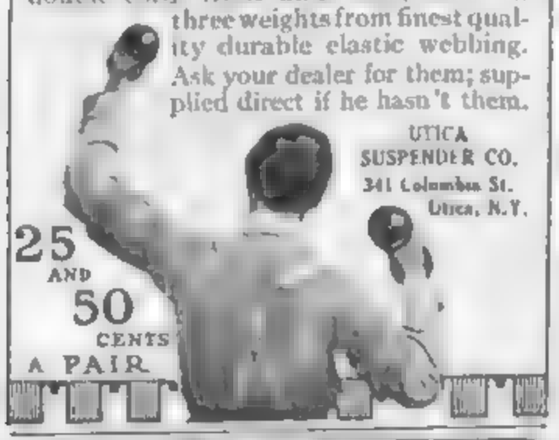

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our present scenic reservations is approximately as extensive as Massachusetts. These reservations embrace thirteen national parks and twenty-eight national monuments. Each park and monument was reserved, because of its scenic wonders, to be a recreation place for the people. The monuments were set aside by executive orders of the president—the parks by acts of Congress. Each park or monument is a wonderland in itself. All these together contain some of the strangest, sublimest scenes on the globe. Within them are a number of unique, magnificent scenes. The combined nations of the earth cannot show an equal array of loveliness, strangeness and grandeur. Each reservation is different from the others; and in all of them a traveler could spend a lifetime without exhausting their wonders. Our scenic exhibit, then, is unrivaled. It displays all the delightful scenes which travelers demand—shows many that cannot elsewhere be beheld and has some undreamed-of groupings in the fine arts of Nature.

The following list gives all the national parks and ten of the twenty-eight national monuments, together with the location of each and its characteristic features:

NATIONAL PARKS

NAME	LOCATION	CHARACTERISTICS
Yellowstone	Wyoming	Mountains, ...
Hot Springs	Arkansas	Medicinal springs and wooded hills
Sequoia	California	Big trees, high mountains
Yosemite	California	Unique glacial valley and snowy peaks
...	California	Big trees
...	Arizona	Prehistoric dwellings
...	Washington	A noble glacier-crowned mountain
...	Oregon	Lake in extinct crater
Platt	Oklahoma	Mineral springs
Wind Cave	South Dakota	Caverns
Sully's Hill	North Dakota	Wooded hills and lake
Mesa Verde	Colorado	Cliff houses and canons
Glacier	Montana	Glaciers and glacial lakes

NATIONAL MONUMENTS

NAME	LOCATION	CHARACTERISTICS
Grand Cañon	...	...
Petrified Forest	Arizona	...
Mukuntuweap	Utah	Extraordinary cañon erosion
...	California	Primeval redwood forest
...	California	Lava field
Natural Bridges	Utah	Enormous natural bridges
Devil's Tower	Wyoming	Example of erosion
Mount Olympus	Washington	Snowy mountains
Navajo	...	Cliff dwellings and pueblos
Wheeler	...	Volcanic formations

Here is a splendid array of Nature's masterpieces, to lure and reward the traveler. In mountainpeaks there are Grand Teton, Long's Peak, Mount Whitney and Mount Rainier; in cañons, the vast Grand Cañon and the brilliantly colored Yellowstone; in gorges, that peerless pair—the Yosemite and the Hetch-Hetchy; in trees, the unrivaled sequoias and many matchless primeval forests; in rivers, few on the earth are enriched with scenes equal to those between which rolls the Columbia; in petrified forests, those in Arizona and in the Yellowstone are unsurpassed; in natural bridges, those in Utah easily arch above the other great ones of the earth; in desert attractions, Death Valley offers a rare display of colors, strangeness, silences and mirages; in waterfalls, Niagara, Yellowstone and Yosemite; in glaciers, the Blackfoot, the Nisqually and the Arapahoe; in medicinal springs there is an array of flowing life-extending fountains; in wild flowers, the mountain wild flowers in the West are lovely with the loveliest anywhere; in wild animals of interest and influence, the grizzly bear, the beaver and the mountain sheep; in bird music, that which is sung by the thrushes and cañon wrens silences with melodious sweetness the other best bird-songs of the earth. In these varied attractions of our many natural parks we have ample playgrounds for all the world and the opportunity for a travel industry many times as productive as our gold and silver mines—and more lasting, too, than they. When these scenes are ready for the traveler we will not need to nag Americans to see America first; and Europeans, too, will start at once a continuous procession to these wonderlands.

Taken at present as a whole, our national parks and monuments may be described as an undeveloped scenic resource of enormous potential value. The development of these parks and monuments is barely commenced. Though roomy enough for all the earth's travelers, they can offer accommodations to but a few. Being almost roadless, their scenes are closed to most travelers.

The most important present need of these scenes is a system of good roads. The automobile should be welcomed to all

(continued from previous page)

sellers of electrical appliances who request you to visit them on

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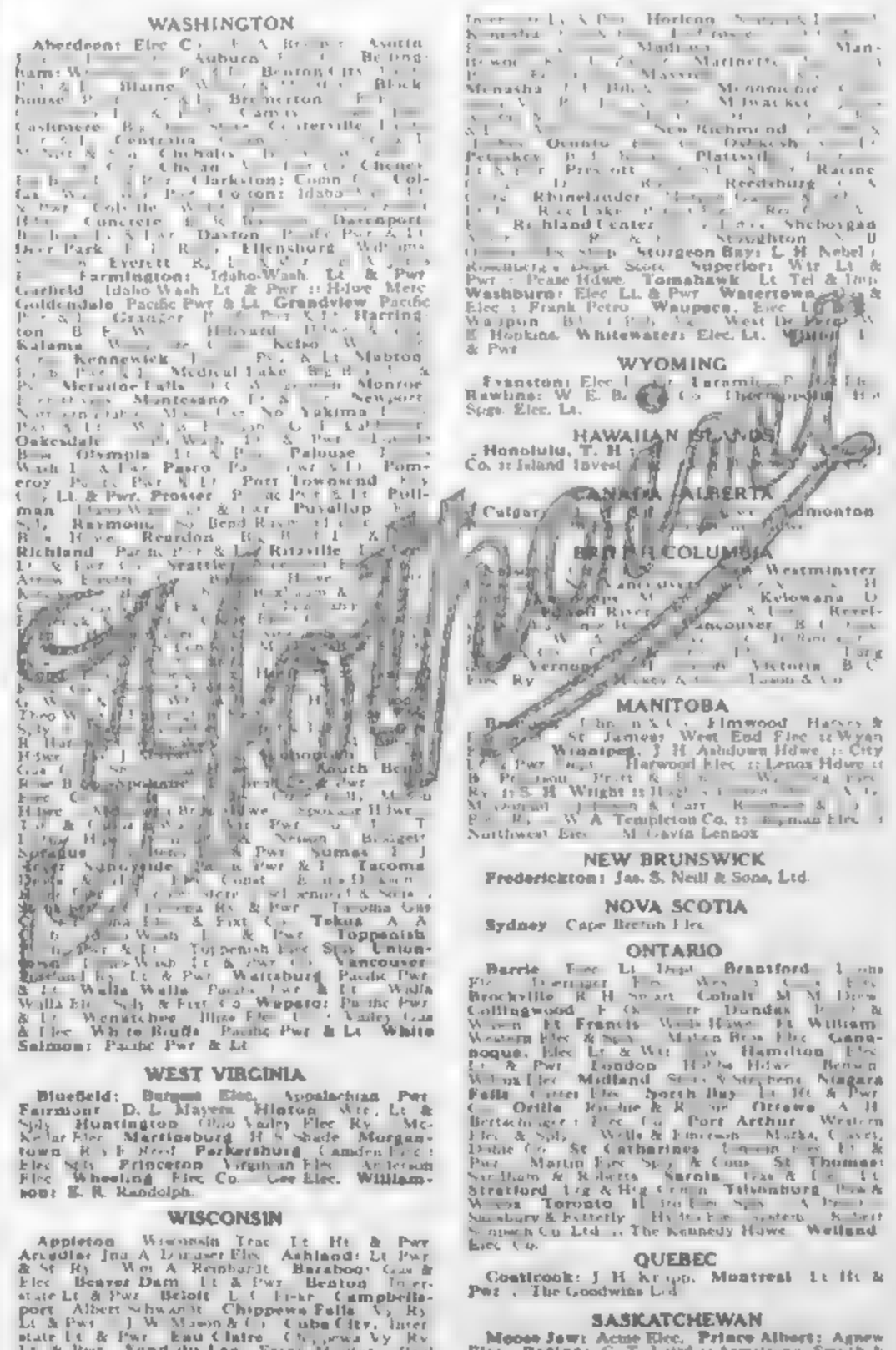

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Aberdeen: Elec C ... Auburn ... Bellingham: W ... Blaine ... Blockhouse ... Bremerton ... Camas ... Castlemeo ... Centralia ... Chehalis ... Chelan ... Cheney ... Clarkston: Cumo ... Colfax ... Colville ... Concrete ... Davenport ... Deer Park ... Ellensburg ... Everett ... Farmington: Idaho-Wash Lt & Pwr Garfield: Idaho Wash Lt & Pwr :: Hdwe Merc Goldendale: Pacific Pwr & Lt. Grandview: Pacific ... Granger ... Harrington ... Kalama ... Kelso ... Kennewick ... Pwr & Lt Mabton ... Medical Lake ... Meraldo Falls ... Monroe ... Montesano ... Newport ... No Yakima ... Oakesdale ... Olympia Lt & Pwr: Palouse ... Wash Lt & Pwr: Pasco Pwr & Lt Pomeroy: Pwr & Lt Port Townsend ... Prosser: Pwr & Lt Pullman ... Pwr & Lt Puyallup ... Raymond ... Bend Rainier Elec ... Reardon ... Richland: Pasco Pwr & Lt Ritzville ... Seattle: ... Spokane: ... Sprague ... Sumas: ... Sunnyside: Pwr & Lt Tacoma ... Pwr & Lt Tekoa: ... Toppenish: Pwr & Lt Toppenish Elec Sply Union-town: Wash Lt & Pwr Co Vancouver: ... Pwr & Lt Waitsburg: Pacific Pwr & Lt Walla Walla: Pacific Pwr & Lt :: Walla Walla Sply & Fixt Co Wapato: Pacific Pwr & Lt Wenatchee: Hdwe Elec Co Valley Gas & Elec White Bluffs: Pacific Pwr & Lt White Salmon: Pacific Pwr & Lt

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the Hotpoint factory and the Hotpoint distributer work hand in glove to produce and to market the best line of electrically heated appliances used on the lamp socket. the Five Year Guarantee that covers the element in Hotpoint irons makes them safer to buy than non-electrical devices. There is no risk—no danger. And their use is a source of so much satisfaction and comfort.

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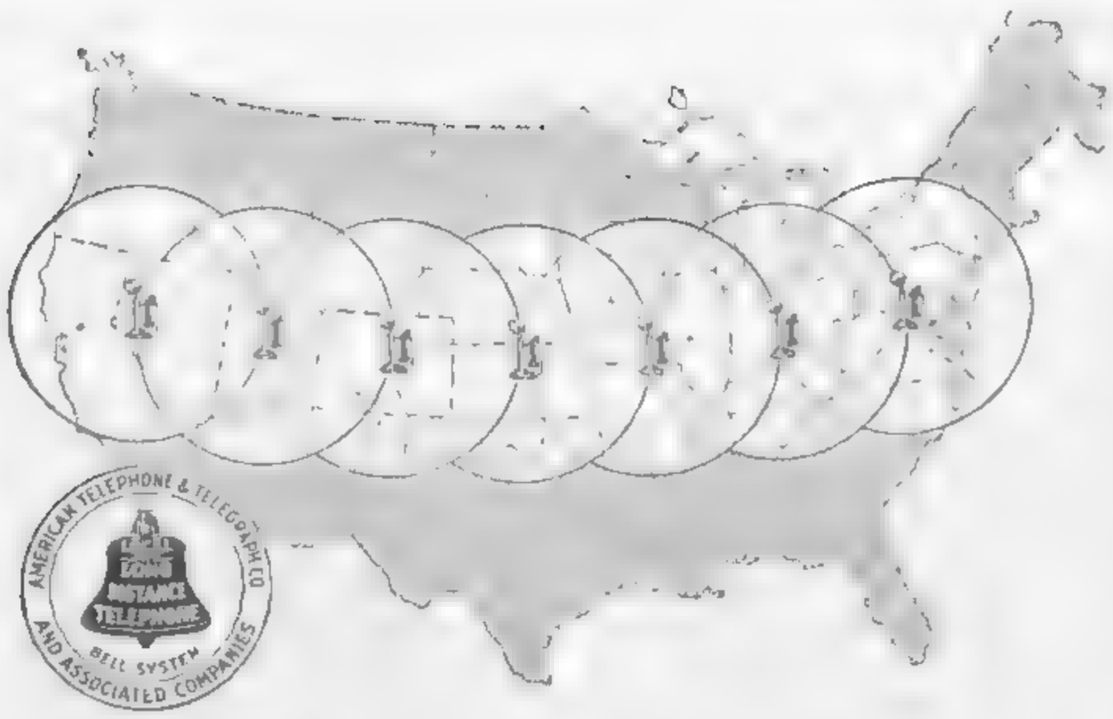

The Chain of Communication

EACH Bell Telephone is the center of the system. This system may be any size or any shape, with lines radiating from any subscriber's telephone, like the spokes of a wheel, to the limits of the subscriber's requirements, whether ten miles or a thousand.

Somewhere on the edge of this subscriber's radius is another who requires a radius of lines stretching still further away. On the edge of this second subscriber's radius is still a third, whose requirements mean a further extension of the lines, and so on.

This endless chain of systems may be illustrated by a series of overlapping circles. Each additional subscriber becomes a new center with an extended radius of communication, reaching other subscribers.

However small the radius, the step-by-step extension from neighbor to neighbor must continue across the continent without a stopping place, until the requirements of every individual have been met.

There can be no limit to the extension of telephone lines until the whole country is covered. There can be no limit to the system of which each Bell telephone is the center, up to the greatest distance that talk can be carried.

Because these are the fundamental needs of a nation of telephone users, the Bell System must provide universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

these reservations, and each should have numbers of good hotels. For the complete success of these rare realms, and hence the fullest development of the travel industry, these parks and reservations should have the entire attention of one governmental department. This might be called the National Park Service. This service should develop, protect and manage the resources of these parks, so that the scenery would be perpetuated; and also care for the welfare of visitors. These improvements are essential in making our vast resources productive. It is a business proposition and will pay large returns on all money invested. It cannot pay, however, without these developing investments.

Apparently, then, the people of the United States may easily develop a vast and permanent source of wealth; may establish a new and enormously influential industry. We have a pleasant climate and a land abounding in scenic beauty, which the traveler wants; add to these hospitable entertainment and we will have an aggregation for which all travelers will gladly pay, but for which they will accept no substitutes "just as good."

The travel industry is a large and direct contributor to many industries and their laborers. It helps the railroads, automobile makers, hotels, guides, the manufacturers of the clothing, books, souvenirs and other articles purchased by travelers. Perhaps the farmer is the one most benefited—he furnishes the beef, fruit, butter, chickens and, in fact, all the food consumed by the traveling multitude. A large travel industry means enlarging the home market to gigantic proportions.

Large Profits Going to Waste

The comparative merits of the Alps and the Rocky Mountains for recreation purposes are frequently discussed. Roosevelt and others have spoken of the Colorado Rockies as "the nation's playground." This Colorado region really is one vast natural park. The area of it is three times that of the Alps. The scenery of these Colorado Rocky Mountains, though unlike the Alps, is equally grandly attractive and upholds more varied scenes. Being almost free from snow, the entire area of the Rockies from base to summit is easily enjoyed; a novice may scale the peaks without the ice and snow that hampers and endangers even the expert climbers in the icy Alps. The Alps wear a perpetual ice-cap down to nine thousand feet. The inhabited zone in Colorado is seven thousand feet higher than that zone in Switzerland. At ten thousand feet, and even higher, in Colorado, one finds railroads, wagonroads and hotels. In Switzerland there are but few hotels above five thousand feet and most people live below the three-thousand-foot mark. Timberline in Colorado is five thousand feet farther up the heights than in Switzerland. The Centennial State offers a more numerous and attractive array of wild flowers, birds, animals and mineral springs than the land of William Tell. The Rocky Mountain sheep is as interesting and audacious as the chamois; the fair polemonium dares greater heights than the famed edelweiss. The climate of the Rocky Mountains is more cheerful than that of the Alps—there are more sunny days, the skies are as blue, as in Switzerland, while the air is drier and more energizing.

The attractions in the Alps are being preserved, while the Rocky Mountains are being skinned of their scenery. There are in the Rocky Mountains a number of scenic realms that are rich in perishable attractions that might well be reserved as parks and their poetic scenes kept unmarred. It is to be hoped that the growing interest in scenery and in beautiful America will bring this about before these hanging, wild mountain gardens are shorn of their loveliness.

The United States is behind most nations in making profitable use of scenery. Alpine scenery annually produces upward of ten thousand dollars to the square mile, while the scenic Rocky Mountains are being despoiled for a few dollars a square mile. Though Switzerland has already accomplished much along scenic conservation lines, it is working for still better results. It is constructing modern hotels throughout the Alps and is exploiting the winter as well as the summer use of these. Good roads are being extended into more scenic places. It is investigating, with a view of establishing national parks. The Canadian government

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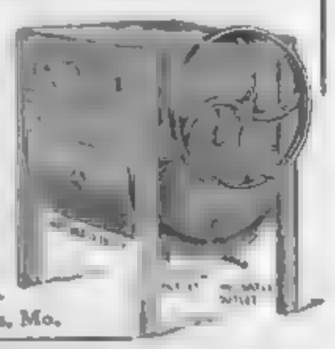

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has done and is doing extensive development work in its national parks. It is preparing a welcome for multitudes of travelers; travelers are responding in numbers.

The scenery of the United States is but a picturesque remnant—a melancholy ruin of former glory. Much of this scenery was thoughtlessly destroyed. Where once were harmonious groupings of shining lakes, winding streams, oaks and evergreens, there are now places of broken and blackened columns of templed groves and ruined wild gardens. Young America has sown wild oats with the inherited scenic fortune; this is producing poor breakfast food!

Would it not be well—would it not pay—to save, in parks and reservations, the better of the remaining unspoiled scenic sections of the country? There is a ragged scenic border of varying width that extends entirely round the United States. Inside this border are three other localities richly dowered with natural beauty. These are the Rocky Mountains, the Appalachians—especially in Pennsylvania and North Carolina—and the Ozark Mountains, in the Mississippi Valley.

As this would mean a more beautiful America, it might be well to give the idea extensive local applications. To a large extent, the situation could be handled by the states. In each state there are a number of localities of scenic and historic interest it would be well to save for the public. They could be made state parks. If not saved early they may be marred or become enormously expensive. Outdoor places for rest and recreation are increasingly needed. Such places promote humanizing intercourse, public spirit, and the health, working efficiency and ideals of every one. No nation has ever fallen for having too much scenery.

The unfortunate fact is that our scenery has never had a standing. To date, it has been an outcast. Often lauded as akin to the fine arts, or something sacred, commonly it is destroyed or put to base uses. Parks should no longer be used as pigpens and pastures. These base uses prevent the parks from paying dividends in humanity.

The Legal Value of Scenic Beauty

The better half of our scenic attractions are the perishable ones. The forests and the flowers, the birds and the animals, the luxuriant growths in the primeval wild gardens are the poetry, the inspiration, of outdoors. Without these, how dead and desolate the mountain, the meadow and the lake! These easily destroyed or disfigured charms are what every one often needs. People often feel the call of the wild, and they want the wild world beautiful. They need the temples of the gods, the forest primeval, and the pure and flower-fringed brooks. All need to stand kneedeep in June, and all want the repose and the steadfastness of the pines.

A law and a strong public opinion are needed to secure the treasures in our national and other parks from private greed. There is no law to protect these wonderlands for the sole purpose for which they were established—that is, scenic places of recreation for the public. Constant attempts, that occasionally are successful, are made to pasture, lumber or in some way disfigure these parks. Recently an almost successful attempt was made to acquire the wonderful Yellowstone Falls for water-power purposes. All are aware of the present attempt to invade the Yosemite National Park and acquire a title to the Hetch-Hetchy portion of it. In addition to their uplifting influences, unmarred scenic attractions are beginning to pay large indirect revenues. Last year, according to the American Civic Association, Niagara Falls had an economic scenic value of five hundred million dollars. It paid five per cent on that amount. Thousands of people, too, were rested while watching its plunging waters. We cannot afford to allow the slightest disfigurement of our fairer scenes.

The courts have recently expressed definite and advanced views concerning scenic beauty. In Colorado, where water has a high economic value, a United States circuit court recently decided that the beneficial use of a stream was not necessarily an agricultural, industrial or commercial use; and that, as a part of the scenery, it was being beneficially used for the general welfare. The question was whether the waters of a stream, which in the way of a lakelet and a waterfall were among the attractions of a summer resort,

The "Piece of Furniture" on which Hangs the Life of the Child

An epidemic of "summer complaint" broke out in a New York Hospital. The cause was, of course, sought wildly. The source of the milk supply was proved perfect but the milk itself was poison. What was finally found is as follows:

The temperature of the refrigerator in which this milk was kept had attained "70 degrees"! And yet the ice chamber was full of ice—the air was apparently cold. No one had thought, for these simple reasons, that such a condition could exist. But the fact that it **did**—cost lives!

The thing that occurred was **germ multiplication** in milk that was up to the usual purity standard—the same milk you buy every day. There was not a thing wrong but the "ice box."

But one germ in "fresh" milk in 24 hours can breed 7,000 others—even at 68 degrees. In 48 hours—at 68 degrees these germs can increase **7,000 times more**—the milk can be, not only unfit, but deadly. The milk you buy is from 36 to 48 hours old when you get it.

The moral is this:—When you buy a refrigerator don't regard it as merely "**furniture**"—don't buy for **looks** or for **cheapness** for neither can stop the increase of germs.

There's a refrigerator called the **Bohn Syphon** Refrigerator. It costs a trifle more than common kinds. But it maintains a sanitary cold of **42 to 48 degrees** and stays so dry that you can strike a match on its **walls any** time. It actually **decreases** germs in **fresh milk** for **24 hours continuously.** It practically **arrests** germ multiplication even in milk 48 hours old. It is a **machine** in which there is **constant action**—the **syphoning** of pure fresh dry air throughout every square inch of each food compartment. An orange kept in it for **8 months** is today **dried out** but **perfectly sweet** and **edible.**

This is the kind of refrigerator that **saves lives**—the kind you ought to have for your **children's** sake.

To THE MAN of THE HOUSE

¶ You BELIEVE in ANNUAL premiums for life insurance. The Bohn premium over the price of CHEAP ice boxes is a TRIFLE and is paid but ONCE. It buys better insurance than any company ever wrote FOR YOU, for it insures YOUR CHILDREN against many of the CAUSES of loss of life.

We'll send you the Bohn Syphon catalogue for the coupon below. Also a **free** book—"Scientific Food Keeping"—which reveals some astonishing facts about food and shows how to safeguard it from germs. This book is guaranteed scientifically accurate by the health commissioner of a great city. It is written for home reading, so is understandable.

No mother will ever know enough about the dangers in milk and the value in the **Bohn Syphon Refrigerator** till she reads it, so send the coupon for it today. Or see a **Bohn dealer,** who will give you one free with a Bohn Cold Storage in the Home booklet.

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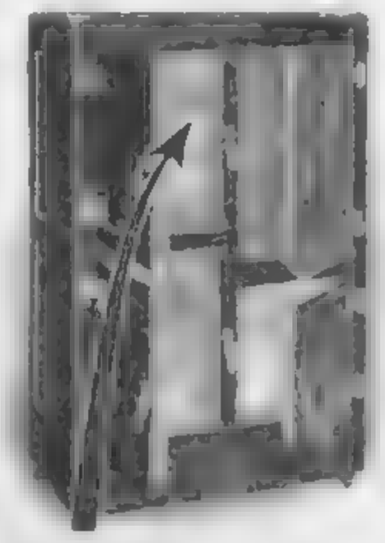

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Soda crackers are extremely sensitive to moisture.

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No moisture can reach them—no contaminating influences can affect their flavor—their goodness is imprisoned only to be liberated by you for you when you open the package. Five cents.

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could be diverted to the detriment of the falls and used for power. The judge said, "No," because the waters, as used, were contributing toward the promotion of the public health, rest and recreation; and that as an object of beauty—"just to be looked at"—it was not running to waste, but was in beneficial use. He held that objects of beauty have an important place in our lives and that these objects should not be destroyed because they are without assessable value. The judge, Robert E. Lewis, said in part:

"It is a beneficial use to the weary that they, ailing and feeble, can have the wild beauties of Nature placed at their convenient disposal. Is a piece of canvas valuable only for a tentfly, but worthless as a painting? Is a block of stone beneficially used when put into the walls of a dam, and not beneficially used when carved into a piece of statuary? Is the test dollars, or has beauty of scenery, rest, recreation, health and enjoyment something to do with it? Is there no beneficial use except that which is purely commercial?" This decision is epoch-marking. It is sunrise in scenic, beautiful America.

Apparently William Penn was the first to honor our scenery; but it remained for Bryant, with poetry, to win a standing for it. However, the establishment of the Yellowstone National Park is a great incident in the scenic history of America—and in that of the world. For the first time, a scenic wonderland was dedicated as "a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of all the people." The Yellowstone stands a high tribute to the statesmanship, public spirit and energy of F. V. Hayden and the few men who won it for us.

Out-of-Door Investments

During the last few years the nation, as well as the courts, has put itself on record concerning the higher worth of scenery. The White House conference of governors recommended that "the beauty . . . of our country should be preserved and increased"; and the first national conservation commission thought that "public lands, more valuable for conserving . . . natural beauties and wonders than for agriculture, should be held for the use of the people."

The traveler brings ideas to us as well as gold. He comes with the ideals of other lands and helps promote international friendship. Then, too, he is an excellent counter-irritant to prevent that self-satisfied attitude, that deadening provincialism, which always seems to afflict successful people.

The travel industry benefits both parties—the entertained as well as the entertainer. Investments in outdoor vacations give large returns; from an outing one returns with life lengthened, in livelier spirits, more efficient, with new ideas, a broader outlook, and more hopeful and kind. Hence parks and outdoor recreation places are mighty factors for the general welfare—they assist in making better men and women. Coming in contact with Nature gives one useful, first-hand information concerning the natural resources, the basic source of life. Nature is educational; in children it awakens interest—the very avenue to education! It also fosters appreciation for the beautiful. A park ever offers the first aid and often the only cure for the sick and the overworked. Looking upon our sublime scenes arouses a love for our native land and promotes unity.

Nature is more democratic even than death; and when people mingle amid primeval scenes they become fraternal. Saving our best scenes is a question of manhood. These places encourage every one to do his best and enable all to live comfortably in a beautiful world.

Valor and the Valet

FRED THOMPSON, the creator of Luna Park at Coney Island and builder of theaters, had a Japanese valet who didn't suit him; so he fired him and hired another.

One morning he came out to breakfast to find the new Jap gone and the old Jap back on duty, wearing a black eye and a split lip.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Where's Satō?"

"Satō prove inferior in battle; so I discharge him and return to duty!" said the victor simply.

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Because they have scientific men at the heads of their departments who have thoroughly investigated the different makes.

The SUCCESS is ALL STEEL. Water tight, germ [illegible] finish is easily cleaned. Will [illegible]

If we could personally explain to every housekeeper the advantage of a steel refrigerator, we could not supply one quarter of the [illegible]

Make the preservation of your foods a SUCCESS. Write for booklet TODAY

SUCCESS MANUFACTURING CO.
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ON FREE TRIAL

The Expense Is Ours!

This [illegible] With Piedmont Red Cedar Chest sent anywhere on 15 days' free trial. Place it in your own home at our expense and see for yourself what a beautiful and desirable piece of furniture it is. Moth, moose, dust [illegible] at factory prices. [illegible] free book showing all styles and [illegible]

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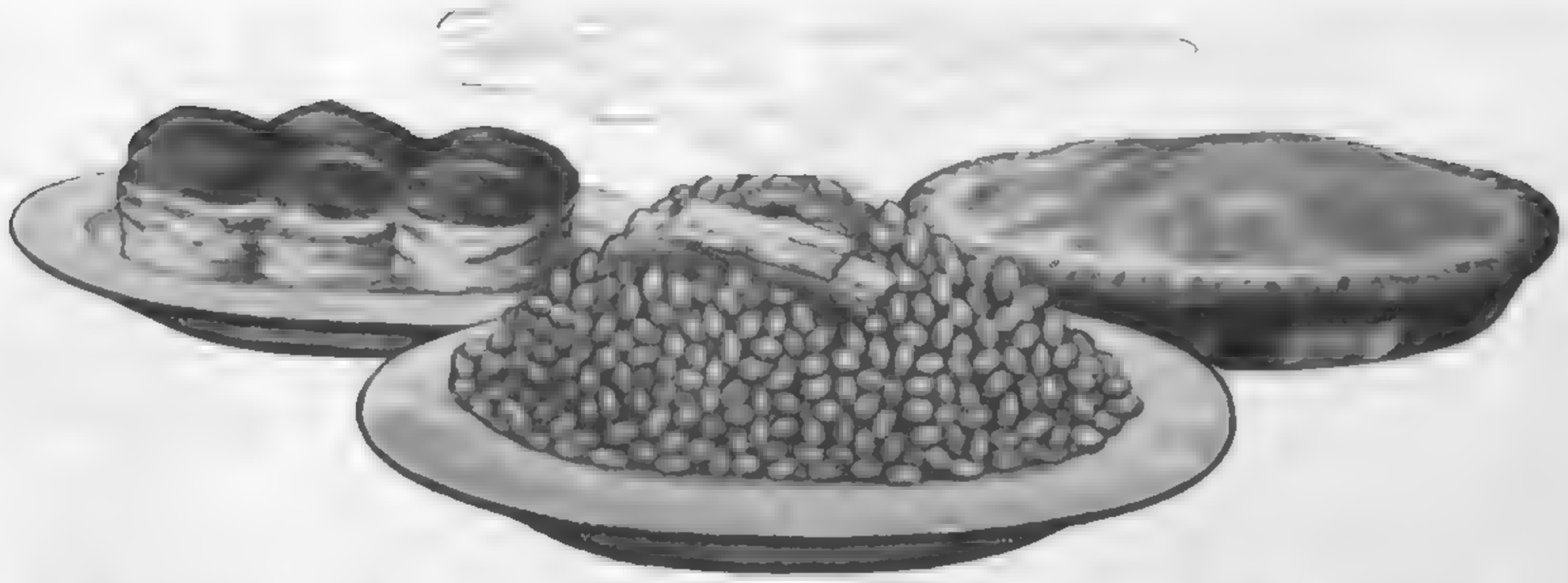
Coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 [illegible]
Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city



Heinz Baked Beans are baked—like pies or biscuits—in real ovens

MADAM, you know the difference between *steaming and baking.*

And you wouldn't undertake to cook beans by merely steaming in a sealed receptacle with no chance for the moisture to escape. You wouldn't call that baking. And it *isn't* baking.

The only way to really *bake* beans is to follow the method that made Boston Baked Beans famous.

That means real baking in ovens with dry heat to bring out their full, rich flavor.

And this we do in the Heinz Pure Food Kitchens—giving you beans that are so tender, mealy, *delicious* that there is no longer need for you to bake beans at home.

We know of no other large food manufacturer who actually bakes beans in ovens—the way you bake beans—as you bake pies—and cakes—and biscuits. But that's how Heinz Baked Beans are baked.

Because of this baking process, Heinz Beans contain much *less* water than boiled and steamed beans—far *more* food value. That means additional *household economy.*

And the tomato sauce used in Heinz Baked Beans, made from choice red ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines is, like all Heinz tomato products, unequaled in rich tomato flavor.

Heinz 57 Varieties

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce.

Heinz Plain Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce).

Heinz Vegetarian Baked Beans (without Pork).

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

Try Heinz Baked Beans and if you do not think they really are the best beans you have ever tasted, your grocer will return the purchase price.

Others of the 57 Varieties are India Relish, Olives, Olive Oil, Vinegar, Peanut Butter, Tomato Soup, etc.

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

50¢ MEN'S

75¢ WOMEN'S

NOT almost-silk or silk-finish but pure bright natural SILK, shimmering, clinging and luxurious. No matter how much you pay, you

for durability, the wear of each four pair box is guaranteed for three months

The everyday use of luxurious Phoenix Silk Hose is a practical economy and its distinguishing features appeal to all men and women who give thought to elegance in day as well as "best" dress.

Made from finest pure-dye thread silk without "loading" or "weighting." Seamless, reinforced toes, high spliced heels

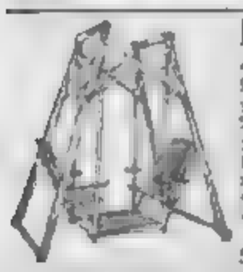
Men's No. 284
50c pair 4 pair box $2
Guaranteed three months

Women's No. 365
75c pair 4 pair box $3
Guaranteed three months

Men's extra heavy, No. 281, 75c. pair 4 pairs $3
Women's extra heavy, No. 370, $1 pair 4 pairs $4

At your dealer or direct on receipt of price and style number

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
THE PHOENIX MUFFLER MAKERS
206 Broadway MILWAUKEE



Porch Swing $2.50

4 ft. long, oak, weathered oak finish. Shaped back and seat, 28 slats, bolt and nut construction. 21 ft. chain and 2 hooks.

$4.00 Lawn Swing, 4 passenger, back adjusts to 3 positions, bolt and nut construction, shaped arms and unbreakable, shipped upon receipt of price

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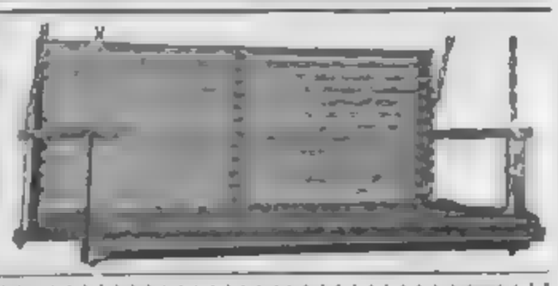
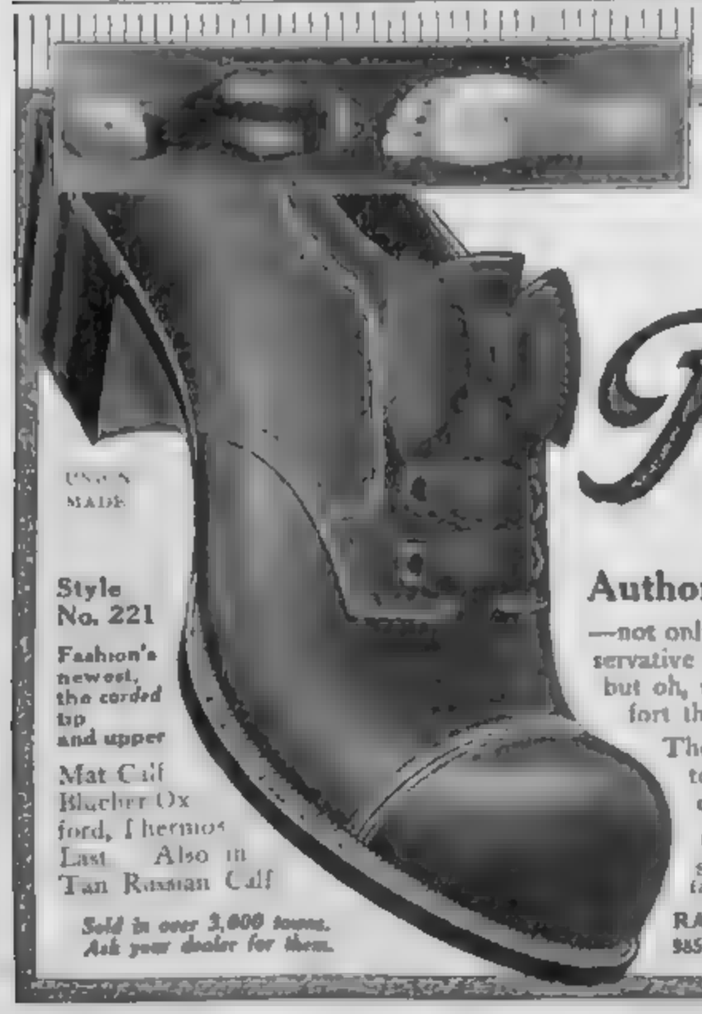
Southport, Indiana





Treat Your Feet Right

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UNION MADE

Style No. 221

Fashion's newest, the corded tip and upper

Mat Calf Blucher Oxford, Thermos Last Also in Tan Russian Calf

Sold in over 3,000 towns. Ask your dealer for them.

Authority Styles—$4 to $6

—not only set the pace for Fashion—conservative models, too, if *you* prefer them—but oh, what a heaping measure of comfort there is in Ralston Shoes.

They're built on foot-moulded forms to fit the human foot *exactly*—none of that "breaking in" misery.

Our Booklet, "Style Talk," Free.

Shows the requirements of the season's fashion in men's shoes for every occasion.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
935 Main Street, Campello (Brockton), Mass.

"MOB RULE" IN KANSAS

(Continued from Page 7)

An educational commission has readjusted the courses of study in the state university at Lawrence, the agricultural college at Manhattan and the big normal schools, so that unnecessary duplication is to be avoided. The commission has also investigated every department of these institutions and by its suggestions has brought about a high degree of efficiency and economy. Elementary agriculture is taught in every rural grade school in the state, and domestic science and agriculture are taught in more than two-thirds of the county high schools.

The campaign of 1908 in this state was waged by the Republicans on the general proposition that, if they were successful, every saloon and "joint," regardless of the sentiments of the community, would be closed. This was announced in campaign speeches to saloon men in wet districts as well as to temperance crowds. And that promise has been fulfilled. There are no saloons in Kansas, and no "joints" exist any longer than is required to arrest the owner and confiscate his property. There are no open violations of the liquor law in Kansas. This does not mean that the law is not violated, be it understood—because, if that were true, the statute would not be necessary; but when men break this law they are arrested and, if convicted, are promptly sent to prison.

The Federal Government is soon to give material aid in stamping out the "bootlegger" or whisky vender, now the principal offender. The attorney-general of the United States has ordered the district attorneys in dry territories not to compromise with men who violate the internal revenue laws by permitting them to pay fines, but to prosecute them and send them to jail if possible. The state has had absolute prohibition only since May, 1909. Before that time the drug stores sold liquor for medicinal, mechanical and scientific purposes. The legislature of 1909 wiped out all exceptions and made the state absolutely dry. So Kansas is conserving its citizenship, a conservation more important than anything of which Gifford Pinchot ever dreamed.

Cleaning Up the Penitentiary

During the general cleaning up, creating, changing, reforming, if you will, of the public business in Kansas, the state penitentiary was not forgotten. Seven men refused the office of warden. It is noteworthy that the big, successful men of the state refused every job offered them from the beginning; but in most cases the person decided upon was finally induced to serve in the interest of good citizenship. This was true in finding regents for the agricultural college, the university and normal schools; it was true in Mr. Dolley's case; and it was true, also, when J. K. Codding, one of our big lawyers, was asked to become warden at Lansing. Mr. Codding would not at first even consider the proposition; but afterward, upon a humanitarian plank, he took charge for six weeks, on the promise that he would be relieved at the end of that time.

Three years have passed and Mr. Codding is still there, more interested in his work than ever he had been in all the big things he had undertaken. He found a dark and dismal, insanitary, "political" prison. Practically every one within its walls, except the prisoners, was there by the power of politics. Mr. Codding became a man with a mission—he let in the sunlight; he scraped nearly an inch of germ and vermin laden whitewash from the walls of the cells, drove out the unregistered occupants, and made more room and more comfort for those who had a right to sleep there. He decided that prison walls need not be painted gray or black—he made them white. He put the prison band or orchestra on duty in the dining room at noon to play for the eight hundred or more prisoners; and he let these prisoners talk, as human beings like to do. At a certain hour he took squads of prisoners into the big courtyard under the trees and on the grass, and let them play ball and talk and yell and jump to their hearts' content. He put down mutiny and discontent. He found that sunshine and work and kindness would cure insanity. Men whom he found

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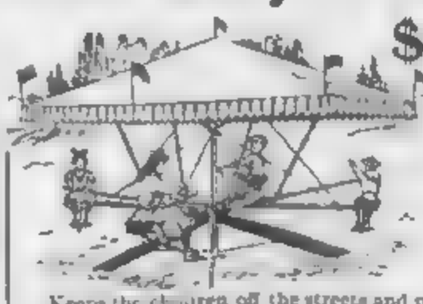
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co. Decorative Dept., 613 Canal Rd., N.W., Cleveland, O.

Home Merry-Go-Round

$15



Keeps the children off the streets and provides the best entertainment and exercise right at home.

The Newton Junior Merry Go Round is propelled by a bike lever; the children furnishing their own motive power by rowing like in a boat, the ideal motion and long exercise. Runs noiselessly. Easily operated. No wide, cranking gears to tear clothing or injure the children. Occupies only 12 five square feet of space in corner of yard or lawn. In bad weather can be set up in the attic, barn or shed. Supervision desirable on account of [illegible]. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Send today for The Newton Junior Merry Go Round. It will repay, its price is low, and it will [illegible] happy children. Price $15. Crates (if any) $1.00 extra. [illegible] Canada. Order from this advertisement. Prompt shipment guaranteed. Write for attractive circular and other information.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
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Refer to Dun or Bradstreet's

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The World-Famous Synthetic Stones

The greatest triumph of the oxy-hydrogen furnace. Set singly or in combination with fine diamonds. Stand all tests of genuine stones. Nature's work duplicated. Every sparkling quality guaranteed. Set only in 14k Solid Gold or Platinum mountings. Sent C. O. D. express prepaid subject to examination or by registered mail on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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Write today for our magnificent 4-color catalog de-luxe it's free.

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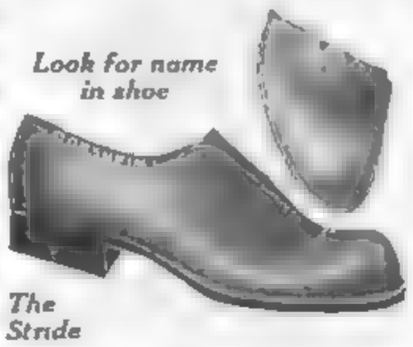
The Florsheim SHOE



The Stride

As an Investment

The Florsheim Shoe will pay you the maximum returns.

Dollar for Dollar you will get more *real satisfaction* through continued comfort, style and service.

Ask your shoeman for Florsheim "Natural Shape" shoes and oxfords, or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

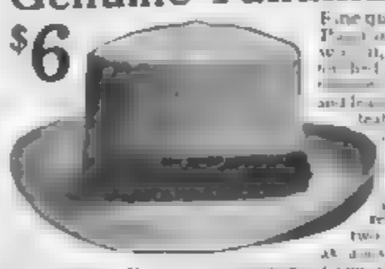
"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
571 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.

Genuine Panama Hats

$6



Fine quality genuine Panama Hat, beautifully [illegible] also Federal. Your money [illegible] Express prepaid upon receipt of $6.00. [illegible]

Lady's Panama

[illegible] $20.00 [illegible] store. Sent express prepaid upon receipt of $10.00 Money refunded if not as represented.

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A
"Panama Hat Kings" Houston, Texas

SOLUBLE COFFEE

DISSOLVES IN THE CUP

More Quickly Than Sugar

NO POT, PERCOLATOR, URN OR BOILING NECESSARY.

Put one-half teaspoonful of BLANKE'S MAGIC CUP COFFEE in the cup, more or less according to the strength desired, pour on hot water—that's all. IN A SECOND you have a delicious cup of coffee. Magic Cup [illegible] for all occasions. Try it for your own [illegible] For [illegible] what remittance of [illegible] [illegible] Dealer [illegible] and [illegible] paid [illegible] EASTERN OFFICES [illegible]

C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE CO., Dept. Y St. Louis, Mo.

in cells as insane patients became tractable, willing workers and model prisoners. These were unfortunates who had offended some political guard in past years and therefore had lost the poor freedom they had inside the prison walls.

Codding organized a baseball nine; he established a night school; he started a paper; he made the prison farm yield, instead of buying produce—everywhere he went he increased the earnings of the plant. In many cases, notably in the brickyard, the amount of work done was doubled with the same number of men. The only feature Codding could not change was and is the cruel law by which the state derives a profit from a prisoner's work, but pays nothing to the mother and children on the outside—left by the law to struggle or sink while the father is in prison as a punishment. The next legislature will take up this phase of prison management in the hope that the wife and children may receive their share of the father's earnings; so that the man who violates the law, and not the innocent woman, may be made to suffer—as the law intended.

Not so many years ago men grew rich in Kansas if only they had a term or two as state printer. This official had about the best job in the state. Under the contract system, which had existed for thirty years, the state spent, from 1900 to 1905 inclusive, $557,000 for printing. When the "reformers" came they found circulars, speeches, books and papers in stacks in the basement of the statehouse. Printed matter had been shipped out of the state to get rid of it—nobody wanted it; nobody ever had wanted it. Under the new arrangement the state built a printing plant, authorized by the legislature of 1905. Now note the difference: The state spent $24,500 in 1905 for its printing plant; it spent $40,000 for equipment and supplies in 1908. Since then, including 1911, the maintenance of the plant, which includes salaries and stocks, has cost—including the cost of the building and equipment—$551,341. It has saved for the people of Kansas more than $50,000 a year of useless printing. One more proof of the value of "mob rule"!

Measures Helped by Their Enemies

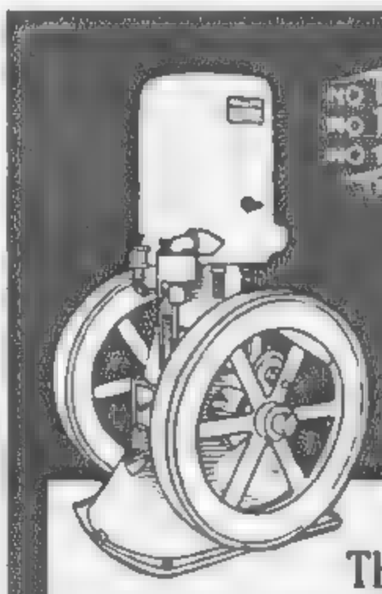
The state institutions—and eleven of these are charitable—the agricultural college, the university, the district judges and the state government generally, cost each citizen annually something less than two dollars. His local government, which means schools, township, county and city taxes, cost him an average of a little more than twelve dollars annually. This citizen has a chance, under the laws credited to this "reform," to express his choice in the ballot for every candidate except for president of the United States—and he may one day do that. The primary law is not yet finished.

Isn't it reasonable to believe that, in a state in which so many progressive changes have been recorded in seven years, great favor should be found for a man like Theodore Roosevelt? Are not the people likely to vote for a man who stands for the things for which he stood—whose name is associated with most of the great Governmental achievements since Lincoln's day?

Kansas is deeply concerned with everything that Roosevelt does, because everything he does is in the interest of better living, better government—the higher ideals for which Kansas is striving.

Men of sound business judgment, not especially concerned with the political viewpoint, wonder how any one can cast a stone, metaphorically speaking, at the Roosevelt program. When you see men falling over themselves in their eagerness to oppose some particular measure—as the old politicians opposed the commission form of government in Kansas, for instance—you may be sure that particular measure is likely to interfere with some particular privilege they have enjoyed, and that it means a chance for the people.

Nearly everything the old politician opposes should find high favor with honest men. Roosevelt has had this to contend with since the first day he entered the White House. He encountered it in nearly every one of his greatest moves. Other names may be attached to the measures he advocated and, in many instances, originated; but his name will be connected with the greatest of them in the memories of thinking men. The Dolliver-Hepburn Railroad Act was his first step for the



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The Right Kind of Power Always Does the Most Work

NOVO ENGINES [illegible] many advantages over steam and electric power for pumping, hoisting and all contracting work, or for small manufacturing and country place use. They are the most reliable and economical power for all work within range of their capacity—1 to 10 H P

The Novo Engine is very easy to understand, start and run. It is a vertical, four cycle type and runs without lateral vibration. Entirely self-contained. Fuel in the base, hopper cooling system above. No cumbersome tanks nor circulating pipes. Cooling system is guaranteed against frost damage.

Novo outfits are of the same high efficiency throughout as Novo Engines.

Novo Contractors' Trench Pump Outfits—Four sizes. Pumping capacity 3,500 gallons to 12,000 gallons per hour.

Novo Direct-Connected Pumping Outfits—Sixteen sizes. Pumping capacities from 400 gallons per hour to 16,000 gallons per hour. Suitable for home water supply systems, pipe line, factory or municipal service.

Novo Centrifugal Pumping Outfits—Eighteen sizes Suitable for irrigation, elevation and drainage service under a wide variation of conditions.

Novo Hoisting Outfits—Four sizes, with 2½ H. P., 4 H. P., 6 H. P. and 10 H P Engines. Lifting capacities from 600 lbs. to 4,000 lbs.—100 feet per minute

Send for Novo Catalogue

and tell us your requirements.

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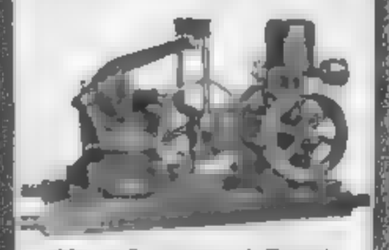
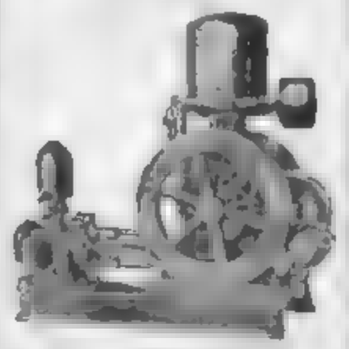
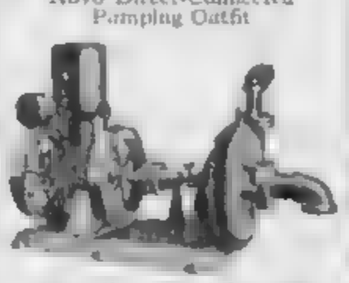
Clarence E. Bement, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr
241 Willow Street LANSING, MICH.



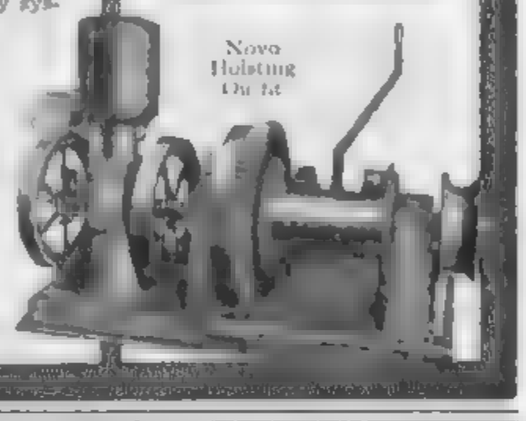
Novo Contractors' Trench Pump Outfit



Novo Direct-Connected Pumping Outfit



Novo Centrifugal Pumping [illegible]



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Market Lit Brothers Filbert
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This $10 Trimmed Hat for $3.45

Bringing to you the advantages of the greatest trimmed hat business in the world. Sent to any address in the United States or Canada: express prepaid within one thousand miles. Remit by Check or Postal Note.

Of fine quality Milan straw—latest shapes—in white or black—effectively trimmed with fancy ostrich feathers, faced and trimmed with silk velvet in black, white or colors.

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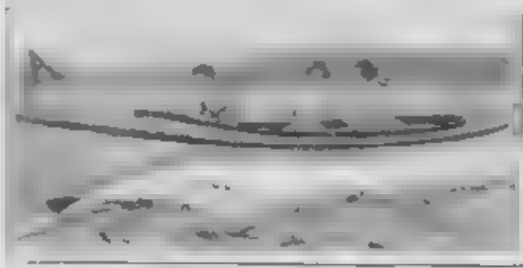

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16-Foot—Ready to Run—The Safe Launch

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Nowhere else in the world is offered such a wonderful combination of things that benefit and interest a boy as at Culver. Here he is taught the handling of boats under oars and sail, running power boats, wireless telegraphy, gun pointing and target practice, athletics and aquatic sports, boxing, fencing and swimming

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He may enjoy all the [illegible] safe [illegible] at the Culver Summer Cavalry School [illegible] School of Woodcraft, [illegible] Boys [illegible] [illegible] Board and [illegible] of the schools $ [illegible] Kavanaugh [illegible] $ [illegible] [illegible] illustrated [illegible] of official [illegible] sent on request. [illegible]

THE COMMANDING OFFICER, Culver, Indiana.

There Has Never Been an "Off" Year

in the service and satisfaction given by

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TIRES

because there has never been an "off" year in Firestone policy of building tires to give the Most Miles of Service per Dollar of Cost.

WHILE other tires have had their "off" years, Firestones have gained steadily year after year, in reputation and demand, compelling us recently to increase our manufacturing capacity *three for one.*

In this new factory—the largest of its kind in the world—are the most modern of all devices devoted to uniformity and perfection in the finished tires, ensuring the maximum mileage.

It costs much more to build tires to the Firestone standard of uniformity, perfect construction and rigid inspection. But they cost you only about 5 per cent more than ordinary tires, and pay you back this difference many times over in extra miles of service.

Most Miles per Dollar of Cost

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

AKRON, OHIO, AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

Big 1912 Model Oak Refrigerator Opal Glass Lined $31.75

Direct from Factory to User

The exterior of the refrigerator, solid oak. The food compartments and doors are lined with [illegible] opal glass, [illegible] Opal glass is the most sanitary [illegible] by science. It is as easily washed as a pane of glass. Double refrigeration from every pound of ice is given by our [illegible] system of circulation. That's why the Wickes is the *most economical* of all refrigerators.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only $31.75

Conforms in every respect to the [illegible] set by The [illegible]

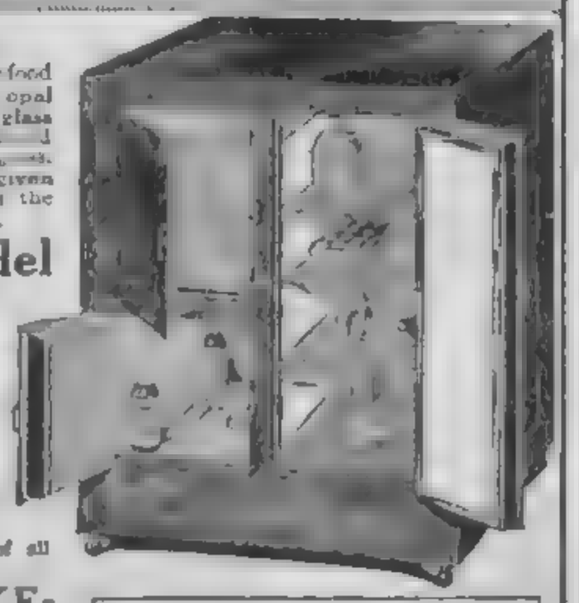
Our Money Back Guaranty. Your money refunded if [illegible] exactly as represented.

You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory at actual factory prices.

Tile Exterior—German-Silver Trimmed—same size refrigerator, specially priced . . . $45

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by



Measurements: Height 45 in., Width 36 in., Depth 21 in. Ice Capacity 100 lbs.

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actual control of railroads. The National Irrigation Act, the Employers' Liability Act, the Safety Appliance Act, regulation of the hours of labor of railroad employees, the settlement of the great anthracite strike—these are only a part of the big work that Roosevelt did in the interest of American labor.

The suits begun against the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust; the establishment of the Department of Commerce and Labor; the Northern Securities decision; the conviction of post-office grafters and public-land thieves; the investigation of the Sugar Trust customs frauds and the prosecutions which followed; the Pure Food and Drugs Act; Federal meat inspection; the settlement of the Russian-Japanese War by the treaty of Portsmouth—keeping open the doors of China to American commerce; acquiring the Canal Zone, and organizing the work of digging the big ditch that will bring American commerce thousands of miles nearer the market of seven hundred million people in the East—these things prove the world grasp which this great man has on commercial, industrial and financial conditions.

Roosevelt is the incarnation of the best thoughts, the highest ideals and hopes of the American people; and for these reasons he would receive practically the solid Republican vote in Kansas and a large share of the independent Democratic votes of the state. This would give him a tremendous majority in the Kansas November election.

Kansas believes in Roosevelt because it knows he was not found wanting in the scales. Kansas does not blame Roosevelt for the mistakes of Taft; it knows where to place the blame for the results—in 1910—in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Ohio—normally Republican, but now Democratic. It does not blame Roosevelt for the unkept promises contained in the Republican platform of 1908, or for the Democratic Congress of 1910. Kansas knows who failed in stewardship. Kansas believes in Roosevelt because Roosevelt believes in business—good business; clean business. Kansas is traveling that road now, and Kansas takes pride in its achievements—the progress, prosperity and happiness of its people.

Courtesy Counts

IN CONSIDERING the value of courtesy in the business world it must never be overlooked that, important though it is, it cannot be of permanent value unless it be based upon merit as to the quality of goods and fairness as to price.

There is one big store, dealing in one of the great staples of trade, whose service is unobliging, whose clerks are frequently brusk almost to the point of positive discourtesy, and whose location makes it difficult for most people to reach it; yet the store does a heavy business, for the quality of its goods is high and its prices are not high. Still, that is no argument for lack of consideration, of desire to oblige, of courtesy; for that store could easily double its trade if its management understood human nature sufficiently to know the practical value of showing a desire to please. And, too, courtesy is twofold—there is the courtesy of the buyer as well as of the seller.

One of the greatest department stores has learned how to secure the twofold courtesy, and it has done so by a little study in psychology.

As Christmastime approaches when clerks are liable to fall into impatience and irritability it posts notices throughout the store: brief, cheerful notices.

These notices set forth the virtues of courtesy and are so cleverly worded that, whereas they made it quite plain that every clerk ought to be constantly courteous, even though specially rushed, at the same time they convey subtly the feeling that every customer will be courteous to the clerks as a matter of course! Customers, even weary ones, read the notices and at once unconsciously preen themselves with the prideful feeling that, of course, they are courteous and are going to continue to be courteous—even though the clerk shouldn't be! And the clerks, after reading them, determine they are going to be courteous—even if the customers aren't! And thus a little clever phrasing brings out forcibly the double merits of courtesy and also indirectly helps business!

Smoke Talk No. 7

Save that rich all Havana

cigar for twilight—your leisure hour. You can't do justice to your job with shaky nerves. Chances are it is nicotine that's making you yawn and feel "dopey." Mild Havana leaf when blended with harmless domestic is satisfying and doesn't irritate the nerves.

Robt. Burns

MILD 10c CIGAR

Made by STRAITON & STORM, *New York, since 1857*

Ask your Doctor

The Only Official Boy Scout Knife

The knife here illustrated has been [illegible] recommended by the Committee on Equipment of Boy Scouts of America. It is the only knife, out of hundreds examined, so endorsed (except our two blade fifty cent knife)

It meets every Boy Scout requirement. It is a knife that cannot be imitated, for it has features protected by patent.

Note the Screwdriver—the Can Opener—the Leather-Punch—the Cutting Blade—all of the finest crucible tool steel. "Made to cut and stay sharp."

Sold by all Hardware Dealers.

Ask for the "Boy Scout" Knife. You can tell it by the trade-mark on the blade and our name.

$1.00

New York Knife Company

225 Fifth Avenue New York

Works: Walden, N. Y.

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of having an extra pair of cuffs right on the shirt, out of sight, yet always ready, without attaching or detaching. Simply a turn gives you

Columbia Cufturn Shirt

A Clean Cuff for a Soiled Cuff

"Cufturn" Shirts, $1.50 and $2.00, plain or plaited, colors guaranteed. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to

New Columbia Shirt Co., 729-731 Broadway, New York

Manufacturers of Columbia Shirts since 1874

The Stearns-Knight Car

The 10,000 Leading Cars

The greatest cars in the world now have Knight-type engines in them. There are more than 10,000 running.

They are made by 17 famous makers, including Daimler, Mercedes, Panhard, Minerva and Stearns.

They are owned by men who demand the best, including Royalty.

This new-type engine—the coming type—deserves the attention of men who buy high-grade cars.

The Engines Discarded

Note the old-type engines which were discarded in adopting this Knight-type motor.

Daimler is the leading car of England. From the first it has represented all that is best in motoring. It is the car of Royalty

The Mercedes engine was widely considered the master engine of the world.

Panhard for long has dominated motordom in France. Minerva has done so in Belgium.

And the Stearns engine, for 16 years, proved itself a marvelous motor.

All these famous engines—the pride of great engineers—have been supplanted by the Knight.

Can anyone suppose that lesser engines, made with poppet valves, can refuse to yield for long?

The Luxury

Of Silence—of Persistent Over-Power

The most apparent attraction in the Stearns-Knight is its absolute silence.

It is silent at the curb—silent at any speed—silent after years of use. Knight-type engines which have run for six years are as silent as when new.

The engine is so silent that the car must be built with marvelous care to be as quiet as the motor.

There are no valves to spring shut—no cams to get noisy—no timing gears to hum.

The car shows immense flexibility—as much as six cylinders of the old type

There is no evidence of effort, even on a hill.

And the Stearns-Knight engine shows that persistent power for which electric motors are famous.

The Economy

Of Valves That Never Clog or Leak

We guarantee the Stearns-Knight to show an excess of power—at least 50 per cent over its rating, based on old-type motors.

This is due to the fact that the valves don't leak. Also to spherical explosion chamber.

Where the ordinary engine shows less power with use, the Stearns-Knight shows increasing power. This has been proved by elaborate tests.

Carbon accumulates in a poppet valve motor. Then the valves don't seat, and there is vast waste of power On this account, the valves require frequent grinding

Carbon never interferes with the Stearns-Knight valves. These valves never leak—never need grinding

This economy of power continues as long as the engine lasts, and it means an enormous item.

The Knight-type engine, because of these features, holds the Scottish Economy Trophy. Also the Dewar Trophy.

Pride of Ownership

The owner of a Stearns-Knight knows that no man ever owned a better car

The Czar of Russia owns a Knight-motored car. So does the Emperor of Germany. So do the Kings of England, Belgium, Spain.

So do 10,000 men on both sides the Atlantic who demand the best the world can offer in their pleasure cars.

This new-type engine marks the greatest advancement made in ten years in motor car engineering.

And never was it worked out better than in the Stearns-Knight. Mr. Knight himself has testified to that. He has himself bought a Stearns-Knight car, and has taken it to Europe to show engineers there.

Men who like to lead—who enjoy up-to-dateness—are the buyers of Stearns-Knight cars.

These cars represent the coming type. What Europe adopts in motor car engineering is bound to be adopted by all leaders here. But the pride of ownership comes to the men who are first in these innovations.

A New Enjoyment

The Stearns-Knight car means new enjoyment in motoring.

Hundreds of men who bought last fall have driven their Stearns-Knights thousands of miles. And their letters show increasing enthusiasm

You can't resist joining them when you know the facts.

Write us for our books on the Knight-type. There is nothing so interesting in motor car literature.

Then see the car at our local dealer's. Let him take you for a ride. Note how the car seems to glide on the road—to roll like a rubber ball

The Stearns-Knight car will win you when you find it out. Its charm is irresistible.

Send us this coupon for the books—now before you forget it.

Equipment

Warner Auto-Meter, Model K.
Banker Windshield
Silk Mohair Top and Cover.
Vesta Dynamo Electric Lighting System.
Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims (two Extra rims).
Klaxon Horn—also Bulb Horn.
Trunk Rack, Robe Rail, Foot Rest, etc.

Touring Car
Toy Tonneau
Roadster
} $3,500

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Cleveland Sixth City

Dealers and Branches in
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Mail me all of your pamphlets about the Stearns-Knight.

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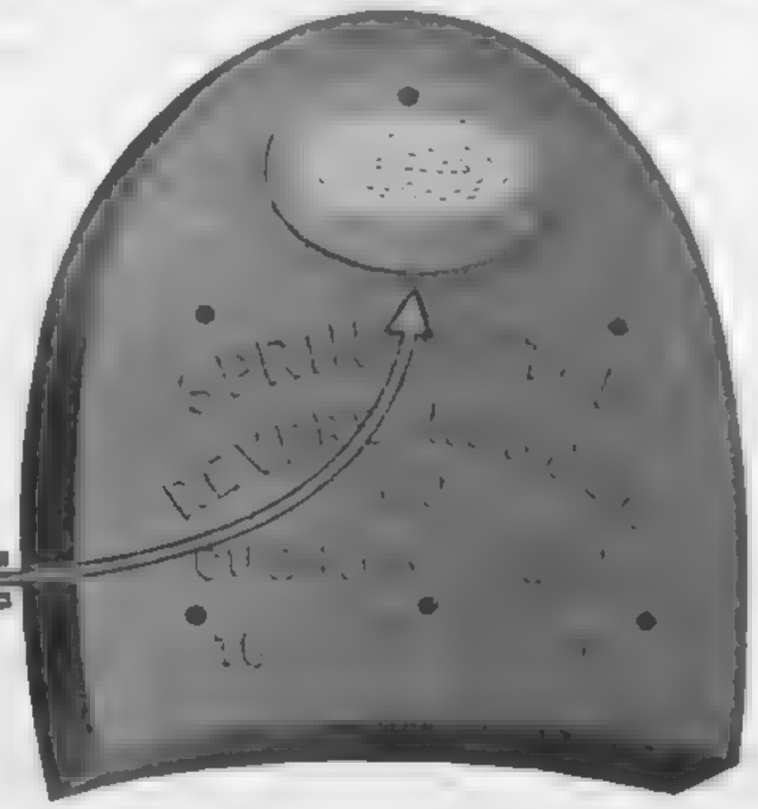

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The Rubber Heels that have taken the country by storm.

That have a Lift and Drive you can **Feel.**

That **Stay Alive** until you have worn them to a wafer.

That **Can't Slip**—because of the patented RED friction plug.

That are so **Tough** they outwear even leather heels.

At any repair shop. 50 Cents put on.

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The Prophylactic Tooth Brush — Earned its reputation by "mouth to mouth" advertising

Here's summer comfort for you—

One ounce per pair!

Can't you imagine how comfortable, cool and contented your feet will be in this Iron Clad No. 598—a sock practically without weight; only *one ounce per pair*, and so light and sheer that every breeze goes through.

IRON CLAD No. 598—only 25c

is the silkiest, handsomest gauze sock you ever saw at anything like its price; and the most *durable*. Light as it is, it wears as well as much heavier hose, because the heels and toes are double-knitted of Iron Clad's strongest "extra twist" yarn.

Some [illegible] the thermometer will be "sizzling"—you'll be glad then that you have some cool Iron Clads to wear. Why not provide yourself *now?* If your dealer cannot supply you, send [illegible] and we will [illegible] prepaid, in Light and Dark Tan, Lavender, Champagne, White, Navy Tan, Golden Tan, Navy Blue and Black. We mail *prepaid*.

Iron Clad

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
219 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

(Continued from Page 5)

still voting for Andrew Jackson. Why, that old guy isn't in politics. He couldn't influence any vote but the Confederate veterans, and there's only six in the city."

"He's fought duels with two of those," grinned Fleecer. "Just the same, he's your candidate, Dan. You'd better go right out and see him, but don't tell him I sent you, or it's all off."

"It may be a good choice anyhow," mused Dickson, patiently summing up all the pros and cons he found in the crown of his hat. "The old party has a fine fat barrel anyhow."

With this comforting thought in mind Dan Dickson went out to see Colonel Watterson Blossom, who received him, with a carefully concealed distaste, in the library, and wondered what a man so far removed from any possible trace of gentility could want in this house.

"Colonel," began Dan Dickson, overcoming his own reluctance to deal with one so far removed from any possible trace of practical politics, "I came to tell you as a staunch party sympathizer, that the party is in a jam."

"A——" hesitated the colonel. "Oh, yes, a predicament. Mr. Dickson, my party is right, as it has always been; but it has fallen locally into the hands of unscrupulous and unpatriotic persons."

Mr. Dickson, whose hat had been taken from him in the hall, looked into the wastebasket for a suitable response.

"The party has been left by all the old-time voters to stagger its own way home," he retorted; "so of course it fell in bad company. If some of you square, straight, on-the-level members will stand up and make a fight we can come back. Just now we want a man like you to head the city ticket in this coming campaign. Will you take a chance?"

"I do not quite understand," puzzled the colonel, glancing up at the stern-visaged portrait of his great-grandfather, once vice-president of these United States. "Do you mean that the party expects me to enter politics—er—actively?"

"That's the thought," returned Dan. "We want to run you for mayor."

The colonel unbuttoned the top button of his Prince Albert and fastened it again.

"Are you authorized to represent the party in this demand?" he inquired.

Dan Dickson eyed the wastebasket accusingly while he swallowed the dry-as-dust shadow of a smile.

"We're all for you," he distinctly stated. "Of course we haven't held a primary yet, but all that's necessary is for us two to agree."

The colonel stiffened instantly, and his frown was most portentous.

"If I should make the sacrifice of deserting the comfort of private life for the unrest of a public career, and if I should gain any ascendency in the councils of my party, I shall see to it that no two men shall be able to decide, at their whim, upon any matter so grave as the choice of the head of a ticket. No wonder my party lies bleeding, sir!"

Mr. Dickson blinked somberly at the wastebasket.

"Well, you see, I'm a practical politician, Colonel," he finally choked himself enough to say. "I only know politics the way it's run and not the way it's doped out. I know this much. If you and I decide to run you for mayor I'm the man who can hand you the nomination. More than that, if we pass you the nomination you're elected, and that's a pipe."

"You can't tell that, no matter what my record or personal worth," objected the colonel.

"Of course not," agreed Dan. "I got my info. from headquarters. You're meant, and it's a killing. Come in before they muddy the water."

The colonel arose and paced the library. He paused before the stern portrait of the great-uncle who had been a supreme court judge. He turned suddenly and faced Mr. Dickson.

"I do not quite gather all that you mean," he declared, folding his arms; "but I do obtain that certain corrupt practices, the existence of which I have steadfastly refused to believe, actually prevail in my own party. Under the circumstances I consider it my duty to accept this nomination at whatsoever hands it is offered me, in order that I may throw the weight of my influence and example on the side of honor. Sir, I take conditions as I find them; but I pledge you the word of a gentleman to alter those conditions at my earliest opportunity."

The leader of the colonel's bleeding party found this speech as difficult to unravel as the colonel had his own, but nevertheless he gathered that he had his work cut out for him.

"That'll be all right," he assented with a bravery of which the last of the Blossoms could have had no conception. "It all depends on who can swing the biggest pull when it comes to a showdown; and I've seen the regular system bucked up against some hard layouts. Then you'll stand for the nomination?"

"So far as I am personally concerned, I am ready to relinquish my privacy for the good of my party; but there is still one other important interest to be considered." He rang a bell and waited with great solemnity. A stiff-necked old negro, so saturated with rheumatism that he creaked, shuffled into the room.

"Wash," directed the colonel, "you will present my compliments to your mistress and ask if it will suit her convenience to have me consult with her upon a matter of importance."

"Yas, suh," agreed Wash with a duck of his head which necessitated a movement from the ankles.

The colonel remained silent, gravely surveying the mournfully apprehensive Dickson, until his messenger returned.

"Mah mistress' compliments, suh, an' she's comin' down immediately," announced Wash.

There was the swish of silken garments in the hallway. Wash hastened to open the door. Cordelia Blossom, clad in a bewildering housegown with many cherry ribbons, her cheeks glowing, her round eyes sparkling, her round mouth adorably curved, her brown hair waving, stood on the threshold and glanced inquiringly at Dan Dickson. The colonel hastened to set her a chair. Wash brought a footstool. The colonel gallantly gave her his hand.

"My dear," said he, "this is Mr. Dickson, a leader in my political party. Mr. Dickson, Mrs. Blossom." He assisted the peerless Cordelia to her seat, and somehow the heavy heart of Dan Dickson grew a shade lighter. "Mr. Dickson, my dear," went on the colonel as soon as the greetings were over, "has come to offer me the nomination for mayor. Permit me to advise you that I do not like the manner in which it is done. I have warned Mr. Dickson that, if elected, I shall remove my party from one-man rule. In other words, I am considering entering upon a dishonorable enterprise in order to make it honorable. My dear, as you know, I rely much upon your sound judgment and your delicate understanding of ethics. Now what is your opinion of this?"

The sparkling eyes of Cordelia Blossom widened and glowed.

"Why, Watt, I think it is simply noble of you!" she exclaimed with beautiful enthusiasm. "How much of a campaign contribution shall you need, Mr. Dickson?"

Mr. Dickson studied her with renewed attention. She was an unusually interesting woman!

"Well, about ten thousand to begin with," he replied, rubbing his hands softly together.

"Ten thousand!" gasped the colonel. "Sir, I do not intend to buy my way into office. If I am not to be elected as the full and free choice of the people, convincing them that I am a man of integrity and ability and proper dignity to become their public representative, if I cannot so present the sterling principles of my party as to convince my fellow citizens that their welfare is safest under the wing of the grand old organization which assisted at the very formation of this republic, then, sir, I decline to permit my name to be dragged in the mire of political chicanery—and this is final!"

"Besides," added Cordelia, warmly seconding her husband's creditable sentiments, "the amount is too much. I have it on excellent authority that Judge Purdee's last campaign only cost him three thousand, and that young Mr. Ferron's, which was unusually showy, only cost his father seven thousand all told. Of course, Watt, there are many expenses—advertising and

"THE PRINCE"
No. 55 Gun Metal Blucher Oxford
No. 65 Tan Russia Calf
Blucher Oxford

Here's a summer Oxford that won't burn your feet, won't pinch them, won't cause corns and won't worry you. You won't have "to break it in." The principle of the shoe has demonstrated its correctness over and over for years. Instead of a hard leather insole which forces your foot to spread out and pinch against the uppers, thus shutting off circulation, creating callouses and corns, and giving the foot an unnatural heat, there is a soft fibre cushion into which your foot sinks naturally.

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

It frees your feet from nerve strain and discomfort and it makes your whole day and evening better, no matter how many hot, hard sidewalks or rough roads you travel.

Write for Free Booklet H

If your dealer does not handle **Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes**, we will tell you who does.

The genuine are identified by the name of the makers woven in the pull strap.

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1, 3, 5—Cushion compresses under heels, balls of feet, and toes.
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Made in all styles—high and low shoes

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$5.00 to $25.00 on the one you want?

No matter what Motorcycle you want—**Excelsior, Wagner, Indian, Harley-Davidson, Thor** or any make on the market—we positively sell you the latest models at savings of $5 to $25 over what you pay elsewhere. We are one of the world's largest exclusive motorcycle distributors hence we make such savings as cost price possible for you. We send you direct

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to any point in the United States. Get prices from your local dealer, then write us and see the saving to you. Motorcycles sold on easy payment terms, if desired.
Write us *today*. State What Motorcycle You Prefer. *Now* is the time of the year to enjoy motorcycling.

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One of the World's Largest Exclusive Motorcycle Dealers and Distributors
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Is a summer vacation without spending-money. We can supply you with all you need in return for some work done in leisure hours for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*. Send a line of inquiry.

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bands and whatever else they spend money for; but ten thousand is entirely too much, especially since Mr. Dickson intimates that this is 'only to start with.' Don't you think you could manage it for five thousand, Mr. Dickson?"

"We're going to win this one, Mrs. Blossom," Dan carefully reminded her. "Those other campaigns we didn't have a chance, and we knew it, so we kept expenses down; but this is different. If the colonel comes across we can absolutely guarantee him to win."

Mrs. Blossom sighed resignedly.

"Then I suppose we'll have to give it to him, Watt—in the interests of future party purity, you know. But I'd only give him five thousand to begin with and watch where it goes."

The colonel pondered the matter deeply, gazing into the handsome eyes of Cordelia as he did so.

"You are right, my dear," he ultimately confessed. "I agreed to accept conditions as I found them in order to gain control of them and change them. It will be worth much to my fellow-citizens and to my party to throw out of office the corrupt Fleecer gang!"

▼

THE campaign began in this manner: On Monday Cordelia Blossom invited her dear friend Georgia Fleecer to help her buy some lace, and at one o'clock they had luncheon in the sweet little tearoom of the Isis Club. It was not until the ladies had ordered their salad and had discussed many matters that Mrs. Blossom said quite ingenuously:

"By-the-way, Georgia, I have the most astonishing bit of news. You'd never believe it, but the colonel has decided to enter politics!"

"Indeed!" responded Mrs. Fleecer, much surprised as a matter of course. "Still it's not so much of a marvel. He seems exactly like one of the dignified statesmen we see in the plays. What office does he intend to go in for?"

"He has decided to announce himself as a candidate for mayor, I believe," returned Mrs. Blossom. "I don't quite understand the ins and outs of it all, but it seems that the colonel is not quite satisfied with certain conditions he has found in his party—of course, Georgia, this is confidential—and feels it his duty to correct them. Watt is so very conscientious, you know."

"The very soul of honor," heartily and unenviously agreed Mrs. Fleecer. "Has he announced his candidacy as yet?"

"I don't think so," replied Cordelia with a trace of eagerness. "As a matter of fact, I took the liberty of suggesting that he should not do so until he had found the most effective means of making it known."

Mrs. Fleecer pondered a moment with a musing smile.

"It's such a pity you're not going to the ball tonight," she presently suggested. "That would be such a splendid place to make it known—among the very best people, you know."

The suggestion of a flash came into Cordelia's frank, wide eyes as she accepted Jim Fleecer's advice.

"Wouldn't it be gorgeous!" she exclaimed, and looked carefully about the daintily appointed tearoom with its numerous little half-concealed cozy corners. "I'm sure you'll forgive me if I run away just a minute to speak to Mrs. Plosson and Mrs. Drake, won't you? I really must see them about the guild luncheon."

"By all means," assented Mrs. Fleecer graciously, and when Cordelia had gone she gazed demurely into her plate.

"I have such good news for you," Mrs. Blossom happily stated as she greeted the ladies whom she had selected. "I have seen Mr. Tripper about his vacant store, and he promises to let us have it all next week rent-free! And besides he will donate the water and electricity."

"How very generous!" delightedly exclaimed Mrs. Plosson, who was a thin-nosed lady with a persistently sweet pucker of the lips. "I have never quite believed the dreadful stories I have heard about Mr. Tripper, and this proves it! Now we can go right ahead."

"I suppose we'll meet you at the mayor's ball tonight?" suggested the large and awkward Mrs. Drake, who thought of herself always as statuesque. She had heard a rumor that Mrs. Blossom was not going!

"I'm so sorry that it will be impossible," regretted Cordelia with pain in her tone. "Unfortunately I am giving a theater

Notice who Smoke Them

You can talk about a cigar—but it's smoking it that counts. When you smoke

La Preferencia

"30 minutes in Havana"

The biggest selling 10c Cigar in the World

you can come pretty close to guessing why more men choose it than any other cigar of its class—why it has gained this tremendous popularity.

La Preferencia is the cigar with the wonderful blend—Havana tobacco wrapped with rich brown old-fashioned Connecticut Broad Leaf—a real cigar *discovery*.

Mild, mellow, delightfully fragrant—a cigar that will make YOU a friend for life.

YOU will find real *satisfaction* in La Preferencia.

Sold in more places in the United States than any other cigar.

A variety of shapes—Preferencia quality is always the same.

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VAST CONFIDENCE IN BLACK-CAT HOSIERY

For 28 years BLACK CAT has been the favorite hosiery of women who care, until today it takes more than 8,000 stores to supply the demand—and many of these stores have sold all the time during these 28 years

BLACK CAT

"America's Handsomest Hosiery."

Madam, do you know that while you are reading this advertisement the BLACK CAT factories are turning out more than "a million a month" pairs of hosiery,—sufficient in two months to supply Chicago?

Dealer's Suggestion

Leading dealers in towns where we are not represented write now for our *Helping-to-Sell* plan.

YOU, who delight in quality plus wear [illegible] snug shapeliness, plus luxurious comfort [illegible] who revel in sheer fabrics plus beautiful shad[illegible] there's a treat in store for you.

Look for the sign of the BLACK CAT [illegible] dealers sell dependable merchandise. Our Style Book, beautifully illustrated in colors, FREE if you will write us, giving name of your dealer

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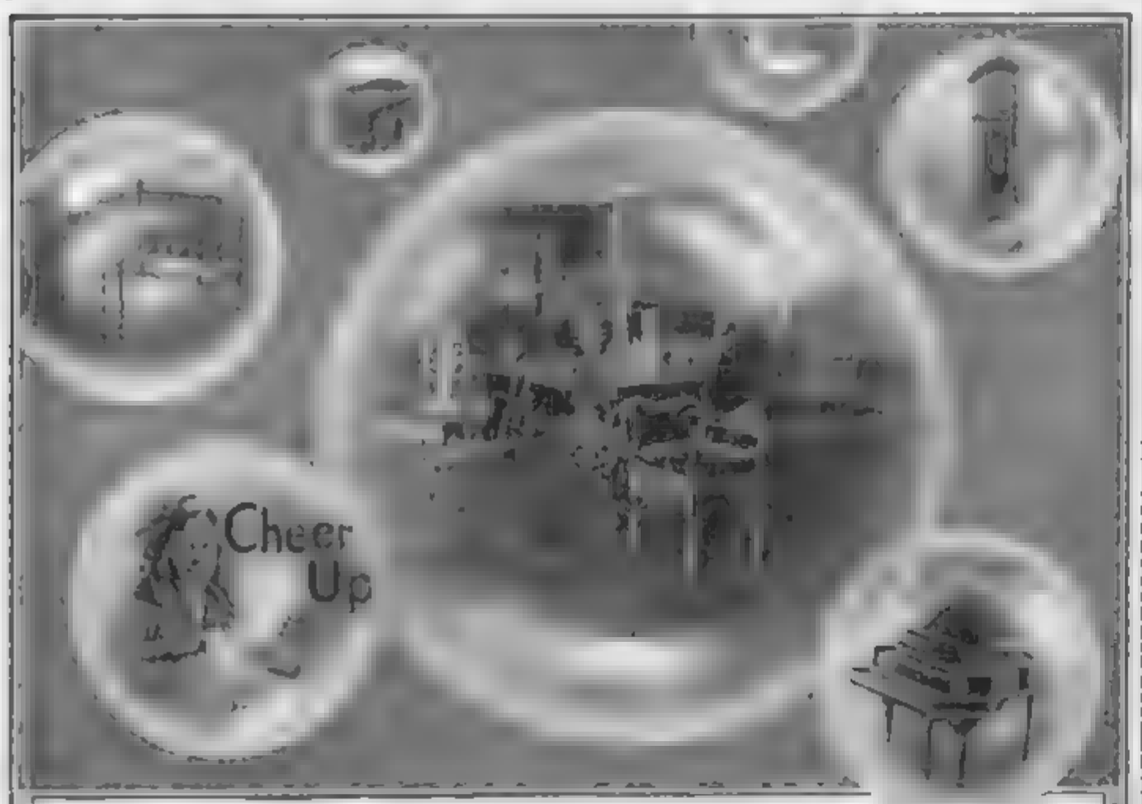

Light Housework

These two words tell the whole LIQUID VENEER story—they tell of cheery furniture, fixtures, metalwork, woodwork and hardwood floors—of sanitary rooms—of time, labor and money saved—and of a home that's *always* sweet and clean—

When You Dust With

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[illegible] will be lightened in a way that will surprise you.

Trial Bottle Free

Write to-day for free trial bottle and let LIQUID VENEER speak for itself.

HOME OIL, our new product, makes stiff scissors and shears cut easy

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party tonight. However," and she laughed, "I shall surely attend next year, when I hope to be hostess."

The effect on Mrs. Plosson was as if some one had said "Booh!" in her ear.

"You—you don't mean that Colonel Blossom ——"

"The colonel is," replied Cordelia. "His hat is in the ring for mayor, he says, and of course I'm already campaigning for him, although he has as yet made no formal announcement. Maybe I'm betraying his secret, so this is confidential, I guess. But isn't it fun!"

"It's delicious," agreed Mrs. Drake with a wondering glance at Mrs. Plosson. "Is Mr. Limber about to retire?"

"Really I don't know a thing about it," confessed Cordelia. "Except," she added, "that I know the colonel and Mr. Limber to be of quite opposite political faith. I'm not going to try to find out much more than that because it's all so confusing. Oh, I nearly forgot, Mrs. Plosson. Mr. Tripper says that there are a lot of old sample tables in the gallery of his storeroom and that we may use them if we like. Isn't he nice?"

"He's a shocking surprise," responded Mrs. Plosson heartily. "I always did say that a reputedly wicked man was the one to go to for a favor. Of course, though, no one ever refuses you anything."

"Oh, I didn't ask him," responded Mrs. Blossom sweetly. "The colonel saw Mr. Tripper for me. I'll see you at the store on Thursday. Be sure to have the rest of the committee there," and she sailed back serenely to Mrs. Fleecer.

Mrs. Plosson and Mrs. Drake leaned forward with a jerk. Then they leaned forward alternately. Then they leaned forward simultaneously and remained in that position. At no instant did the chin of either fail of vigorous movement the moment the chin of the other ceased.

That night at the mayor's ball Mrs. Limber moved about the big assembly and reception rooms of the Hotel Gilder, wearing a set smile and a gnawing inner pain. Where were Mrs. Fleecer and Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Carn and Mrs. Hazel and Mrs. Truman, and a score of others whose absence made itself as keenly felt as the loss of half the pattern in a beaded bodice? Could it be true, this dreadful thing she had heard, that Cordelia Blossom had prevailed upon a lot of the very best people to stay away? There seemed to be much talking in corners, too, and she thought that she detected a shade of aloofness toward herself. Of course, however, that was an absurd fancy due to her troubled state of mind. Mayor Limber sought her out at about nine o'clock, and he, too, wore a smile that concealed a troubled mind.

"Have you seen Fleecer?" he wanted to know.

"No, nor Mrs. Fleecer," confessed his wife, and a flush of something beatles worry began to glow on her expansive cheeks. "Harry, have you offended him?"

"Me?" he jerked. "Evelyn, you're trying to get out of this as usual. You are the one who started the trouble with your purposely mislaid invitation. You know that Mrs. Blossom and Mrs. Fleecer are close friends."

"What has that to do with politics?" she retorted. "Didn't I go everywhere with Mrs. Purdee while the judge was running against you, and didn't everybody say how sweet it was?"

He glared at her in almost speechless indignation.

"Didn't I make you do it?" he demanded. "Look here, Evelyn, I ——"

"Harry, if you make me cry right now I'll -I'll ——"

Her lower chin began to quiver and her broad bosom to heave ominously. Mayor Limber fled. However, he ran straight into Mr. and Mrs. Jim Fleecer.

"Just dropped up for a minute to be officially on the job," explained Jim easily, while Mrs. Fleecer shook hands with the man she loathed for his eternal bowing and smirking. "We've got another little party on tonight, but we slipped away between the acts."

"So sorry we can't stay for the evening," cooed Mrs. Fleecer two minutes later to Mrs. Limber. "Affairs promise to be so thick and fast this winter that we think of making the rounds on roller skates. How beautifully the ballroom is decorated this year."

Mrs. Fleecer found time to flutter about in the reception rooms and to chat in passing with half a dozen of the ladies, while

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her husband exchanged greetings and quiet gossip with the men. Mayor Limber anxiously waited an opportunity to catch him alone.

"I was afraid that you'd forgotten the date," he observed cordially. "By-the-way, Jim, it's almost time we got together on the campaign. Some of the boys are anxious about the slate."

"I haven't gone over it yet," said Jim easily. "So far as I've thought about it the ticket looks like the same old crowd. In fact, this year in particular I want all the old regulars in the running. Whatever happens, you'll head the ticket of course."

"Naturally," smiled the mayor, much gratified and also relieved. "Sorry you can't stay and help brighten the occasion."

"No chance," asserted Fleecer quickly. "It's some party down at the theater. All twelve boxes occupied and something like forty-eight pairs of white gloves in plain sight. What do you think of my new weskit? Fussy rubber jigger inside that keeps it from bulging."

Mrs. Clara Pikyune, accompanied by her husband, who need not be described because nobody cares how that nonentity looked, came up to Mrs. Limber with an especially frigid smile. She was a severe old woman who had cracked a merciless social whip until Cordelia Blossom had become president of the Isis Club, and the exercise of stern mastery had put three sharp creases in each wrinkled cheek, three on her leathery neck, three in her narrow brow and thrice three in her disposition.

"I'm afraid that I shall have to bid you good night," she observed, offering a bony wedge of a hand to be touched. "Claymore, look after my wraps, please."

The undescribed husband of Mrs. Clara Pikyune dissolved from view.

"You're not going so soon?" gasped Mrs. Limber. "Why, the gayety has not yet begun!"

"It won't," unexpectedly snapped Mrs. Pikyune, who was given to plain speech. "Mrs. Limber, this is your last ball. I would not believe all the rumors I heard and I just came to see. They're true, and I'm going home—conspicuously!"

"Rumors!" faintly inquired Mrs. Limber. "What rumors?"

"That you ignored the invitation list I gave you by omitting the name of the Blossoms."

"That was an accident of mailing," protested Mrs. Limber, justly indignant that she should be blamed for a freak of pure chance. "Anyhow, I don't see why you should be so much offended by the circumstance. You put that name last of all, and it was so faintly written that I felt sure you'd rather I would omit it. I——"

"How could you think me so crude?" expostulated Mrs. Pikyune, quite naturally out of patience with being accused of the one unpardonable sin. "No matter how much I might decry the necessity of inviting any person, I could not be crass enough to descend to such petty revenge. Mrs. Limber, I cannot afford to associate with failure. You have ruined the success of the social triumph I built up for you, and I withdraw my support."

"But what have I done?" half wailed Evelyn Limber. "I tell you I addressed and stamped the envelope——"

"And forgot to mail it," interrupted Mrs. Pikyune, every wrinkle on her acid countenance contracting. "You can't strike a blow at Cordelia Blossom without expecting to be stabbed in return. I am compelled to give her the credit of being a resourceful woman. Do you know where Mr. and Mrs. Fleecer are tonight?"

"No," admitted the stiff lips of Mrs. Limber.

"At Cordelia Blossom's theater party, with more than twenty other couples who should have been here. They all of them accepted their invitations, so they'll drop up here in a body after the theater, on their way to supper, to tell you they've had a lovely evening at your party—which is the most deadly insult ever devised. They won't find me here. I'm going home."

"Please don't!" begged Mrs. Limber, panic-stricken. "I don't know what to do without you. Help me just this once."

"There will not be any other time," coldly asserted the inexorable Mrs. Pikyune. "I'm going home before the giggling begins. Why, you don't even know what all the mad gossip is about!"

"No! Is there?" frantically rejoined Mrs. Limber. "Please tell me."

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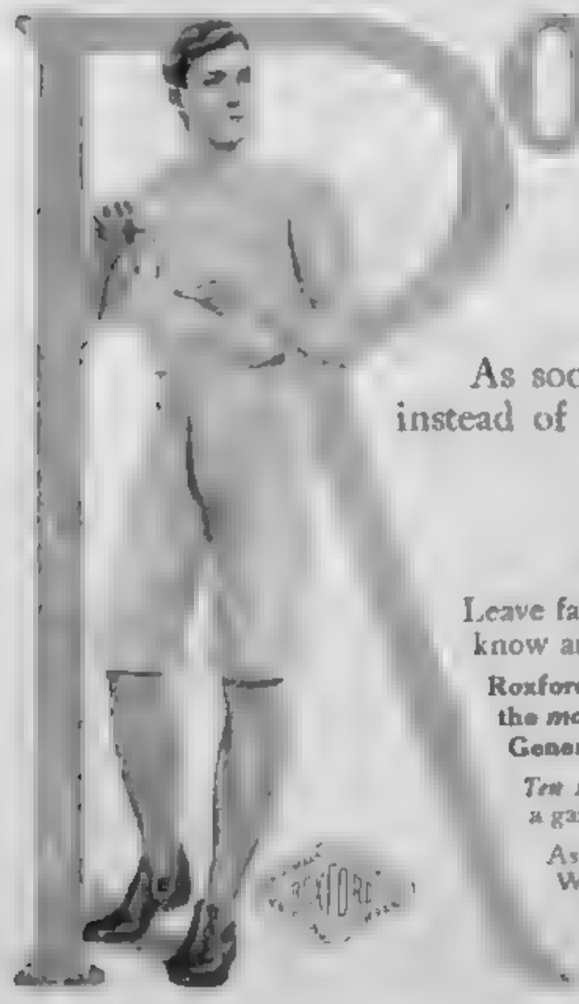

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your own party. Cordelia Blossom says that she is to be hostess at the next mayor's ball—and she will be! Goodby!"

VI

THE open season for caricatures and torchlight processions drew merrily on. Mayor Limber came forward and, supported by the unanimous choice of the leaders of his party in primaries assembled, announced himself as a candidate for re-election, pointing to his long and satisfactory service, his clean record and the platform he had the honor to represent.

Colonel Watterson Blossom threw down a gauntlet of proud defiance to the iniquitous Jim Fleecer gang, and pledged himself, if elected, to give the politics of the beloved city of his adoption such a purification as it had not known since the days of Thomas Jefferson. Not for him the turgid stream of public treason so long dammed into a cesspool of corruption by the unscrupulous party represented by its supine tool, the present incumbent of the office to which he aspired! No, by the memory of Andrew Jackson, no! For him the clean, pure paths of public policy, wherein the rich and the poor should share alike, with no favors to be bought or sold except for the golden coin of abstract right! With his hand in the bosom of his Prince Albert and his gray hair tossing to the breeze, he stood ready to meet in debate or in personal encounter Mayor Limber or any champion selected by his unprincipled opponents, barring only the notorious Jim Fleecer, whose proved record rendered him unfit to cross swords of argument or of steel with a gentleman.

Cheered by this able and interesting proclamation, the city sat right up and began to take an interest in politics, which for years had been considered an automatic certainty. The circling eddies even reached old Wash, at the edge of his quiet pool, and he came to the colonel diffidently.

"Beg yo pahdon, Cunnel, suh," he began timidly; "but I'd lak to have yo promise yo woan git mad ef Ah ask yo somepin."

"You'd better not ask it, then, Wash," advised the colonel with a smile. "Is it very particular?"

"Well, suh," replied Wash, raising a stiff elbow and pulling his leathery ear with stiff fingers, "it's a mattah tha's powful close to yo ole Wash."

"All right, then, out with it," invited the colonel.

"Yas, suh," replied Wash, still pulling his ear in hesitating perplexity. "Has Ah got yo promise not to git mad?"

"Certainly, Wash," laughed the colonel.

"Thank yo, suh," responded Wash, his hesitation instantly gone. "You know, Cunnel, suh, that yo politics an' mine ain't the same."

"Politics!" snorted the colonel. "Why, you confounded old dried walnut, a nigger hasn't any politics! Now, Wash, if you try to start ——"

"Hole on, suh; hole on!" warned Wash with a grin. "Ah done got yo promise, Cunnel, an' Ahm safe as a mink in a creek. Now, Cunnel, yo-all nevveh did lemme vote in all mah life, but dis heyeh tam Ah done wan' to cast mah fus' ballot foh de old cunnel. Yo daddy done lef' the house sehvants vote foh him afteh the wah, an' Ah reckon ——"

The colonel regarded Wash with an affectionate eye.

"Why, bless your old ebony hide, of course you may vote for me!" he granted. "One vote can't hurt, and I reckon I sort of owe it to you."

"Thank yo, suh, thanky," accepted Wash, a-swim with gratitude. "Cunnel, when Ah heard yo mek that speech from yo front poach to the Young Men's Blossom Club las' night Ah wah jes plum boun' to vote for ouh family lak mah daddy done did. Ahm so proud o' ouh fambly, Cunnel ——"

"We're proud of each other, Wash," granted the colonel, touched. "Where's that toddy?"

That very night there was the blare of a brass band on the lawn, the bobbing of torchlights under the trees, the hum of many voices and the tread of many feet.

The colonel came to his front door smiling, but when he stepped on his porch his eyebrows sprang straight out.

"What are you niggers doing here?" he demanded.

"Serenadin'," cheerfully replied the spokesman of the party, who on the river-front was called "the colored Jim Fleecer" because of his successful leadership. "This is the Thomas Jefferson Marching Club, Colonel, and we've come up to pledge our votes and our influence." He stepped up on the porch, a tall, smiling-faced negro in a striped gray suit and a shirt with red collar and cuffs. He stood half facing the colonel and half facing his admiring followers. He stretched out his hand oratorically. "We come, Colonel Watterson Blossom, in the name of the free-born colored suffragists of this city to assert our allegiance ——"

"Get off my porch!" exploded the colonel. "I've said all my life that a nigger has no right to vote, and I stick to it. If you worthless black scum are not off my lawn in three minutes I'll fill you so full of buckshot you won't be able to carry it. Git! Wash, bring me my gun!"

The Thomas Jefferson Marching Club was absent from Colonel Watterson Blossom's lawn in far less than the specified time, and Cordelia Blossom, filled with apprehension, was already telephoning for an appointment with Georgia Fleecer. Incidentally she mentioned, quite humorously, the colonel's treatment of his callers. It was too good a joke to keep, she naïvely and anxiously suggested.

Jim Fleecer laughed when he heard the news that night. "Isn't he the fussy old party!" he commented. "Why, Tumpelly, if Colonel Blossom ever gets to Heaven and finds Abraham Lincoln there he'll go right down to the other place. The only way I see to elect him is to keep him out of town. There's five thousand colored voters here and they never skip an election."

"Honestly, Jim, I'm sorry I dragged you into this," his wife contritely confessed. "I'm afraid it's going to make you a tremendous lot of trouble."

"I'm having a lovely party," he grinned. "We'll stick to the woman who put you in right, and we'll elect the colonel in spite of himself."

"But what is he to do about the colored vote?" worried Mrs. Fleecer. "Cordelia will want to know in the morning."

"She must pat him on the hump and tell him to make it strong," he advised. "There's enough race prejudice in any town to elect a man on a lily-white ticket if he is troublesome enough about it, and I'm betting that the colonel is."

"I don't like him," suddenly decided Mrs. Fleecer. "I want him to know that it is you who are helping him. He says such dreadful things about you."

Jim Fleecer only laughed.

"He believes them," he explained. "I rather like the old fire-eater. He's game, he's square, and he's as much a gentleman as he claims to be."

"But you'll get so little thanks for your work, Jim," his wife persisted.

For a moment he regarded her with a musing smile and then his lips straightened; only his eyes twinkled.

"I suppose I'll have to play on the level with you, Bowknots," he confessed. "The fact is, the colonel's helping me better than if he were on salary. Take this organization, for instance: I've been trying to consolidate the colored vote for years and now it's mine. He'll rip his own party up the back until it bleeds to death, and by the time he gets through his term of office I'll have built up the strongest organization to be found outside a senator-owned monopoly."

Georgia Fleecer pouted.

"I don't like that either," she declared; then she laughed. "I guess I'm as quixotic as the colonel."

"You're the rightest thing there is," he declared with hearty belief.

Cordelia came the next afternoon for tea and to discuss some Isis Club committee work, and incidentally she laughed about the colonel's handling of his colored friends.

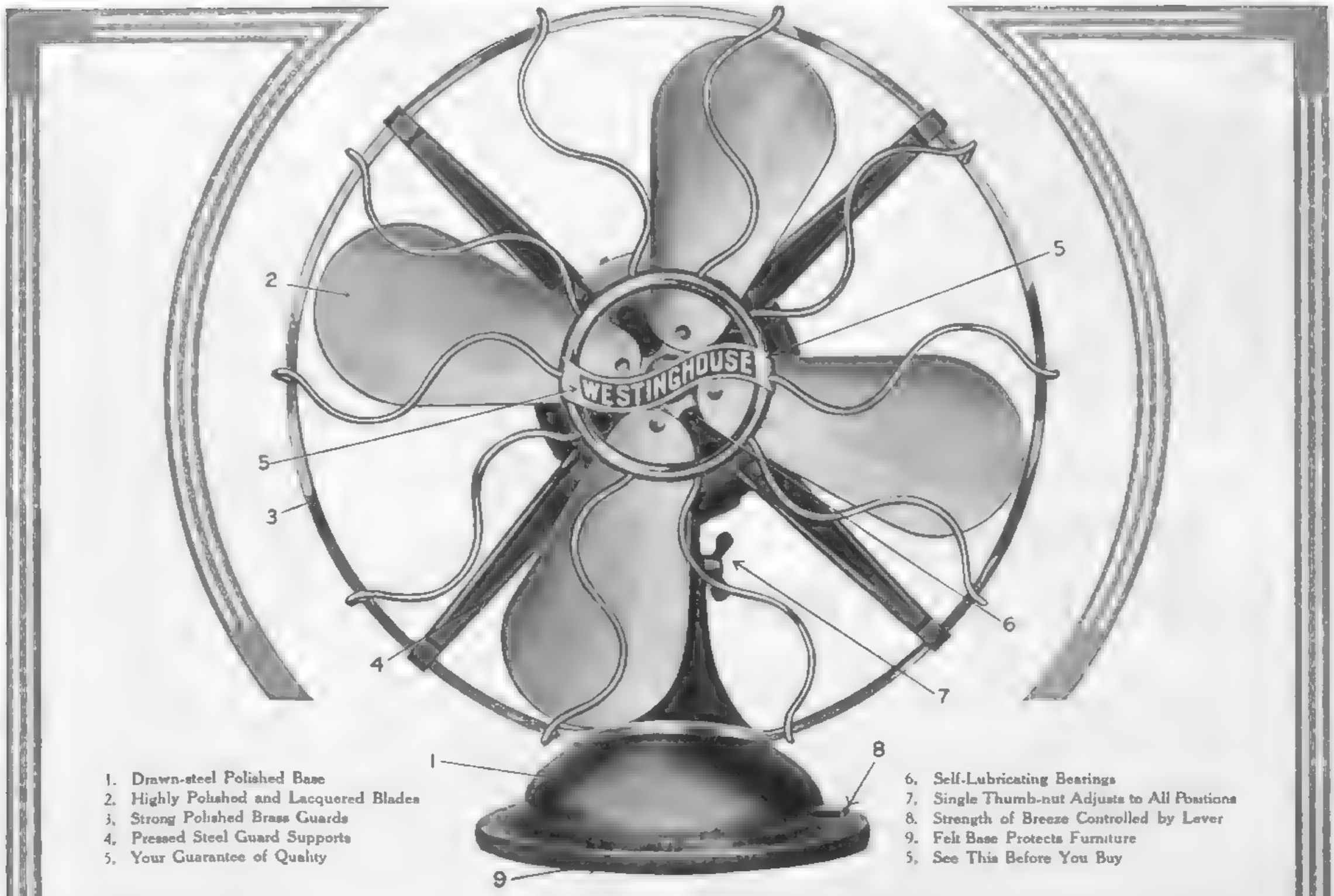
"Really, I am compelled to admire his sturdy adherence to his principles," she stated with a little laugh. "However, the fact can't be denied that he has lost a lot of perfectly good votes by it." She waited anxiously.

"He may possibly gain more than he loses," returned Mrs. Fleecer, pouring the tea. "Naturally I don't know anything about such things, but it seems to me that his only course, under the circumstances, would be to become even more emphatic, and attract the votes of all the white people who have violent race prejudices."

Mrs. Blossom did not breathe an audible sigh of relief. She merely nibbled an almond.

"That sounds so very plausible that I must tell Watt about it," she smiled. "To

(Continued on Page 64)



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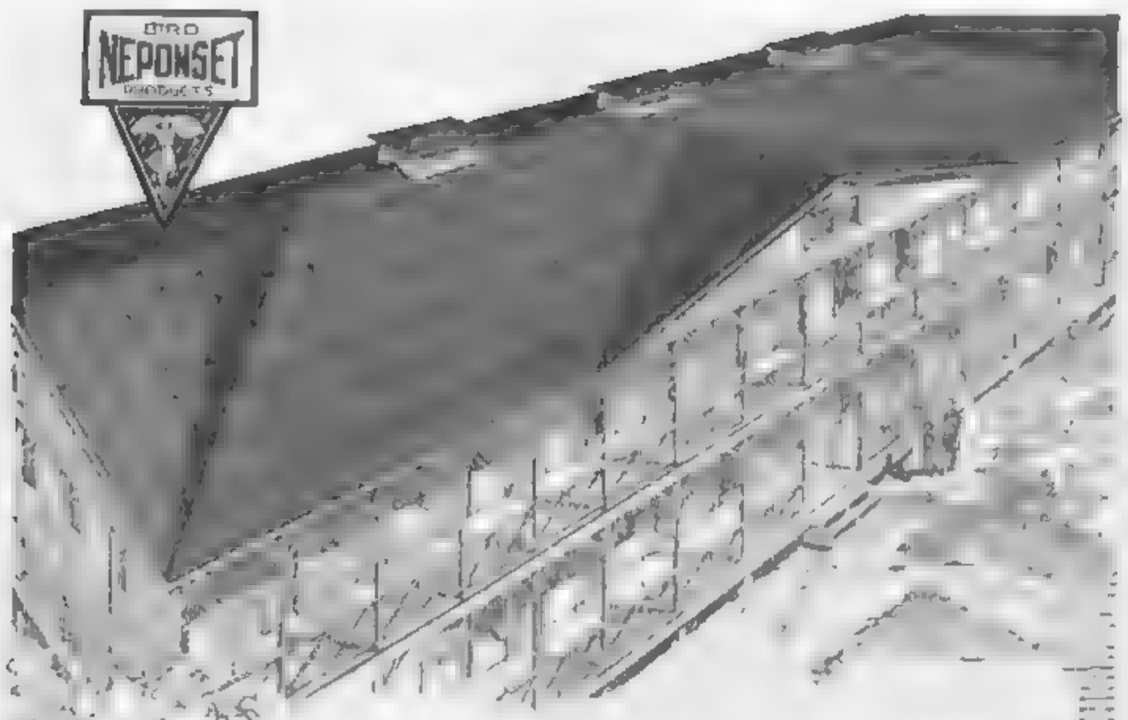

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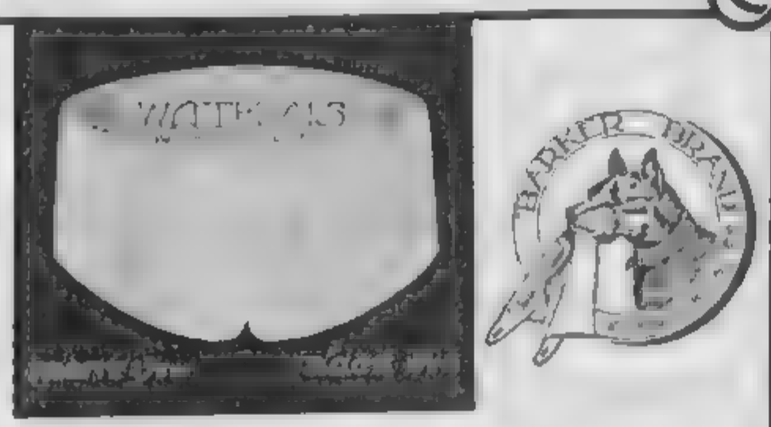

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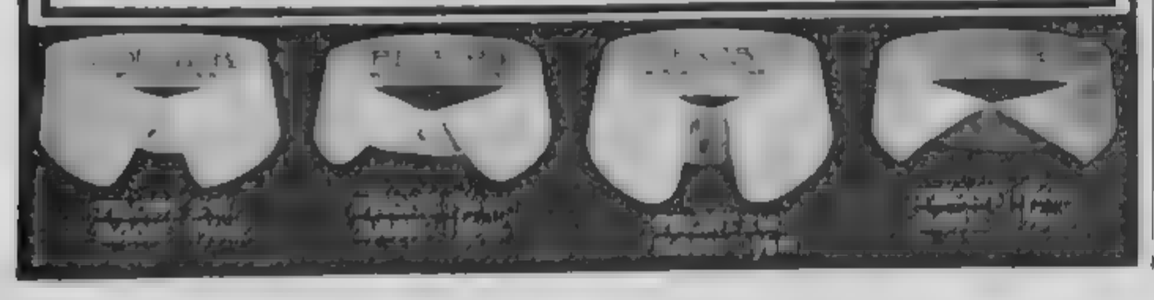

(Continued from Page 62)

be sure, I take a tremendous interest in his campaign and, being a woman, I just as naturally, I suppose, attach an undue importance to trifles. The colonel did another of his impulsive things this morning—stood right up for his principles in that adorable uncompromisingly honest way of his, you know—and I've been silly enough to worry about it ever since."

Mrs. Fleecer studied the smiling Cordelia for an apprehensive second and passed the peanut sandwiches.

"Something connected with his campaign?" she suggested, and settling heavily upon her she felt that dead load which comes from previously underestimated responsibility.

"I suppose so," returned Cordelia. "A committee from the Federation of United Workmen called on him this morning and asked him what he intended to do, if elected, about unionizing the city labor departments." She laughed a trifle nervously. "The colonel told them that he never had believed in unionism any more than he had in any other combination in restraint of competition, and that he never would believe in it."

"The labor vote!" gasped Mrs. Fleecer. "Could you call me up after dinner, Cordelia?"

VII

NEARLY every day, and sometimes twice a day, Mrs. Blossom and Mrs. Fleecer met and talked about frocks and millinery and cooking recipes and club matters—and politics—and nearly every night Georgia Fleecer found out from her husband what comfort and advice to give Cordelia.

"Holy salt mackerel, Tumpelly!" he ejaculated ten days before election. "I never had so hard a fight to win a campaign as I'm having to lose this one. Limber is going to be reelected in spite of all I can do. I've even had to stop our own newspapers from taking even an occasional shot at the colonel. I've antagonized, in advance, all the members of my old guard that I intend to get rid of, and have stirred up a split in my own party. I've cut the campaign fund down to a whisper, and sent out the word that there's to be nothing for anybody; and still the colonel's bound to defeat himself. He slapped the eye of the Business Men's Club, the Temperance League, the liquor interests, the Irish, the Germans, the Jews, the negroes, the foreigners and the labor unions, and now you say he has taken a crack at the churches! Why, there's nobody left to vote for the old hornet but two Confederate veterans, and he's likely to quarrel with them."

Georgia Fleecer sighed. There were lines of care in her usually placid face.

"I'll be so glad when this awful election is over, Jim," she confessed.

"So will I," her husband agreed. "It certainly has taken a fall out of you. What do you get out of it anyhow?"

"Why, how crude!" she laughed, her face flushing nevertheless. "Nothing, of course. I owe a great deal to Cordelia and I'd be glad if I could help her to realize her ambition, merely out of gratitude. By-the-way, Jim, I am quite likely to be appointed to the second vice-presidency of the Isis Club if Colonel Blossom is elected mayor."

He gazed at her in a perplexity that seemed almost stupid.

"I don't get you," he finally acknowledged. "Do you actually want to fluff up with a dinky little office like that?"

"Dinky little office!" she exclaimed. "Why, Jim, of course you don't understand, but social prestige in this city is almost exactly measured by one's standing in the Isis Club."

"On the level?" he inquired. "Go right to it, Feathers. I'm tickled stiff to see you get on in your own game, the same as I do in mine. How do you come to have a look-in? Mrs. Blossom, of course."

"Well, she is sure to appoint me for the unexpired term if there's a vacancy. The present second vice-president is Mrs. Evelyn Limber."

Jim Fleecer laughed until the chandelier became nervous.

"You women make regular politics look like a counterfeit," he complimented her with huge enjoyment. "Well, little lady, we'll elect your mayor if we have to do it with brass knuckles."

True to that promise, the next morning he sent for Dan Dickson, and that wily old campaigner, the hero of countless well-managed defeats, came looking like a feeble

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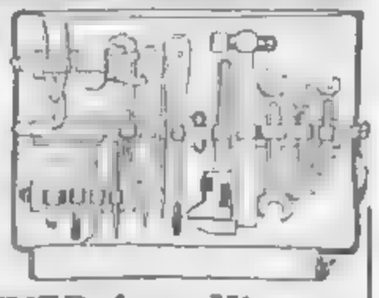
Makes trousers fit and hang perfectly. Holds shirt down and drawers up. Affords you neat, commanding appearance. Gives comfortable support to back and stomach without binding. Sanitary—Cool—Serviceable. Sufficient elastic in sides and back to assure comfort and freedom of movement at all times. Goes with short trousers too—and prevents the boy from getting round shoulders. Thousands in use *all* giving perfect satisfaction—no boy or man will wear suspenders or belt after wearing a Stanford "Hip-Fit." If your tailor or dealer cannot supply you, send waist measure taken snugly above hips under trousers, accompanied by money order for $1.00, and we will promptly fill your order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed—or money refunded.

For men with large protruding abdomen requiring more than ordinary support, we make a combination trouser and stomach supporter—price $1.50.

Hip-Fit Mfg. Co.
60 E. Grand Street, New York
Toronto, London, Side Line

Motorists Need this Kit



A tool kit every motorist need[s] [i]s one of them—no du[plicate] or useless tools. Wraps up in compact form—not bulky nor heavy.

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Are the latest and best word in motoring requisites. Finished in Bonner's Special Auto Finish. Each tool of special steel and guaranteed. This kit is a trouble saver. Insist on Bonner's. If your hardware store cannot supply you, send dealer's name.

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Makers of Bonner "Victor" Chain Wrench, Pry Bar and other special purpose tools.

THE 'SWAN' SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

The Pen with the Little Windows

Enables you to see at a glance exactly how much ink there is in the pen. This feature does away with the annoyance of finding your pen empty when you need it.

The "SWAN SAFETY" is guaranteed not to leak and to write instantly. At all Stationers and Jewelers $2.50 and up.

Mabie, Todd & Co.
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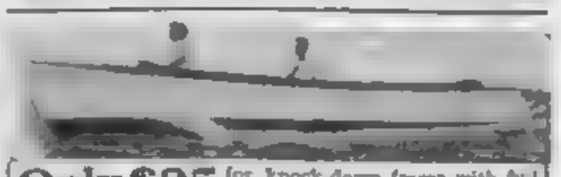
209 So. State St., Chicago
Toronto, London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney



Only $25 for knock-down frame with full sized patterns to finish this handsome 23 foot motor boat. Easy to build and you know what you are getting. Write for "Dollar Launch and Boat Book."

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Of Medicine and Dentistry [illegible] for the study of dentistry and allied sciences. Modern equipment for laboratory and operating purposes. The course requires three years. Free dispensary and clinical advantages. Write for catalog.

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LOOK for the LOOP
K&E IDEA BLOUSE

"Say, Fellows! This is the kind of Blouse to have"

"Ask your mother to get you the K&E LOOK-for-LOOP Blouse. You don't have to tie or untie the drawstring—no knots to bother with and no loose ends to hang down. Say, it's great. You can dress or undress in two shakes.

"And mother says she never saw a blouse that looks so well or so well made."

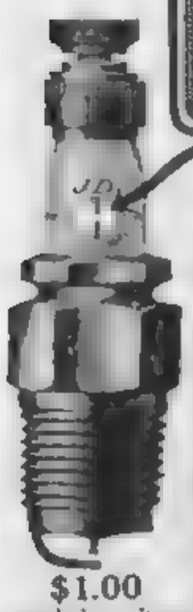
K&E Blouses are lock-stitched throughout, with hand-turned, double-stitched collar and cuffs, matched pocket. Fast-color materials. Blouses for School, 50c and up; for Dress, $1.00 and up. Write for booklet and mention name of best dealer in your town.

K&E Blouse Makers

K & E Building
Cleveland, O
(New York Salesroom 220 Fifth Ave at 26th St)

For littlest folks, there's nothing like K&E ROMPERS. Comfy all over and wear like iron. Ask your dealer.

One Look tells all



The J. D. Visible Spark Plug—with a secondary gap outside the motor and a port or opening facing it—indicates positively and at a glance just in which direction ignition trouble lies. No more testing and hunting; you look through the port and see if the spark is jumping. You can widen the gap, which intensifies spark and cleans points, or close gap entirely. Facilitates timing of engine and permits regulating of spark for any cylinder. Uses minimum current and costs no more than any good plug.

Made of J. D. highest grade materials with special porcelain that defies heat. If your dealer can't supply you, sent postpaid on receipt of price.

$1.00

Our booklet on ignition free. Write for it

JEFFERY DEWITT COMPANY,
568 Butler Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

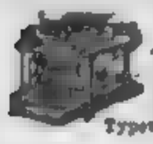
CHALLENGE
Brand WATERPROOF
A waterproof collar perfect in its linen finish and texture. Saves bother.
Collars 25c Cuffs 50c
The Arlington Company
199 Broadway, New York
COLLARS CUFFS

AGENTS—At Last!

A tool that sells in every home. Made of high grade carbon steel. Demand enormous. Sales easy. Big profits. Write for free sample to workers.

THOMAS TOOL CO., 7068 Barny St., Dayton, Ohio

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES



"Visible" typewriters. Factory rebuilt and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅔ min. price. Allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped on privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D

Typewriter Emporium, 34-38 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

convalescent who is only praying for strength enough to kill his doctor. Gone was the furtive look, the secretive air, the mysterious movement. In their place was irritation tortured to its last explosive extremity.

"It's a fine quince you've handed me to head my ticket!" he charged, taking off his hat from force of habit and slamming it on again to relieve his feelings. "He never passed me but a cheap little five thousand and he wants to see where every cent of that goes. I have to pad up my expense account like a clothing drummer to squeeze out a few dollars for the boys, and they're all sore. The old stiff won't cough up any more and every day he springs a new pain on me. His latest is to challenge Limber to a duel, and I hope Limber takes him up and makes him look like a piece of Swiss cheese. He couldn't be elected for furnace man in a dynamite factory. I'm so sore I can't sleep nights!"

"Ease up!" advised Fleecer. "We're going to elect this party and you're going to stand for him two years. If you can't dig out some way during that time to get your spoon into the gravy it's up to you, and you deserve to stay hungry. Now here's what we're going to do. I haven't used rough-arm tactics for twelve years, but here's where we go to it with both shoulders. We've simply got to fix it up between us to get the right judges of election, and slip in a complete file of phony ballots wherever we can. For the river wards and downtown we'll run in a mob of floaters. I'll send for all the murderers and blackjack experts over the river, and you've got to help me see that every man who ever moved away and every man in the cemetery is voted. I'll put the police wise to what's coming off, and we'll try to run the thing through with as little house-breaking as possible. Now get busy for the grand finish."

With that determination Jim Fleecer nearly signed his own death-warrant, for three of the thugs he had himself imported to defeat his own candidate and elect the man who was calling him a thief in large type every day held him up on his way home one night without knowing him, robbed him and "beat him up" with quite unnecessary attention to detail. Nevertheless the right triumphed, and the unsullied candidate of the grand old party of Jefferson and Jackson was elected with a margin of one hundred and six votes.

"It is an outrage!" the colonel fiercely declared. He held the morning paper in his lap and had just read the official count. "I intend to have this scandalously low majority probed and explained. I do not claim any large measure of popularity for myself, but the principles of the grand old party which I have the honor to represent, and which I am certain I have clearly elucidated in the campaign that has just closed, entitled me to a majority of not less than thirty thousand. I am convinced that in this election there has been bribery, ballot-box stuffing and illegal registration, and I shall demand an investigation. As a result of that investigation I hope to land the notorious Jim Fleecer in the penitentiary."

Cordelia Blossom, in the boudoir to which she had graciously invited the colonel, looked up and rested her innocent round eyes on him.

"You can't do that, Watt," she sweetly objected. "To begin with, I am afraid that an investigation might disclose that Mr. Dickson had been engaged in his own share of trickery which would reflect upon you."

"Then I should immediately decline the office and demand a new election," the colonel unbendingly informed her. "I could not hold an office tainted with dishonor."

"Then you don't want to find out anything about it," Cordelia naïvely concluded. "You see, you have committed yourself, Watt, and as a man of honor you can do nothing. You promised to accept conditions as you found them, but to leave them purified," and she smiled with a quiet, calm brow.

The colonel pondered that clincher for certain painfully silent minutes.

"You are right as always, my dear," he finally confessed. "As a man of honor I can do nothing except endeavor to prevent such corruption in the future. Even my arch-enemy, Jim Fleecer, must be allowed to go scot-free, I suppose?"

"I knew you were too noble to injure a defeated foe," she complimented him,

Ford

"Ford-i-fy" yourself against excessive automobile expense. Seventy-five thousand painstaking buyers—many of them owners of more expensive cars—will purchase new Ford cars this year—because the Ford is ridiculously low in its first cost—and wonderfully economical in its after cost.

All Fords are Model T's—all alike except the bodies. The two-passenger runabout costs $590—the five passenger touring car $690—the delivery car $700—the town car $900—f. o. b. Detroit, completely equipped. Get latest catalogue from Ford Motor Company, Detroit—and name of your nearest Ford representative.

Finishes For Concrete Surfaces

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A liquid cement coating for stucco, concrete and brick—applied with a brush, uniform in color results. Absolutely dampproof. Weather-resisting. Does not chip off, crack off or peel like paint. Becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing the pores and filling hair cracks. Gives an artistic, flat finish, hard as flint.

TRUS-CON FLOOR ENAMEL

Gives a dustless, wear-resisting surface of a tile-like nature to concrete floors. Is stain-proof and oil-proof and easily cleaned by mopping. Write us about your problems. We will send color cards and complete information.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY
401 Trussed Concrete Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

With 12 Blades

$1 Complete

Guaranteed best at any price.
Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

Extra Blades
10 for 50c
Every blade a marvel.
American Safety Razor Co., Makers—New York

Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

Your search for real value leads straight to the Jackson

Here are the facts—the Jackson gives you the most, in every essential detail, for a given price.

The most in reputation—
For ten years we have been building automobiles—cars of consistently high quality, which have earned for the Jackson, national name and fame as a car of consistently [illegible] service. Each year we have learned; each year we have progressed; each year we have built better cars.

The most in size—
Wheelbase of 124 inches—ten feet and four inches—in the Model "52" at $1800; 118 inches in the Model "45" at $1650; 110 inches in the Model "32" at $1100. Long wheelbase means long bodies—wider doors—more room—and greater comfort

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Fifty horsepower for $1800; forty-five horsepower for $1650; and thirty for $1100 Where else can you find such generous power equipment at such prices?

The most in riding ease—
Extremely flexible and easy action assured by the four full-elliptic springs on each Jackson model; and the riding ease thus gained increased by big wheels and tires, and long wheelbase. From 33⅓ to 100 per cent greater ability to absorb road shocks than the types of springs most generally used.

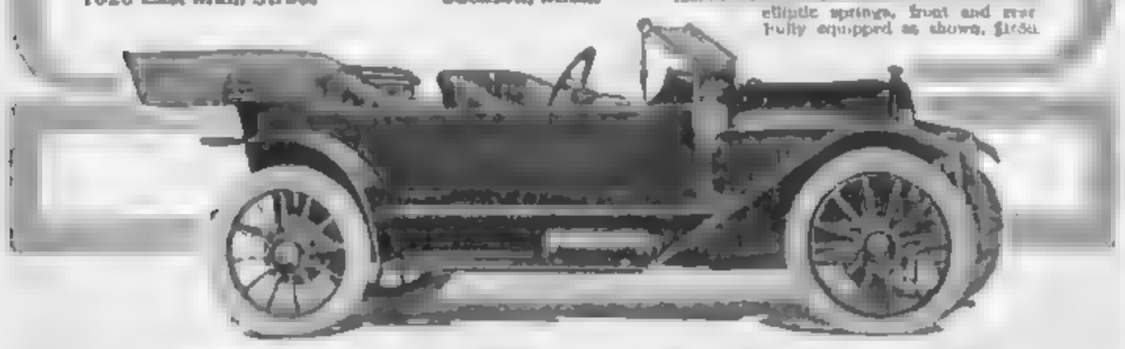
The most in style, finish, appearance—
Flush-sided bodies, with all levers and door handles inside; long, low, clean-cut lines—true expression of the torpedo body idea. Perfect carriage work and all upholstering of the highest grade of leather.

All we ask of you is to make the Jackson your standard in your search for the greatest value and in your comparisons.

If you will do this, without favor or prejudice, and if your idea is to get the most for your investment, we predict that you will become a Jackson owner. Send for Catalogue.

Jackson Automobile Company
1020 East Main Street Jackson, Mich.

Model "45"—Five-Passenger touring car, 45 h.p., 4-[illegible] motor, 4½ x 5½ inches, [illegible] wheelbase, elliptic springs, front and rear. Fully equipped as shown, $1650.



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LITHOLIN

Are You Finicky

about your linen? Get a **Litholin Collar** and learn what real comfort and economy means. There's no sacrifice of style or appearance—you rather *gain* with **Litholin** and in addition you've no laundry bills—a rub with a damp cloth and you're good as new. Quite an item if you figure it up.

To the Trade The new **Litholin** packing is two dozen collars to the box—each box containing assorted sizes, 14 to 17½, the popular sizes predominating. The great advantage of this to both jobber and retailer is fully explained in our Selling and Distributing plan—write for it to-day. The old style packing will also be continued.

We also make a two for a quarter collar—particulars to the trade on request.

Litholin [illegible] style, size and number of [illegible] wanted and we will mail prepaid direct. Style booklet free on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
7-9 WAVERLY PLACE
NEW YORK

whereat he bowed and smiled delightedly. "You ——"

The extension telephone bell rang on Mrs. Blossom's dainty desk, and she answered it.

"Yes, the colonel is here," she replied. "Oh, it's you, Georgia. Thank you so much. We're equally delighted, I assure you. It's so nice of you to say so. Tomorrow evening? Why, I'll find out if we have anything on. I don't really know. Oh, that would be so delightful. Yes, I think it might be better. Just a minute. He's right here."

"For me, my dear?" guessed the colonel, advancing.

"Yes, it's Mr. Fleecer," she returned, with no hint of her smile on her lips or in her eyes, and she handed him the 'phone.

"Hello, Colonel!" came the hearty voice of Fleecer. "I want to congratulate you on pulling it across against heavy odds."

"Why—thank you," hesitated the colonel, taken off his feet.

"I worked like a nailer in this campaign, but you won, and I want to call off all the soreness," went on Fleecer. "I don't mind confessing that I pulled a trick or two, but that's all over and I know you'll forget it. You're too broad-gauge a man to hold a grudge."

"Well, I hope so," again hesitated the colonel, quite uncomfortable.

"I knew it," responded Fleecer. "Well, Colonel, just to prove that there's no hard feelings, suppose we get our feet under the table together and laugh it off. Suppose you and Mrs. Blossom come over and have dinner with us tomorrow evening."

"I thank you, but I fear it will be impossible," politely declined the colonel, and then his blunt frankness got the better of him. "Look here, Mr. Fleecer," he blurted, "I want it distinctly understood that never, at any time during my tenure of office, need you come to me for any favors, political or otherwise. There is to be no graft in this administration."

The heavy voice of Jim Fleecer was fairly plaintive in its reproach.

"Colonel, I am surprised!" he chided. "This is a purely social proposition, and I did not think you would take up the professional side of it. While we're at it, however, I'll give you my straight promise never to ask you a favor, political or otherwise, during your term of office. In the mean time I think our ladies want to get together on some of their club affairs. This is to be my wife's dinner, not mine. You can't refuse her."

The colonel turned to Cordelia with a distressed brow.

"My dear, Mr. and Mrs. Fleecer wish us to take dinner with them tomorrow evening. What shall we do, bearing in mind my sentiments in regard to the man?"

"How very delightful!" returned the pleased Cordelia. "Why, Watt, accept, by all means. You can certainly separate your political enmities from your social amenities. It looks to me like a gentleman's arrangement for him to invite and you to accept."

"By George, I'll do it!" promised the colonel in a burst of generous sentiment, and he did so. "You're very busy this morning, Cordelia," he observed, noting her charming pose with the eye of a Cordelia connoisseur. "Shall you care to drive with me before luncheon?"

"Oh, yes, I'll be through in a few minutes," she happily assured him, slowly crossing off a line she had just written. "I'm studying my invitation list for next year's mayor's ball!"

EXPENSIVE BARGAINS

AMONG the fly-by-nights who thrive by clever ruses to cheat the public, the most picturesque and also the most difficult to convict is the "box-car man."

The box-car man turns up in the country usually and tells farmers that they are making a mistake when they buy groceries of the local storekeepers. The box-car man can get staple articles very cheaply because he arranges to have a carload delivered in one place. As proof of quality he sells small trial orders of coffee, tea, canned goods, and so on. His coffee, at twelve cents a pound, is as good as people have been getting at the grocer's for thirty, and other samples in keeping—the box-car plants good seed. Buyers tell neighbors about it; so, a few weeks later, when the box-car man comes back, people are ready to buy groceries for months ahead at his attractive prices. On an appointed day the car arrives. Customers have been warned that they must be on hand promptly, as the car cannot be held and the local grocers have been making trouble. So there is a rush. Purchases are loaded into the farmers' wagons, and the box-car man hurriedly collects his money and disappears. When the boxes and packages are opened the stuff is found to be stale, damaged grocery stock—dear at any price.

The box-car specialist is difficult to catch because he has come and gone usually before the fraud can be exposed. In one case state food-law officers kept track of such a swindler for nearly five years without being able to get evidence against him. Some of the stuff he sold would have been a violation of the law had he not protected himself by a shrewd device. When a customer ordered coffee at ten cents a pound the box-car entered the order for so many pounds of "X000," and nothing but that number appeared on the label of the package, with no reference to coffee.

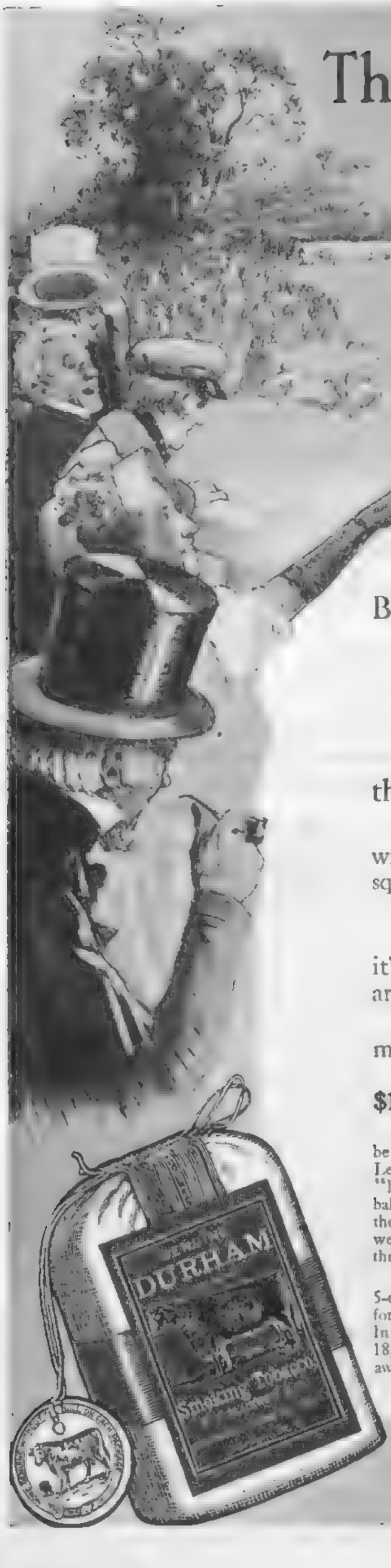
The jewelry business has always been attractive to swindlers, because the amount of the average customer's purchase is large enough to make the wooden nutmeg pay well. Much unrighteous profit has been extracted from falsely stamped jewelry, for instance. The innocent victim, passing a jewelry auction room, pauses out of curiosity to hear the auctioneer. The proprietor asks him if he would like to see something in the shape of a gold locket that is really a bargain—an article too choice to be offered at auction. The ornament is shown, a price below normal quoted and any sort of plausible story told to account for it. Plainly stamped inside is the mark: "Eighteen-carat." The victim buys. An assay would show that the metal is only ten-carat gold. For years this form of swindle was not preventable; but now state and Federal laws prohibit false stamping, and an association of manufacturing jewelers is active in securing convictions.

Another business full of possibilities for the swindler is the piano trade. At its best the piano is an instrument of artistic quality, backed by the reputation of a well-known house. At its worst it is the "stencil" piano, turned out cheaply and ready to receive any name the dealer wishes to stencil on the fall-board—hence the trade term. If such a product can be bought at fifty dollars and sold for three hundred, obviously there is a profit. Here is a situation that has long stimulated the faker in invention.

One typical figure of what might be called the "underground piano trade" is the widow who is forced to sell the fittings of her once happy home. She advertises her fine upright piano, almost new, at a bargain. Thousands upon thousands of cheap stencil pianos have been foisted on unsuspecting bargain hunters by this familiar character.

A more aggressive piano swindle is that of the sale concern that suddenly comes to town with a stock of pianos which are to be closed out immediately at unheard-of prices. An empty store is rented, the pianos moved in and a line of price-paralyzing advertising begun. These instruments have come, as usual, from the "Eastern market"—that place of wonderful possibilities, where the best manufacturers are constantly going bankrupt and the biggest buildings falling down; and most of the attention of the business world seems to be centered upon getting goods shipped away to distant places for sale at ridiculous prices, so that the already shaky situation may not be further disturbed. This sale concern has its window bait, too, in the shape of half a dozen pianos of the most desirable standard makes. These head the advertisements, at prices far below wholesale price. The purchaser comes to see them—and they are there, sure enough; but they have all been purchased, it is explained, and are now merely on exhibition through the courtesy of the owners. These well-known pianos never pass out of the fakers' hands, as a matter of fact, and the visitor is shown a stock of stencil instruments which are sold at prices that clear very wide profits indeed.

The Favorite with the "Fans" of Then and Now



Baseball, the national game, and

GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

the national smoke—made their first hit in 1859!

And ever since, this star battery of favorites has been winning the same kind of friends—the broad-gauge, fair-and-square, red-blooded men who take to things that are on the level

—To baseball, because it's straight, honest, manly sport

—To "Bull" Durham, in its plain muslin sack, because it's straight, honest, clean tobacco—free from anything artificial.

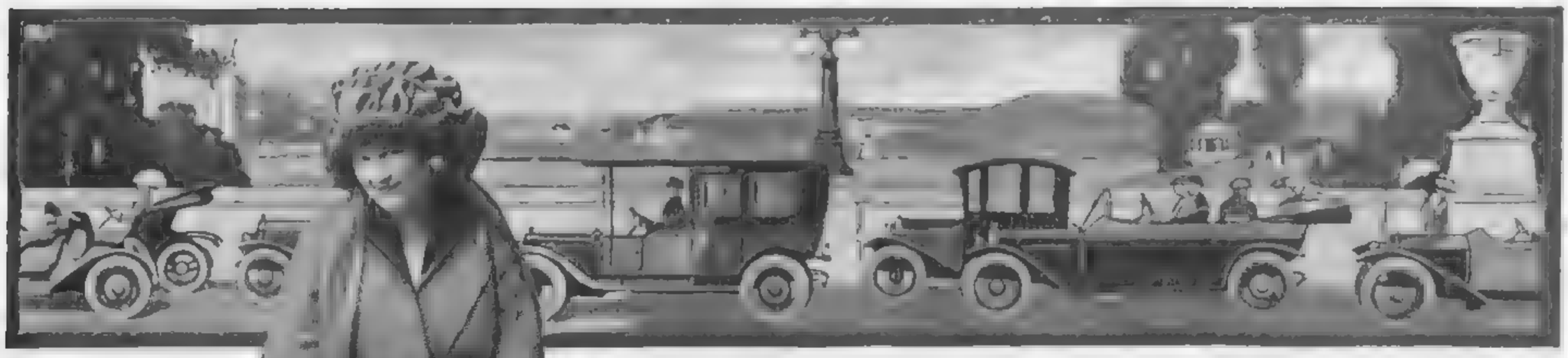
That's why—today—"Bull" Durham is smoked by more men than all other high-grade tobaccos combined!

$11,900 for Hitting the "Bull"

Last year we offered a $50 cash prize to be awarded every time any player in a regular League Baseball game hit the big, cut-out "Bull" Durham sign that stands in nearly every ball park, with a fairly batted fly ball. During the season, 238 of these $50 "Bulls-eyes" were made by lucky batters—who received, therefore, the grand total of $11,900.

In addition to the above cash prize, 72 5-cent bags of "Bull" Durham were awarded for each home run—4133 home runs in all In this way, 297,576 5-cent packages—or 18,598½ lbs.—of "Bull" Durham were awarded during the year.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.



Kelly-Springfield Tire Company
20 Vesey St., New York

Branch Offices in
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Boss Rubber Co.
Denver, Colo.
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Second hand experience is just as efficient and infinitely cheaper than first hand.

Take your tire experience from what others have learned at great expense on other tires, and get your tuition free. Get the *best* tires *first* by getting

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

The name "Kelly-Springfield" on a tire stands for the same quality of rubber compound, the same tire-making experience, and the same care in manufacture, that have, for sixteen years, made the Kelly-Springfield solid vehicle tire the best of its kind.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, 20 Vesey St., New York

Complete Visible Writing

This is the great distinctive feature of the Model 10

Smith Premier Typewriter

Complete Visible Writing means not only that the writing itself is visible, but that the operating machinery which produces the writing is also visible. Above all, it means that the keyboard is completely visible.

Why? Because it is the only typewriter having a key for every character—hence the character printed by each key is always the same.

This distinctive feature has won for the Smith Premier Typewriter a vast army of loyal users.

Smith Premier Department
Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

"Sampeck Clothes"

The Standard of America

Styled in New York

The Briarwood
The Homewood
The Skepworth

A TRIO OF NORFOLK MODELS. Creations of the SAMPECK Style Shop.

Suggestive of English Effect in the Free, Easy, Graceful Lines.

Designed to allow for a free play of the arms for the Motorist, the Golfer or otherwise athletically inclined Young Man or Man of Youthful Figure.

Styling for this Type of Figure, by the way, is our Special Thought. Write for Illustrated Style Folder. Address

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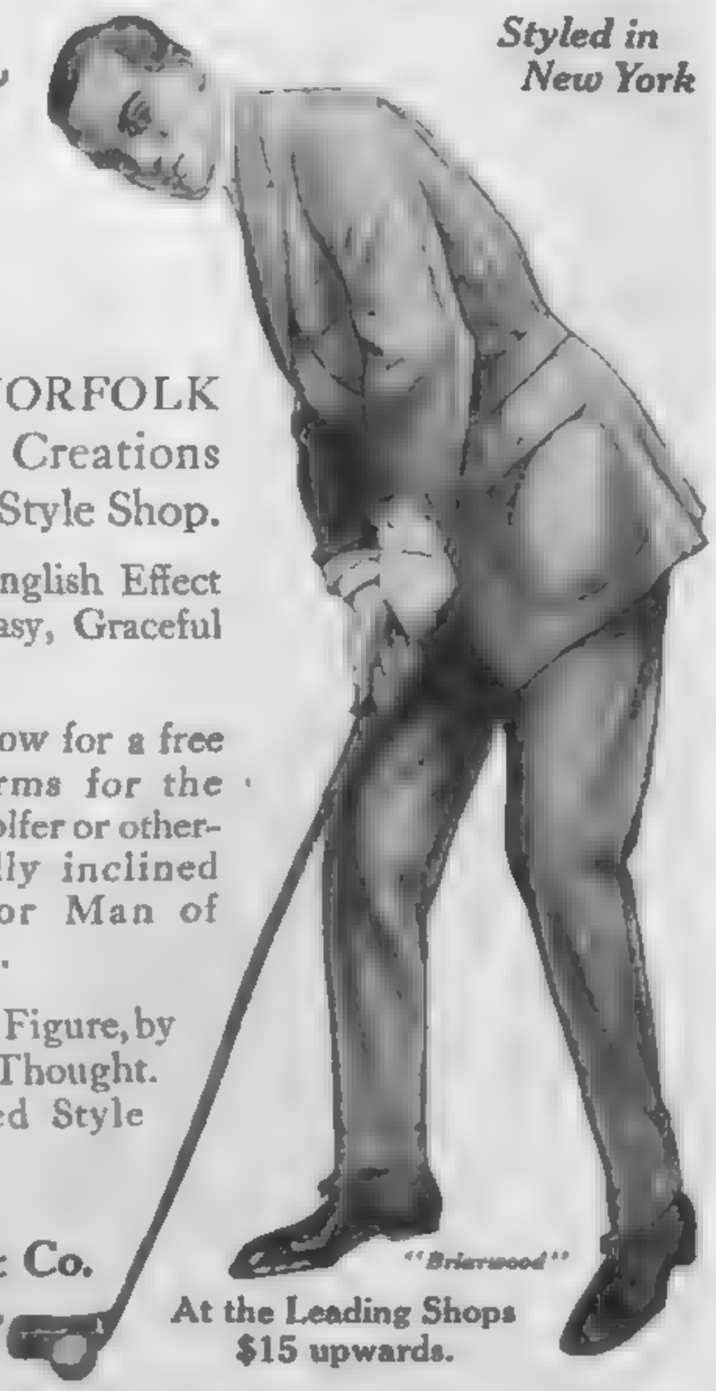
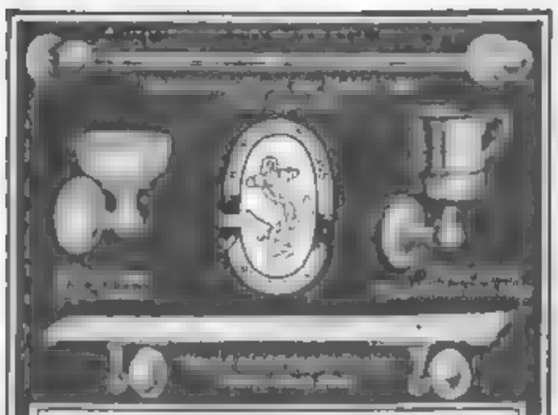
Samuel W. Peck & Co.
806-808 Broadway,
New York City.



At the Leading Shops
$15 upwards.



The Thos. Maddock's All White Bathroom

You want your bathroom clean—sweet—attractive.

Thos. Maddock's White China Bathroom Fixtures solve those problems to perfection.

They *add* to its attractiveness, they *subtract* all chance of uncleanliness; they *multiply* its convenient features; they *divide* interest with *no* other type of fixture; they are superior to all others.

They are the most sanitary and satisfactory fixtures known.

A trade reputation of over fifty years stands back of every fixture. Write for our free booklet—"Why White?"

THOS. MADDOCK'S SONS CO.
TRENTON, N. J.

WHITE CANOES

The White Canoe is the choice of the "man who knows." In construction, ease of paddling, and beauty of line, it has been standard for years. It is *the only* canoe built with

PLANKS BEVELED AND LAPPED

making it practically watertight before the canvas is applied at all a feature which makes the White the stiffest, strongest, most durable canoe built. Made in a variety of styles, each one a model in its class. Prices begin at $30.00.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG FREE

Ask for No. W 1, which gives full details with many pictures of the White Canoes.

E. M. White & Company, Old Town, Maine
New York Distributors: New York Sporting Goods Co., [illegible] Warren Street, New York

This **Portable Fireproof Garage**

Comes Complete—Ready to Set Up

Pruden System of steel construction

[illegible] No tools needed. A [illegible] wrench and screw driver [illegible]

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MARIE TWISTS THE KEY

(Continued from Page 15)

in the other men. Old Mrs. Crandall, with a still more worried expression than before, was circulating elegantly round with anecdotes of the young woman's grandmother; Nell was anxiously repeating to unheeding ears how much of a child and how natural Marie was; while Will Crandall, with glowering eyes, seemed to be muttering something unpleasant to his wife. There were, in fact, all the symptoms of uneasiness in regard to an uncontrollable guest. No one knew where this might stop.

Just as Mrs. Paxton came suddenly forward to her husband she caught sight of herself in a mirror opposite. The black and cerise gown certainly set off her white neck and arms as she moved with dignified grace; her blue eyes were larger and more luminous, her cheek deeply rosed; she looked unexpectedly handsome, while she said pleasantly, yet in the tone no man disregards:

"I think we had better be carrying ourselves off now, Beverly. It is growing late."

"Oh, well—if you say so," returned her husband with reluctance.

"It's too bad to break up an evening like this," protested Donald Bannard.

"Oh, we'll continue it," said Mr. Brentwood with hospitable intent. "We'll have a series of evenings while Miss Davis is here, one at each house. I know you won't be able to keep Paxton away!"

"Not unless I'm put in irons," agreed Beverly. He openly squeezed Miss Davis' hand at parting, while she leaned forward, very close to his face, her enormous, dark-circled violet eyes full of preposterous extravagant meaning as they gazed into his, while his laugh answered her. If they had all been at the silly age, ignorantly untrammeled, the thing might have had an excuse.

"You're looking very well. Did you have a nice time tonight?" the husband asked his wife vaguely after they were home. He bent forward to kiss her, also vaguely, as if some other emotion wrapped him round, and he saw her dimly yet agreeably through it.

"Oh, yes," she answered indifferently, bending over to pick up a glove so that the intended salute was lost.

As she lay on her bed that night, her mind luminously clear, she felt that if he had been fascinated by a woman who was really beautiful and charming, some one of his own kind, she could have understood, appreciated—nay, even though she might have been madly jealous, have yet genuinely sympathized with his infatuation. But to make an exhibition of himself over a girl so excruciatingly in bad taste, beneath all her tawdry, artificial attraction, yes, so flagrantly common as "Murree"! I gave Dorothy not even any thrill of jealousy—it left her cold. She regarded her husband from a region remote and unattached, as if he were somebody she didn't know but rather disliked: he was somebody she didn't know if he could be attracted by a girl like that! To be sure, all the others had behaved foolishly, but not like Beverly—it was not the same!

She thought of him curiously, yet with indifference. The superstructure of her wedded life seemed to have crumbled; for the first time in nine years she felt a strange, proud freedom of not being married to him at all, as if the children were only her children, her life her own, something in which she herself no longer had any need to count on him or hang upon his pleasure. She slept calmly, with existence on this new, stationary plane, and entered as calmly, after the first inevitable jar of waking, on the day.

If all the men on the station platform the next morning had a slight shamefacedness about them there was no wife to see its cause—even Miss Davis, contrary to expectations, was not there.

Neither, as turned out the following day, was she at the Crandalls'. All kinds of queer rumors were abroad, whispered by excited women as they grouped magnetically coming in or out of Atkinson's, or Bolt's Emporium. Lucia Bannard herself was authority for Mrs. Iverson, who had been obliged to walk into the village in default of the chauffeur with whom Miss Davis had gone off. It wasn't a real elopement; they had been married secretly a

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Observe the low straight Heel, snug-fitting instep, rounded and receding Toe, fine stitching and semi-flat Sole.

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1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Personal [illegible]. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Five [illegible] equipped gymnasium, bowling [illegible] and [illegible] park. All [illegible] encouraged. [illegible] open air. Boys [illegible] by [illegible] tutorial system. [illegible] Academy fifty two years old. New [illegible]. Catalog free. Address

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Over ten thousand inspections by experts guarantee the service of every Marmon car.

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One chassis—a body type for every requirement. Touring car $2750.

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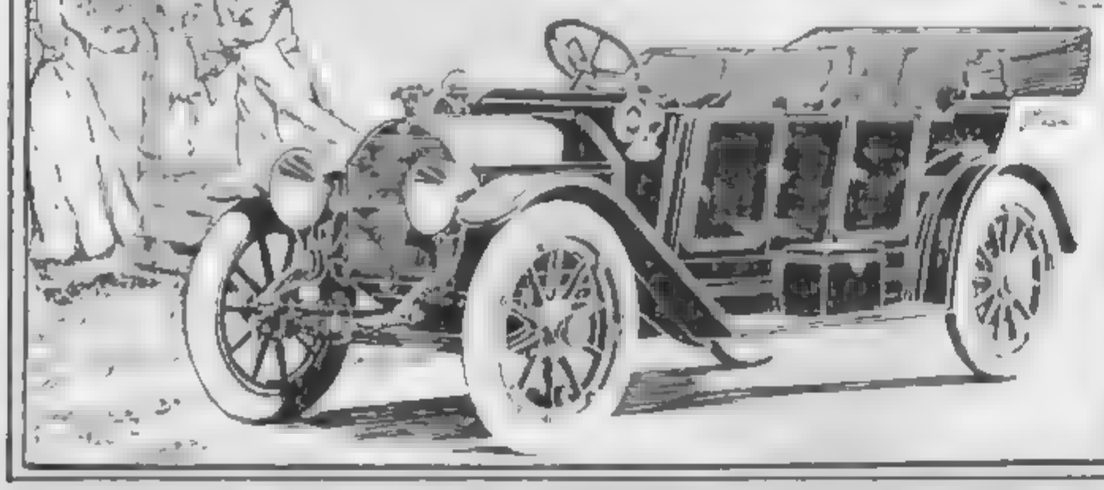

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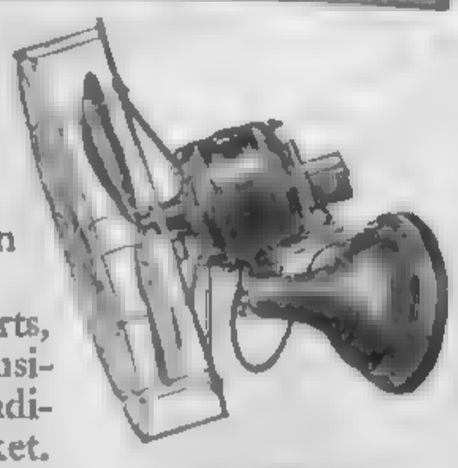

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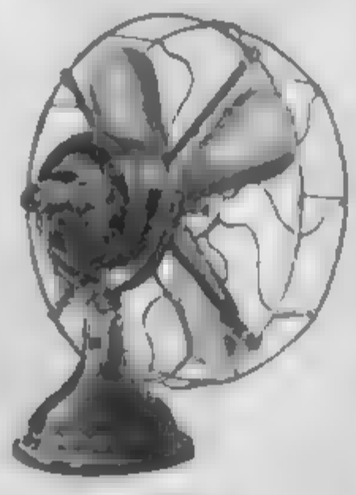
We realized that there were one or two glaring faults in all fans that must be eliminated. The chief one was that they all consumed too much current. So we kept at it until we finally perfected a fan that used the very smallest amount—yet ran at a tremendous pace.



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The best class of dealers sell the "STANDARD" line. The price you pay for a "STANDARD" Fan is no greater than many of less quality. The length of service and the difference in the count of the meter at the end of a season is well worth your *insisting* on a "STANDARD."

Write for Free Fan Book

Gives the entire "STANDARD" line and will help you in making a selection. It is free. A postal will bring it. "STANDARD" Fans are sold only through leading electrical dealers. All styles: ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, ventilating—alternating or direct current for office, factory and home.

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We are also the World's Largest Manufacturers of Small Motors from 1/15 to 15 H.P. for All Purposes.

53

year ago and separated afterward. It was rumored that there had been a disgraceful scene at the Crandalls' when he had jealously demanded his wife. It was rumored that he had gone to kind Mr. Brentwood for money—it was rumored that he was a Hungarian Count—it was rumored that he was a Russian nihilist. All that Mrs. Iverson could say was that, whatever else he might be, he certainly wasn't a gentleman.

But Mr. Paxton heard no word on the subject from his wife. When he came home from town the following night, furtive-eyed but loudly cheerful, to ask casually if she knew about that affair of Miss Davis and the chauffeur, she merely said Yes, she did, listened to his comments politely and changed the subject. Later in the evening when the Bannards and the Chandors happened in, with the livened air and mental stimulus that a near-scandal brings to a suburban community, Mrs. Paxton, though hospitably disposed toward the conversation, kept entirely out of it. No word in derogation of the pyrotechnical Marie escaped her lips; what the girl had or hadn't done was as indifferent to her as her husband. She was conscious that he was secretly watching her; once he put his arm around her, an unusual manifestation of affection in public, but it brought no flush to her cheek.

As the days wore on, even to the hypnotized consciousness of a husband as a rule imperceptive to change, there was something oddly different about Beverly Paxton's wife. She was as attentive to his wants, as scrupulously careful of his comfort as ever, but the atmosphere had changed dully. Something ineffable that warmed and cheered and restored and tenderly covered all his imperfections no longer emanated from her presence. He was left, a naked soul, to wander lost and alone among the elements.

It was toward the end of the week that she heard his step swinging up the walk with an unusual ring in it. When she went down to greet him he presented her, furtive-eyed, with a large bunch of roses.

"I saw them in the Terminal and thought you might like them," he explained carelessly.

"They're exquisite. Thank you so much," said his wife nicely.

"And, by the way, I came out with Bannard tonight. I said we might go over there for a while this evening if you felt like it. We haven't been there for a long time."

"Aren't you too tired?" asked his wife remindingly.

"Oh, no! It'll do me good—wake me up," returned her husband with heartiness. "I was talking to Bannard. We think of making up a little party—he says his wife hasn't been out so much as she ought since the baby came. What do you think of coming in Saturday to dinner—there'd be the four of us—I can't get off in the afternoon—and going to the theater afterward? What do you say to our having a little lark just among ourselves?" His arms were round her, his eyes searched hers. Underneath his jovial manner was a strain of anxiety and something more, something far deeper, a confessing, yearning, loving note that spoke straight to her heart and set it beating. "Would you like it, my Dorry dear?"

"Yes," she whispered, with large eyes fixed on him; it seemed as if in another moment the tears that were gathering there must fall unless she smiled. That crust of ice that had lain about her heart suddenly melted from the constant fire hidden all the time below—the flame that burned for him—a fire that cleansed away instantly some inexpressibly corroding hurt, while it took that new-found freedom forever from her.

Her husband put up one long finger to brush her chin and throat.

"You have the whitest skin," he remarked with tender irrelevance.

"Miss Davis' was much whiter," said his wife demurely. It was the first time she had pronounced that woman's name.

"Miss Davis! Pshaw, she was all chalk," said Beverly Paxton in careless disdain. With the fatal facility of mankind the very remembrance of his thraldom was already joyfully fading. His wife had a wondering, lightninglike perception that what had meant so much to her all these days had, after all, been nothing to him except in so far as she had been affected by it. "I'll tell you my candid opinion if you want it—Mrs. Beverly Paxton is the handsomest and most attractive woman I know. You're the only girl in the world for me!"

Try These Wafers

Necco and Hub Wafers have real mouth-watering goodness. They are little "discs of delight"—round bits of dainty sweetness that please the palate with good old-time favorite flavors—Wintergreen, Cinnamon, Sassafras, Chocolate, Licorice, Lemon, Clove and Peppermint. These and assorted wafers, come in large, well-wrapped rolls and look very inviting.

The names "Necco" and "Hub" are really a distinction without a difference. Both are the same wafer; but Hub Wafers are wrapped in a transparent wrapper for those who so prefer

Ask for these splendid wafers—you will certainly love them.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
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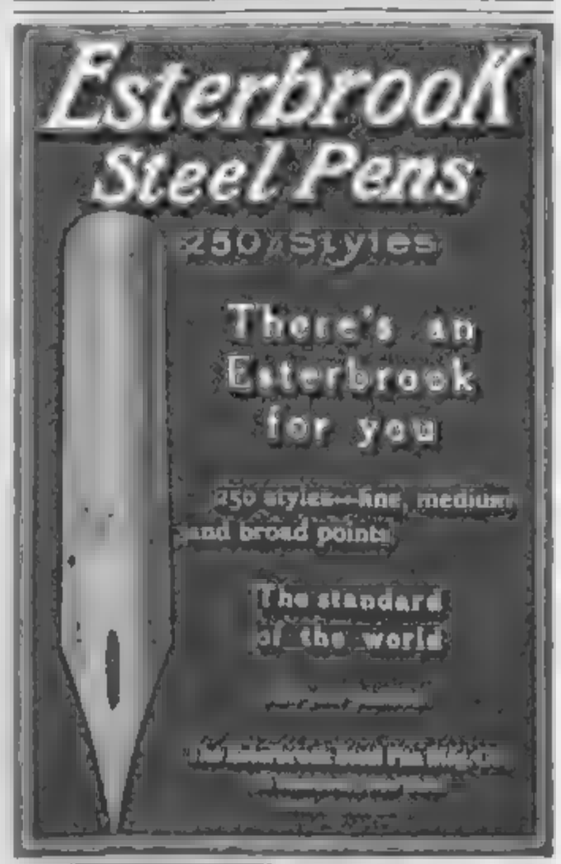
Necco and Hub Wafers



1912 Yale Helps His Business

A Galveston, Tex., roofing contractor writes that with his *Yale* he covers so much more territory that his business increased 50% in 8 months, he gained 31 lbs.

The 1912 Yale Offers You

more drop forgings than any other motorcycle; the Y-A Shock Absorber "that Absorbs the Shock;" 2¾ in. Studded Tires, Auto Fender Mud Guards, Eclipse Free Engine Clutch, Full High Forks, Eccentric Yoke, Triple Anchored Handle-bars, Motor Cut-Out, comfortable saddle position and Mechanical Oiler on Twins.

Yale 1912 literature, describing the four new Yale models: 4 H.P. to 7 H.P. Twin is ready—ask for it.

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The Sanitary Dishwasher

FOR FAMILY USE

Washes, rinses, dries and polishes the most delicate China—Glassware—Silverware in 3 to 5 minutes. Cleans and sterilizes them, completely removing all traces of food, grease, etc. Hands do not touch water. Saves labor, time, towels, breakage. All metal—compact, strong, lasts a lifetime. Endorsed by as many leading washing as hundreds of women have. Read their letters in our booklet. *Write Today.*

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Every woman who wears a Warner's Corset is distinguished.

She carries herself well—she can wear the *most extreme dress mode* of the season, and her figure will be sure to "set it off,"—and practically every well-dressed woman owes her appearance to a

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Corset. Every pair, regardless of the price you pay, must **shape** fashionably, **fit** comfortably, and not **rust, break** or **tear.**

Designed in harmony with the fashions of the season—with the full scientific knowledge of the requirements of the human form. Write for booklet on "How to Fit."

Every Pair Guaranteed to Outwear Two Corsets of Any Other Make

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2 Big Bungalow Books new 1912 edition—containing the result of California's most successful building ideas, now ready for delivery. Each book has 100 pages and 100 illustrations, with floor plans, interior views, estimates, color plates, full working plans, etc. Book A shows 27 artistic cottages costing $700 to $2,500. Book B shows 24 beautiful bungalows costing $1,000 to $3,500. Complete working plans for either book only $5. 50c in stamps or silver and this coupon will bring you either book you want or send 90c for both books—postpaid. Write today.

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If Your Summer Vacation is not yet in sight write to us

Thousands of young folks who long for a vacation trip will stay at home next summer just because they feel that they cannot afford the necessary outlay. Hundreds paid for such trips last summer with money earned through

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Most of those will do so again this year and you can be among the number.

If you are willing to look after the local subscription and news [illegible] and are [illegible] we may have a very desirable [illegible] upon each order forwarded. We want boys [illegible] and you can make the amount as large as you wish.

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

See how compactly this Hoosier Cabinet is arranged to hold hundreds of dishes and packages. This lady saves miles of steps!

Save Steps This Summer!

How the Hoosier Cabinet on the Famous Club Plan is Delivered to Your Home on Payment of Only $1.00

Out of your kitchen an hour or two longer every day during the sweltering hot months.

Save miles of steps daily. Get your kitchen work really done.

A half million enthusiastic owners of Hoosier Cabinets urge you to enjoy this extra vacation! Begin TODAY! Now!

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Put a hundred dishes and forty or fifty packages and canned articles in the Hoosier china closet; your sugar, spices, tea, coffee, salt and extracts in the jars made for them just under your hand.

Put your mixing bowl under the hopper of the metal dust-proof flour-bin and without waste or effort sift directly into your bowl flour that is pure and clean.

You have a place for cutlery, kitchen linen, bread and cake, and 12,000 cubic inches for pots and pans.

Now pull out the roomy table of **pure aluminum.** Sit down in front of your Hoosier Cabinet and work easily and rapidly. Everything is in place in front of you. Think of the miles you save in steps.

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Think of the years through which this Hoosier Cabinet will save you an hour or two every day.

The amazing popularity of the Hoosier Cabinet is due no more to its convenience than to its supreme quality.

Even its panels and doors are of oak, three thicknesses. The Hoosier Cabinet works smoothly and perfectly for generations in the hard constant wear of the kitchen.

No wonder women say, "My silent servant," "I wouldn't trade mine for $100," "Seems to hand things to me," "Everything at my fingers' ends," "Automatic servant," "My friend"

No wonder you can't buy a second-hand Hoosier for love or money anywhere.

Hoosier Club in Detail

This month, you and a limited number of other ladies, by means of the famous New Hoosier Club Plan, can have all this convenience right away.

3,000 Hoosier agents (leading furniture merchant in each town) have received limited numbers of Hoosier Cabinets (all we could allow for each town) to be delivered to those ladies who first enroll their names in the Hoosier Club. Each Hoosier agent will form a club limited by his special allotment of Cabinets.

Hoosier Delivered for $1.00

Club members pay merely $1.00 membership fee; balance in weekly dues of $1.00. Each member receives her Hoosier Cabinet immediately.

The few pennies a day saved from your "table allowance," your "butter and egg" money, or your "pin" money give you an added hour or two of leisure every day and save you miles of steps this summer. You own a Hoosier Cabinet without waiting—right away.

Low Price Protects You

As further protection to you the low price of the famous Hoosier Cabinet is fixed throughout America. The huge volume of Hoosier Cabinet sales reduces cost of manufacture. To give you full benefit of this cost saving the price is fixed at the factory. When you join the Hoosier Club you are sure no Hoosier agent is charging you a penny more or less than this low fixed price.

Demand Enormous—Sales Limited

This fixed low price of the famous Hoosier Cabinet coupled with the new club plan is making to thousands of women an appeal that is irresistible. In some towns the demand was so great that not one woman in five who wanted a Hoosier could enroll in the club. You, who want a Hoosier Cabinet this summer should enroll early.

Get "Model Kitchen Book" Free

Write for this famous text book today. Tells how to arrange your kitchen to save steps; how to keep your kitchen cheerful; how to improve an old kitchen; how to have meals ready on time; how to work sitting down; a hundred facts about the famous Hoosier Cabinet, and where you can get it on the club plan; 25 illustrations,—yours free. Simply say, "Send me the 'Model Kitchen Book' free, today."

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3,000 furniture merchants who believe in our policy of money sales at small profits display this license sign. They are good men to know.

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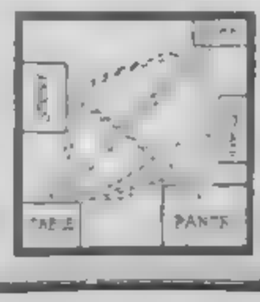
HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS



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MEDORA is a lower Belmont, the most popular style ever introduced. It is a notch collar. TURPIN is a very good style for summer. *15c. each, 2 for 25c. $1.50 a dozen*

ARROW SHIRTS are offered in a generous and attractive assortment of exclusive effects in fast color fabrics of unusual worth and beauty, by the makers of Arrow Collars. *$1.50 and $2.00*

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Cushion Sole
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Summer Comfort

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As built by the patented Brown process, the Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole is not heating. Replacing the usual hard leather insole it adds no bulk, does not come in direct contact with the foot and makes an insulation impervious to heat.

Best of all, no "breaking in." You wear in comfort the very first time.

Made in 76 numbers

So popular is the Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole Shoe that it is now made in 76 different numbers, and you will find the exact style you desire in this wide range of styles and leathers.

The Button Oxford illustrated is made over our classical Jefferson Last—light in weight, conservatively long in vamp, it fits the instep, hugs the ankle and is stylish without being freaky.

No. B199. Black Kid Oxford,
No. B198¼. Tan Kid Oxford, $5

If you cannot procure these shoes in your town, send us $5.00, stating size and width, and we will have our local agent send you a pair, express prepaid.

Address Dept. G. The Brown Shoe Co. Saint Louis, Mo.

The Southern Ports and Panama

(Continued from Page 20)

and get the most out of it. A railroad is a fixed track and traffic has to follow that track whether it wants to or not—so the railroads can map out their territory and divide up to suit themselves; but the sea is a free and open highway. You cannot map it off into 'pools' and territories, and at the same time get all the traffic you should. Let me illustrate what I mean: You came down this coast by boat—didn't you? Well, did you find you could go from port to port, just as you travel southward? No—you could go from New York to Charleston, or Baltimore to Savannah, or New York to Norfolk; but you could not go from Norfolk to Savannah or Charleston without doubling back upon your tracks, with a day's delay here and a day's delay there. Why? Because the railroads controlling the steamers have tried to map off the sea into each other's separate territory; and you cannot do that with sea freight without hurting the volume of trade. We want coastal service like the old clippers that dodged from port to port as they sailed wherever there was business, and did not keep off each other's territory, but went after cargoes. That is what makes cargoes move."

When you come down to Charleston you find the same hopes hanging on the Panama Canal. Charleston is the great export port for fertilizers—and Germany has pretty nearly cornered the fertilizing game. Two new avenues of trade are open to Charleston through Panama—down to Chile for her nitrates; across the Pacific to the Orient, where the Japanese and Chinese, being the leaders of intensive farming, are bound to be big buyers of fertilizers. As matters stand now, fertilizer worth four dollars a ton costs from seven to seventeen dollars freight to deliver in the Orient. Such freight rates are an embargo on shipments—and the railways are not to be blamed, for they have more traffic than they can handle in less bulky and higher-priced freight. Panama will cut these rates by sixty per cent, and the railroads will be as glad to get rid of this class of freight as they are to get rid of the long structural steel and iron for bridge-building.

Cotton Profits Going to Foreigners

Structural steel and iron are in another class of freight on which the South is expecting almost revolutionary changes. South America and the Orient are both on the verge of great bridge and railroad building. To send such freight to either region across the American continent means a charge of from nineteen dollars up. By water the rate can be kept down to eight dollars. Steel and iron are two of the things on which the South is counting big profits from Panama.

On the face of it, it looks as though the westward curve of the coast cuts off Savannah's benefits from Panama; but take a second look! From being the third largest exporter of cotton, Savannah moved up to second place in 1911. Why? Just because the curve west of the coast brings Savannah closer to the cotton fields than other ports. Savannah has, in fact, today more commerce than her terminals can handle. She is the city that has never had a boom and has never had a bank failure! Nearly nine million dollars has been spent in deepening her harbor, with a decrease in freight rates of thirty-seven per cent. For every dollar spent in improving the river and harbor, Savannah has received a proportionate increase in commerce. For every foot the harbor has been deepened, Savannah's export trade has been vastly increased.

Of her exports, cotton is the big item, shipped nearly altogether, of course, in foreign bottoms. Before the big crop of last year, rates to Europe used to run twenty-five to twenty-seven cents a hundredweight. Then the big crop came and the foreign ships jacked up rates. Savannah pays forty-five cents now; and the big crop profit goes, not to the cotton-grower but to the foreign shipowner.

What has all this to do with Panama? Just this: Of late years India, China and Japan have been taking millions of bales of American cotton. That sounds like carrying coals to Newcastle; but American cotton is used to blend and grade up the

Tools That Give a Lifetime of Service

What better guide in the purchasing of tools than the preference of the men who best know them?

Mechanics will tell you that for utility, quality and durability, they have but one choice—

Billings & Spencer
TOOLS
—The tools that are guaranteed

If you want tools that will give the utmost in service—whether it be automobile, motor-cycle, motor-boat, bicycle or anvil—your assurance lies in the Billings & Spencer trade-mark which is on every genuine B & S tool.

Billings & Spencer Tools are on sale everywhere. Write today for free catalog H.

The Billings & Spencer Co.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Drop Forgings
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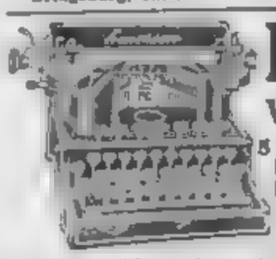

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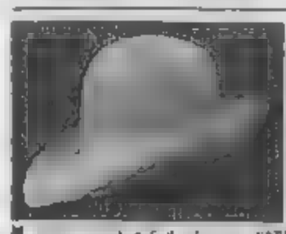
With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL in your own home, then 10 CENTS-A-DAY payable monthly. Many of our customers pronounce the EMERSON the best typewriter made, wholly visible, universal-keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.

Don't Pay Even $20 for any typewriter made, until after we send you an EMERSON to try. YOU CAN EARN ONE for a slight service, without paying us one cent. We will mail you names of people in your own town or state who have recently earned EMERSONS without cost, or you may exchange your old typewriter or have a sample or MAKE BIG MONEY [illegible] liberal reward for your spare time. Reference: M Henry County State Bank Woodstock

For all our offers, on a postal card or in a letter to us, say: "Mail me your offers."

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.

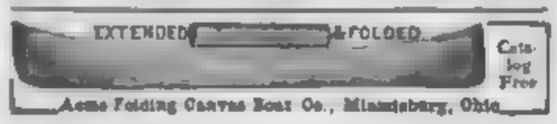


GENUINE
Hand Woven
PANAMA
Rare Bargain
Panama Hats More Popular than ever this Summer
[illegible] genuine all hand woven [illegible] by Mr. Worth and [illegible] blocked in any shape or style just as you would like to have a $10.00 hand; only not as fine a weave. Assorted Small, medium and large by mail [illegible] $1.00. Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
Panama Hat Co., Dept. A 830 Broadway, New York City

CALIFORNIA'S Santa Clara Valley, known as the "poor man's paradise," surrounds SUNNYVALE, the manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. Ideal climate. Best soil for fruit, truck gardening, chicken ranching and [illegible]. Artesian water. Write today for [illegible]. Address Sunnyvale Chamber of Commerce, 36 Crossman Bldg Sunnyvale, California.

SALESMEN WANTED

New office specialty. Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.



Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

WANTED RIDER AGENTS

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making big money. Write at once for our *special offer, factory prices and special terms.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED We ship you the bicycle for approval and 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL from the time you receive it. If you are then not perfectly satisfied with it or wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

LOWEST PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles with Puncture Proof Tires, Coaster Brakes, Rear Wheels, Inner Tubes, Lamps, Repairs and Sundries at one-half the usual prices. You cannot buy a better bicycle than our "Ranger," no matter what you pay, and you cannot buy a good bicycle of any dealer at the prices we offer you. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalog and learn our unheard of prices and remarkable special offer.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models, at the *low prices* we can make you. Bicycle Dealers, we can offer you very attractive and liberal terms on exclusive models. Orders shipped the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—A limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at lowest prices.

DO NOT WAIT—but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything.

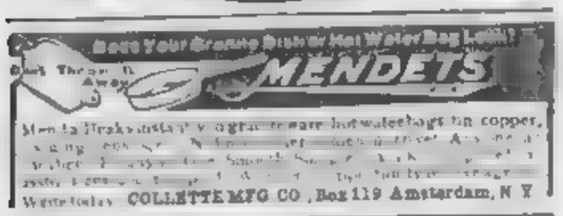
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. B 55 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Mullins Cedar Canoes Can't Sink

Each end contains a Mullins Buoyancy Pad. These pads prevent the canoe from sinking, even though it be capsized, water-filled, and has two people clinging to it. The Mullins is the only canoe that has this important equipment. We also manufacture steel launches and row boats.

Write for our beautiful boat book, illustrated in colors. It's free, postpaid.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
354 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio



Men in Drake district very apt to wear hot water bags on copper, ... Write today COLLETTE MFG CO., Box 119 Amsterdam, N Y

BARTY BELTS

(Trade Mark.) Agents Wanted. Friction Rubber Coated. WON'T SLIP, SOIL or TEAR. State Waist Measure. 1 Belt 15c—2 Belts 25c Postpaid.

Woodward Sales Co., 1081 Carton Bldg., Chicago

India cotton; and the demand is likely to increase a hundredfold—if—if rates do not act as an embargo. Cotton is a bulky thing for railroads to handle. Across the continent or by Suez it costs eighty to eighty-five cents a hundredweight to send cotton to Asia. Panama will cut those rates by sixty per cent if—another big if—if there are ships for the traffic.

So you may search every harbor from Baltimore to Key West and not find one where men are not dreaming dreams of Panama. They are the dreams that Mr. Barrett is dreaming of a Pan-American union—a hundred and sixty million people interlocked in commerce! They are the dreams that Mr. Knox is attempting to carry out through his "dollar diplomacy" down in South America today. They are the dreams that the workers have of five hundred thousand men in American shipyards instead of fifty thousand!

And they 'all depend on a ship—an American ship for American commerce!

Will they get the ship?

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Speech of Honorable Giff M. Bunk, M. C.
Delivered in the Heat of a Political Campaign

MY FRIENDS and Fellow Citizens: The Nation is in throes,
And if it shall be saved depends on how election goes!
The flag is trailing in the dust; the eagle hides in shame;
The freedom we so proudly trust is nothing but a name!
Corruption walks in public place with arrogance of tread,
And honor sadly hides her face and bows her humbled head!
Ah me, were noble Washington to look upon us now—
How all our glory is undone—what lines would seam his brow!
How rise in righteous rage his gorge to think of Bunker Hill
And Lexington and Valley Forge, and then to see how ill
We have maintained the trust he kept—how fallen low are we!
How have we upon honor slept till steeped in obloquy!
We are but whited sepulchers, who shall go down among
Posterity's delinquents, sirs, unhonored and unsung.
Is there no hope, then, do you say? Are we of all bereft?
My Friends, there is but one sure way—one chance of freedom left—
Be men of courage, men of right, of fortitude and spunk;
Be watchful, earnest, day and night—and cast your votes for Bunk!

Speech of the Honorable Giff M. Bunk, M. C.
Delivered on the Fourth of July in an Off Year

My Friends and Fellow Citizens: How proudly here we stand—
As I might say, all sovereigns in this unrivaled land!
How proud these waving banners are—the flags of liberty!
How twinkles grandly every star—the badges of the free!
What land in all the world so fair! What privilege as great
As yours, when you stand proudly there, the makers of the state!
Brave sons are we of patriot sires who fought at Bunker Hill;
And, filled with those historic fires, we cherish freedom still!
How proud the Patriot Washington, could he look down the years
To see what glory Time has won, to hear the rousing cheers
That ring from tongues of honest men—and worthy of the trust
He bade us keep with tongue and pen, he who so long is dust!
The very air breathes Truth and Right, and Justice is our shield:
And not a foe we face in fight but in defeat must yield.
No Treason hides, no Evil lurks, no fell Suspicion shames;
Nor any taint disloyal works dishonor to our names!
Firm as the granite rocks we stand; forever shall we be
A Freedom's own anointed land—the home of Liberty!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Most exceptional automobile value!

Nyberg

Six-45 - $1,750
Six-60 - $2,000
Four-40 - $1,450

Six-45 Four-Passenger Torpedo, $1,750
36 x 4 Tires — 114-Inch Wheel Base

Specifications That Show Value

All our models have long stroke, self-starting motors. In the Six-60 and Four-40, the bore is 4⅛ by 5¼ stroke. The Six-45 has 3¾ bore by 5 stroke. All models have unit power plant, with three-point suspension, off-set crank shaft, enclosed valves, two universal joints in transmission, full floating pressed steel rear axle, drop frame and long wheel base. Roadster, four-passenger torpedo, five and seven passenger touring car, coupé, landaulet and limousine bodies, supplied on each of the three chasses.

Send for 1913 Advance Catalogue

and compare Nyberg Cars, part for part, with any automobile made. Judge Nyberg value by materials, design and workmanship—not by the price. The secret of giving the greatest automobile value is our success. The Nyberg dealer in your locality will prove it to you.

Nyberg **Automobile Works**

CHICAGO BRANCH 2417 Michigan Avenue

NORTHERN FACTORY, Anderson, Ind. SOUTHERN FACTORY, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Robert W. Chambers

New Novel Illustrated By

Charles Dana Gibson

"The Streets of Ascalon"

is Mr. Chambers' strongest, most ambitious novel. "The Common Law" was good, and so was "The Fighting Chance"; but "The Streets of Ascalon" towers head and shoulders over either. It is unconventional perhaps—and daring—but tense, dramatic, and fascinating, all the way through.

It is beyond question the greatest novel Mr. Chambers has written.

Charles Dana Gibson has illustrated "The Streets of Ascalon," and his is the final touch in making this *the big* novel of the year. Above is a picture of the heroine as she has been drawn by Mr. Gibson. His drawings for this novel are among the best he has ever done—and *Gibson's* best is *the* best.

Remember: "The Streets of Ascalon"—Gibson and Chambers—in the JUNE

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For 25 Cents

You can secure the next three issues of Cosmopolitan. Simply sign the coupon below and mail it to us with a quarter. At once your name will be entered to receive the next three issues of Cosmopolitan at a saving of cent 35 over our regular subscription price. Make sure of the Chambers-Gibson novel by signing the coupon now.

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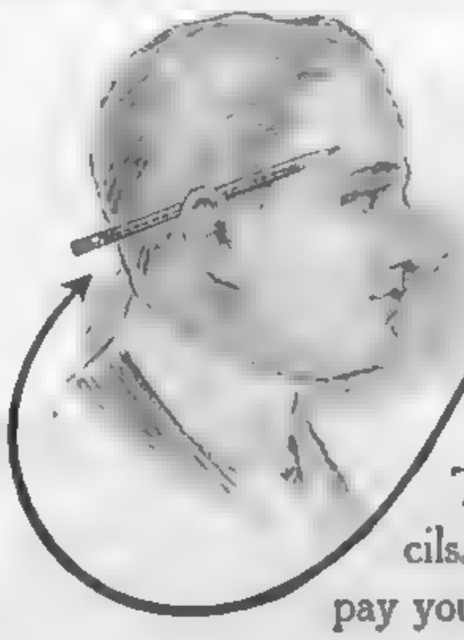
New York City

Name



Just nick the paper and Pull

An "Ear Mark" of Progress

They save time. They save pencils. They save **money.** It will pay you in dollars and cents to use

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

NO matter whether you are an employer or an employé you can't afford to waste time and patience, nor have them wasted, whittling wooden lead-pencils and washing hands.

Add to this the cost of leads broken in sharpening and the useless stubs thrown away and it all runs into money.

You can sharpen a Blaisdell pencil in five seconds. Take a penknife or a **pin,** just nick the paper and pull. There's your new point. No soiled fingers; no whittling; no delay. And **you can use a Blaisdell pencil clear to the end.**

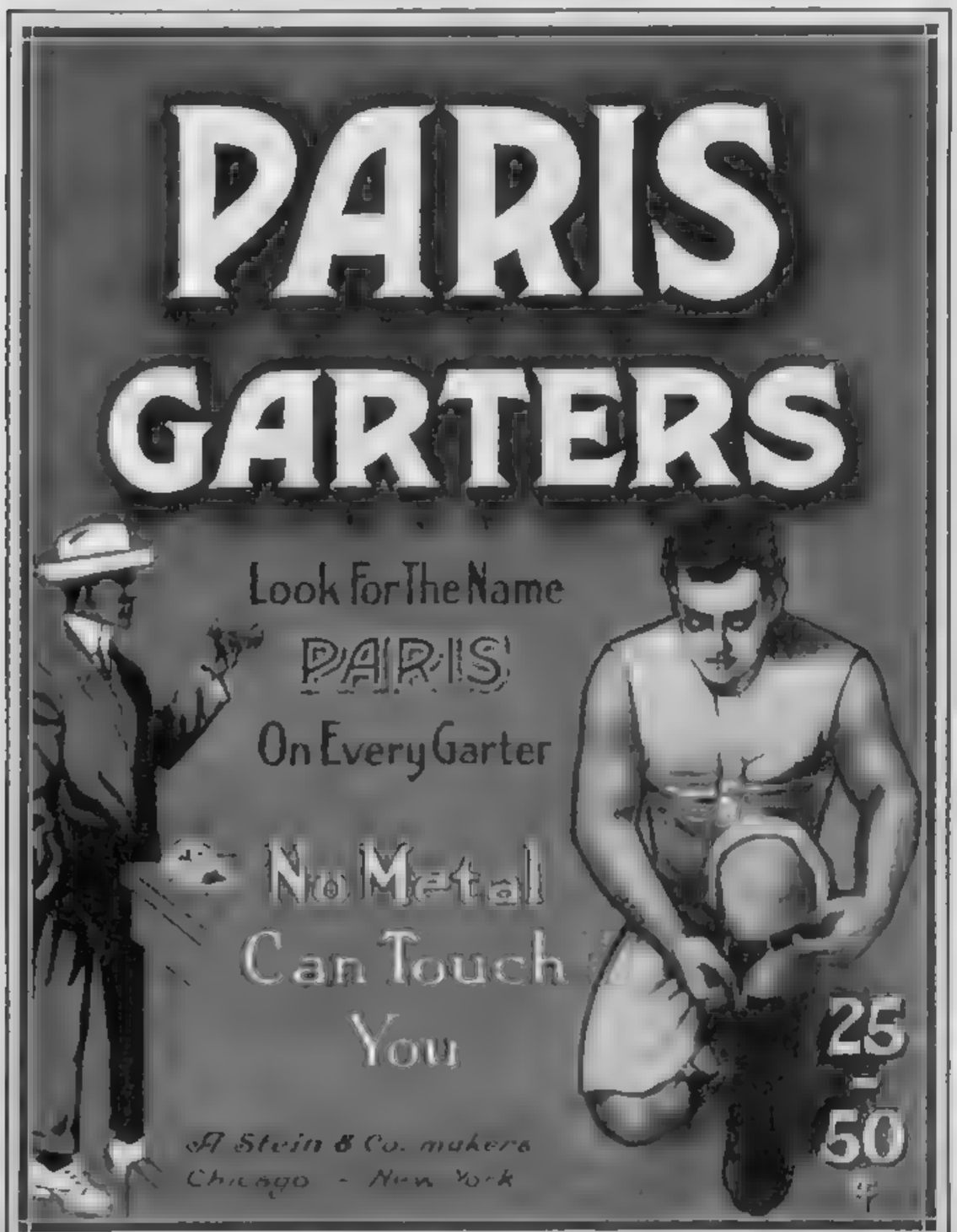
Made in all grades for every use

Regular black lead-pencils in all degrees of hardness, copying pencils, marking pencils and colored crayon-pencils. Try our popular No. 202. The ideal pencil for general use. If you have a dozen employés the saving effected by Blaisdell pencils will surprise you.

Your stationer carries them. Insist on the genuine—with the BLAISDELL name on it.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co., Philadelphia

PARIS GARTERS



THE POLICEMAN AND HIS WORK

(Concluded from Page 19)

Still another improvement has lately been installed in the New York department. This is known as the "speaking portrait," a recent invention by Bertillon. For years the police everywhere have been seeking criminals by general description, such as:

Look for Henry Jones, alias "Dinkey"; thief; age, about thirty-eight years; weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds; height, five feet five inches; brown hair; blue eyes; smooth face; light complexion; last seen wearing black derby, gray suit and red tie; good manner; entertaining talker; cigarette fiend.

The policeman has been painting these portraits for so many years that nobody knows their shortcomings better than himself. By the new *"portrait-parle"* of Bertillon, however, no attention will be paid to Henry Jones' habits, clothes, height, weight or age. It will not be necessary even to know his sex. By a combination record of the shapes of his nose, ears and eyes, he can be picked out of a crowd of five thousand persons; and there can be no mistake, because "Dinkey" Jones will be the only human being who has that particular combination, and he cannot disguise it. Noses are divided into three groups, ears into four and eyes into seven. The plain-clothes man looking for a person by *portrait-parle* can first eliminate every one who has not the right nose; and then those who have the right nose but the wrong ear, and so on. The search is thus simplified. It is accurate. It gives the police officer something to take into the street and work with, which neither Bertillon measurements nor fingerprints afford. Finally, every Rogues' Gallery in the country can be reclassified by the new system as soon as it becomes better known—for the New York department alone has it at present.

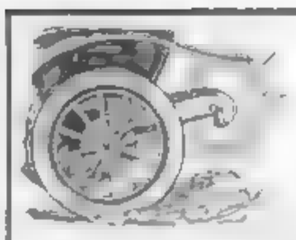
Central Bureaus Most Effective

In fiction the imaginary detective seeks the criminal who fits the crime. In real detective work, however, a good deal of time is spent in fitting crimes to criminals. For example, two suspicious strangers are picked up in the freight yards of a Western city. Their fingerprints, measurements and photos go to other police departments. The police in an Eastern city have a thumbprint identical with that of one stranger. It was photographed on a looted cashbox some months ago. Eventually those strangers may be connected with a chain of twenty robberies. Likewise, the petty thief about to be sentenced in one place as a first offender will, by this interchange of information, be identified as an important criminal.

In England and other countries where police affairs center under one administration, the problem of crime is greatly simplified because such information passes through one general identification and statistical department, and no criminal with a record could possibly be overlooked or taken for some one else. In this country one of the handicaps of police service is lack of standards in gathering information and of a comprehensive system for exchanging it. Many small police departments have no facilities for Bertillon measurements or fingerprints, and the work of exchanging information is cumbersome compared with what might be accomplished in a great central bureau.

Some of the best detective work in recent years has been that done for special interests at their own expense. Banks have reduced looting and swindling, big stores discouraged professional shoplifting, and trolley companies cut down fraudulent claims for damages. In every case such results rest chiefly on skillful gathering and exchange of information. A few detectives keep track of dangerous criminals, and information as to their methods and whereabouts is sent to every member of the protected organization. Swindling damage-claimants are put on record, and attorneys and physicians who make a specialty of such claims watched. An offender picked up in one city, but likely to be set free through lack of evidence, is often convicted on evidence that the organization is able to supply from another place.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



Stop That Squeak with a little

DIXON'S MOTOR GRAPHITE

(Pulverized Flake)

Work in between the spring leaves and on the bolts Dixon's Motor Graphite mixed with oil. Stops the noise for good—prevents rusting.

Dixon's Motor Graphite is an ideal lubricant. For bearings on bearing surfaces a tough, veneer-like coating of marvelous smoothness which prevents metallic contact—reduces friction—and does away with hot bearings.

You will get more power from your engine, your car will run quietly, your lubricant and repair bills will be less, if you use Dixon's Motor Graphite in every part of your car. Mix it with your own choice of lubricants or we will [illegible] line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite

Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Lubricant [illegible] and [illegible] Motor Graphite [illegible] and crank bearings. More economical than plain oil or grease.

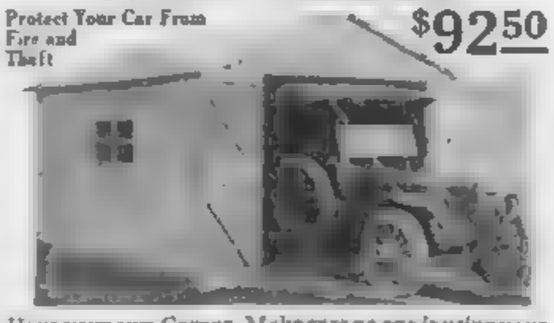
Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor."

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City Estab. in 1827 N. J.

Have Your Own Private STEEL GARAGE

Protect Your Car From Fire and Theft

$92.50



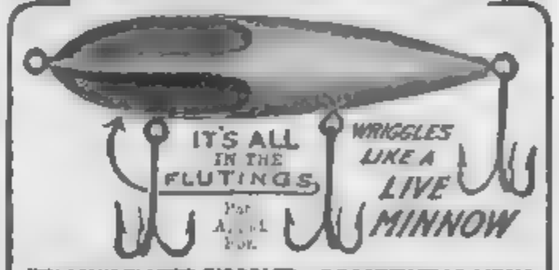
Have your own Garage. Make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save $25 to $35 monthly garage charge. Save $50 to $100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete, f. o. b. [illegible] on receipt of $92.50. Blue prints and simple directions come with all parts. Sizes come 10 feet wide; 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment [illegible] roof, weatherproof, indestructible. Locks most secure. An attractive structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request.

THE EDWARDS MFG. CO., 740-780 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

FISHERMEN



WILSON'S FLUTED WOBBLER—SOMETHING NEW

An artificial minnow which by reason of its flutings, [illegible] the exact darting motion of a live minnow, and actually *catches fish when live bait fails.* Thoroughly tested last summer and proved to be a great [illegible] killer. As soon as its merits become known WILSON'S FLUTED WOBBLER will be used by every expert fisherman [illegible] or [illegible] supply you, send to us [illegible] and [illegible] when you bring home that "big one." Don't [illegible] guaranteed satisfactory.

Hastings Sporting Goods Works
Dept S Hastings, Mich.

"PENFLEX"
Automobile Lamp Connectors
Never Leak *Never Break*

The "Penflex" Acetylene Lamp Connector [illegible] No rubber to rot, nor crack open.

"Penflex" is a Flexible Brass Tube

Light, strong, highly polished. Lasts forever. Easily adjusted to any lamp. Send 50c in stamps or money order today to

Pennsylvania Flexible Metallic Tubing Co.
1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia Dept. S

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Pens that put the ink on the paper without a splutter.

Sample card of 12 different numbers and 2 good penholders for 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York

AGENTS BIG PROFITS selling our wonderful sign letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Resemble finest gold leaf. Easily applied. Every firm wants them. Samples free. Metallic Sign Co., 423 N. Clark St., Chicago

4,000 Carloads Wanted

Up to this writing, orders have come to us for over 4,000 carloads of Reo the Fifths. Six cities want trainload lots

By R. E. Olds, Designer

My Greatest Success

In all the 25 years I have spent building cars I never saw a demand like that for Reo the Fifth.

It is the season's sensation.

Six cities ask for shipments in trainload lots—trains of forty carloads. These are New York, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Kansas City.

About 1,000 dealers, in a thousand towns, have already ordered these cars.

After 25 Years

This comes after men, for a quarter century, have driven cars I built.

I told these men that Reo the Fifth embodies the best I know.

I said that it marks my limit, after a lifetime's experience.

And the first announcement brought 12,000 orders from men who have faith in me.

No Undue Haste

In the stress of this demand no undue haste is permitted. I stand here and insist that every car shall be a credit to my reputation.

The parts of each car are ground over and over, until we get utter exactness.

Each car in the making must pass a thousand inspections. Countless parts are discarded because of slight imperfections.

Each lot of steel is analyzed. Engines are tested for 48 hours. Completed cars are submitted to long and radical tests.

The bodies are finished with 17 coats. Not a detail is being slighted.

We could increase our sales $1,000,000 this spring by a little less care in production. But we shall not omit that care.

Not for a Season

Reo the Fifth is not built for one season. We count on each car selling 20 cars in the future.

For this car comes close to finality. Men will never be able to greatly improve on it. This factory can never say, "Here is a new model, much better than Reo the Fifth."

With this car I lay down the arduous cares of designing. I end 25 years of ceaseless improvement. I am perfectly content to be judged by this car, whatever may come in the future.

That's why I am watching every car that goes out. We can never claim to better our best, after all this experience. So the future of the Reo depends on this car's performance.

New Center Control

The Year's Greatest Improvement

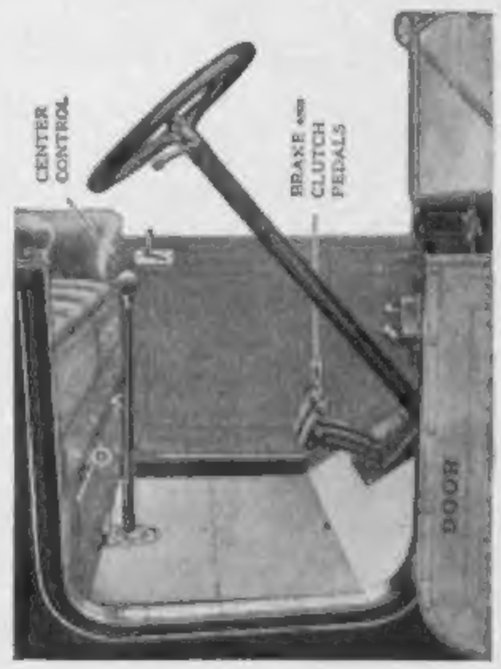
The new center control in Reo the Fifth marks the greatest step of the year in designing. It solves the last great problem in motor car engineering.

There are no side levers to block one of the front doors. There is no reaching for the brake or the gear lever.

All the gear shifting is done by this center cane-handle. It is done with the right hand, and done by moving this handle only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. One pedal also operates the clutch. There was never a control so handy, so simple.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to passing cars, and on the up side of the road.



Price Still $1,055

The initial price of this car is still being continued, though subject to instant advance.

This is one feature, I fear, which must be changed before long. Any advance in materials must be added to the price, and that advance is imminent, I think.

I repeat this to avoid any misunderstanding. We shall not advance our price because of overdemand, though that would be easily possible. This car would be cheap at $1,250—cheaper than any rival.

Added price, when it comes, will be solely due to added cost of production. Our margin is now at the minimum.

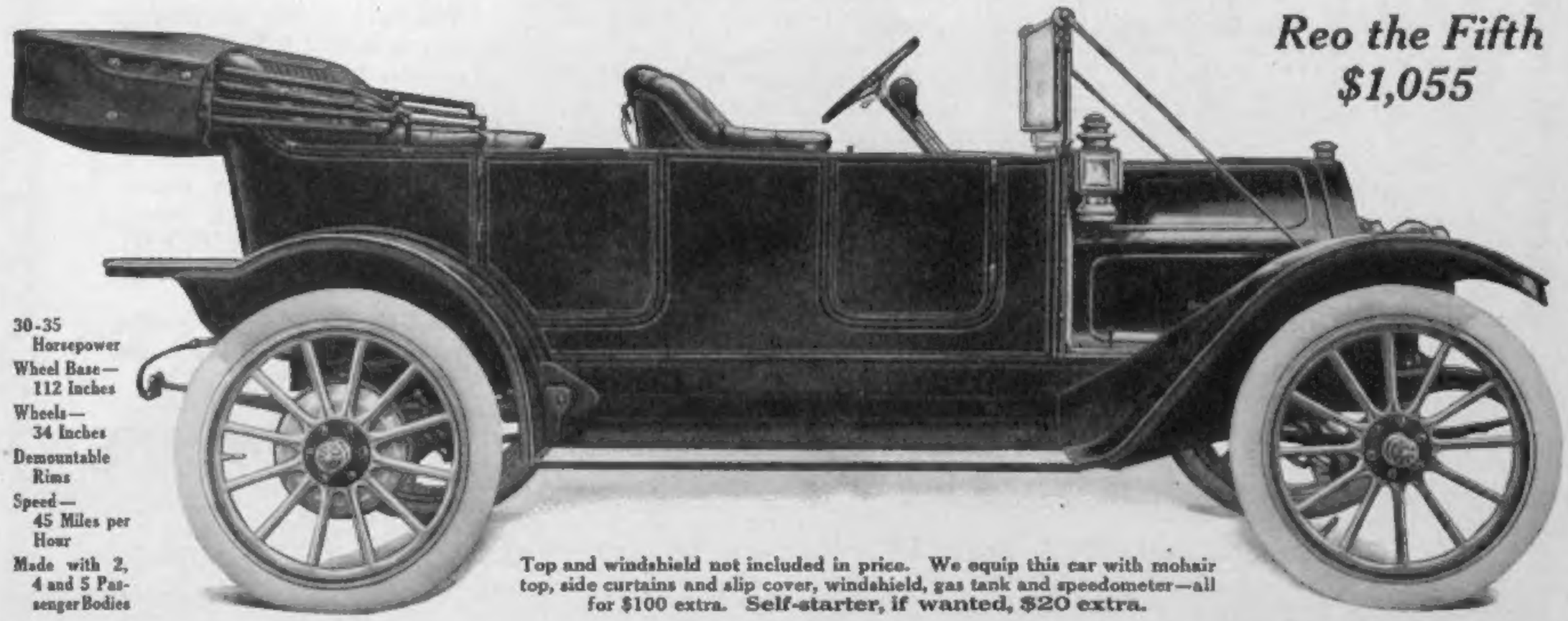
1,000 Dealers

Wherever you are, some dealer near-by you has Reo the Fifth on exhibit.

Write us for our catalog showing all body designs and we will tell you the nearest dealer. Write us today. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

(72)

You Should Know What Kind of Wheat Is In The Flour You Use

Some Wheats—are rich in gluten—some poor.

Some Wheats—are grown on *fertile* lands; some in impoverished soils.

Some Wheats—are raised from *choice* seed; some from inferior varieties.

The Guaranteed OCCIDENT FLOUR

Costs More — Worth It

The Guaranteed OCCIDENT Flour is made entirely from the best bread wheat grown.

You should be sure that *your* flour is made from the best wheat because the goodness of the *family bread* depends upon it. And bread is our most *important* food.

So high a wheat standard is maintained for OCCIDENT Flour that less than one-tenth of all the wheat raised in the United States could pass inspection for this famous product—known to flour experts, bakers, housekeepers everywhere as the HIGH QUALITY Flour.

Eight of the great Occident Mills and every one of the eighty Occident Grain Elevators which feed the Occident Flour Mills are located in the midst of the wonderful North Dakota Hard Wheat Farms where we get *First Choice* of this famous wheat for OCCIDENT Flour.

No other milling process is as thorough and expensive as ours. Yet you pay only a trifle more for OCCIDENT than for ordinary flour, and every sack is GUARANTEED to please you *better* or your money will be paid back. No other wheat is so carefully washed and scoured—*purified* and *tested* to keep every ounce of OCCIDENT up to the highest standard.

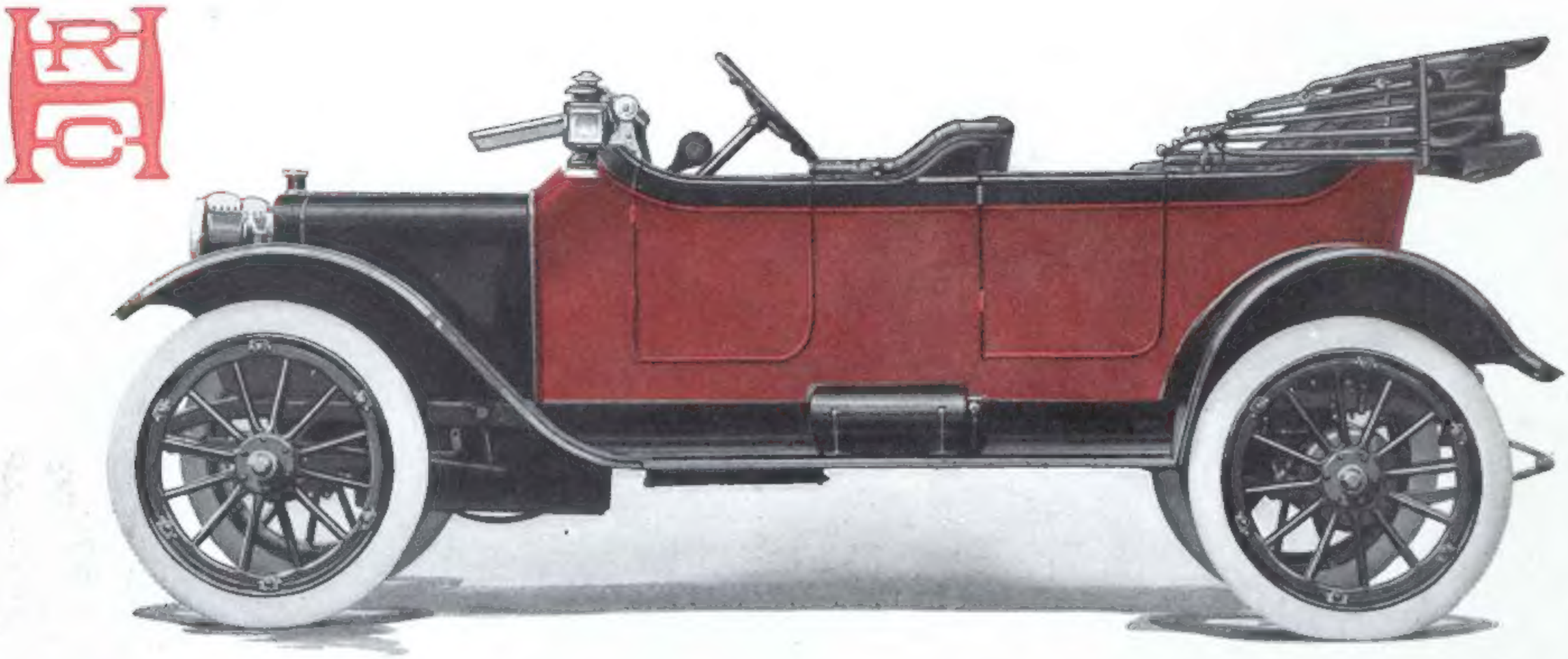
You know exactly *what kind of wheat* is in OCCIDENT FLOUR. You know that you are buying the *most food* for your money when you order OCCIDENT.

Promise yourself the satisfaction of an OCCIDENT *Baking*. If your grocer hasn't OCCIDENT, ask him to get you a sack to try.

Send for our *Free* Booklet, *"Better Baking."* Every housewife should have it.

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING COMPANY
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

In Every Sack Is Our Written Money-Back Guarantee



R-C-H

"Twenty-five"

Model S S

Self-Starter

$950

f. o. b. Detroit

Equipped with 32 x 3½ inch tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit, long stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

Standard Model

$850

f. o. b. Detroit

This is fully equipped, and the specifications are the same as Model S S. It has **not,** however, the self-starter and other special features mentioned above.

General R-C-H Specifications

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. **Drive—Left side.** Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch wheel. **Control—Center lever** operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide seats. **Wheelbase**—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

Wanted—1000 Dealers

Our selling problem this season has been a peculiar one. Naturally, our original aim was to get as wide a distribution as possible. But the demand for the R-C-H so far exceeded all expectations that our entire output for 1912 was speedily oversold. And this left many sections without R-C-H representation, simply because we could not supply the cars.

We shall manufacture this season in round numbers 10,000 cars. For the season of 1913 our output will be increased to 30,000 cars. Our present dealers tell us that they will take care of 15,000. That leaves 15,000 for sections where the R-C-H is not at present represented. And that in turn offers a golden opportunity to the right dealer in much of the best territory in the country.

We are keeping this announcement free from bombast, from "bunk," from "hot air," from all the glittering generalities that are handed you every day. We prefer, even, not to dwell upon the sales record of the car and its popularity with the public. You probably know it; or if you don't, ask your brother dealer in a town where there is an R-C-H dealer.

But ask yourself these questions: What does your public—the people to whom you must sell—demand in a car? And given two cars possessing all these features, would the average man prefer to pay a lower or higher price?

Of course the answer to the second question is self-evident. So let us consider the first. The average man wants in a car five things—sturdiness, comfort, beauty, power, roadability. We claim that no car at twice its price excels the R-C-H in these essentials. If this claim is true—and we ask only a man's judgment after he has seen the car himself—is not the R-C-H the best car on the market from the dealer's standpoint as well as that of the public?

This advertisement may seem a little premature. But we want ample time to consider carefully every application made to us. We want the *best* dealers—men who will stay with the proposition year in and year out; men who will take the same pride that we do in the R-C-H watchwords of good work, good value and good will; men who will put as much care into selling the R-C-H as we do into making it.

So write us today; tell us about yourself. For if you're the right man in the right place, we think the R-C-H offers you the best opportunity for a big business success that exists in the industry today.

R-C-H Service Stations

R-C-H service and supply stations in all large centers will be a feature of our 1912-13 policy. Many of them are already in operation—a photograph of one is shown below. Others will be established as rapidly as possible; so that no R-C-H owner anywhere will be far from a base as well equipped to attend to his wants as the factory itself. In California or Maine, Minnesota or Texas, the R-C-H owner will be able to obtain repair parts within 24 hours.

R-C-H Corporation, 111 LYCASTE STREET Detroit, Michigan

Branches

ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.
BOSTON, 563 Boylston St.
BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.
CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.
CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.
DENVER, 1520 Broadway
DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.
KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.
LOS ANGELES, 1242 South Flower St.
MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.
NEW YORK, 1989 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 330 North Broad St.

R-C-H Service Station
Lycaste St. and Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan

START HOUSEKEEPING RIGHT —

LET DREAMS COME TRUE

The bride's ambition is for a happy home, contentment, peace and right living.

Realize then, you girls who are wise, that GOLD MEDAL FLOUR makes good bread, and good bread makes a good table and good nature.

Let GOLD MEDAL FLOUR be your very first order to the grocer and say plainly – "GOLD MEDAL FLOUR" – don't say merely "flour".

Bread-makers are making better bread, bread eaters are eating more bread; both the result of the goodness of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.

Use WASHBURN-CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Remember to say "Gold Medal Flour" to the grocer when ordering flour